This Volume
is complete
CPP
6-29-88
Indexed
7/14/92
PS

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301

JOSEPH RUZICKA
BALTIMORE, MD. — GREENSBORO, N. C.

Title

COLLEGE
WOFFORD JOURNAL

3186

Author

Vol. & Date

53, 1942 - 1943

Call No. 378.05
Wof
Cop. 2

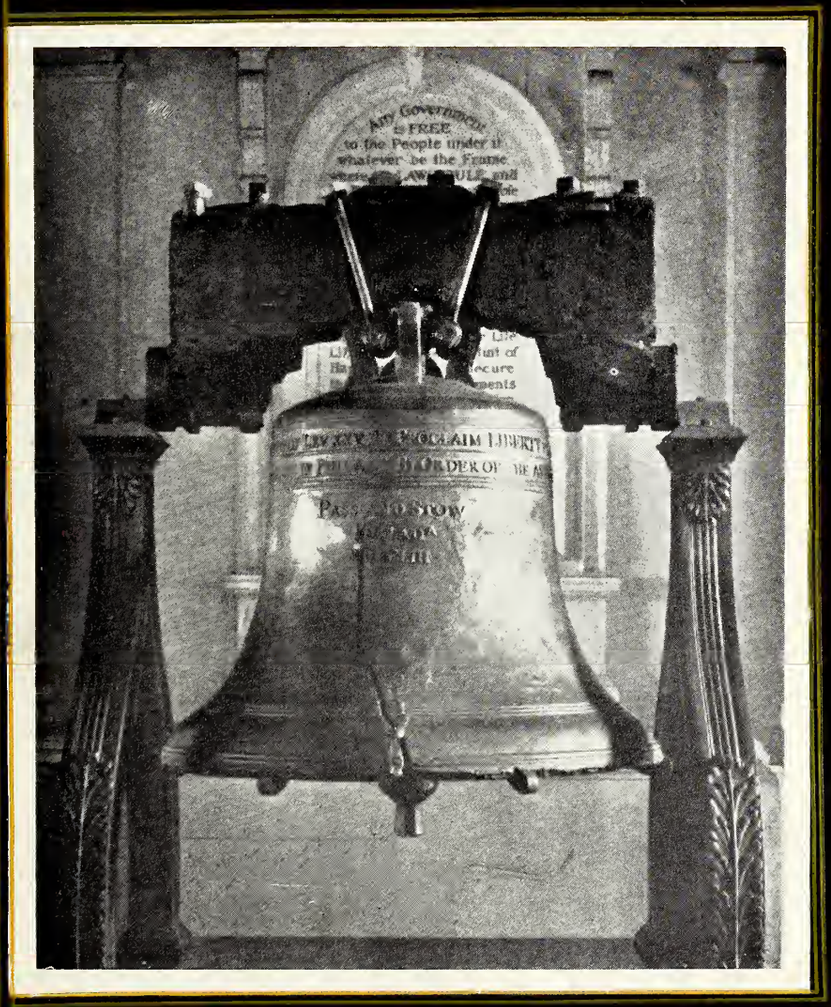
Color BLACK 2075

Special Instructions:

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301

Woodell 3391

THE WOFFORD JOURNAL



NOVEMBER
1942

And the Bell of Liberty
Shall Ring Forever . . .

ROSALIND RUSSELL now starring in the new Columbia picture "MY SISTER EILEEN"

With Air Warden ROSALIND RUSSELL on duty it's no fooling . . . lights out until you hear

All Clear

THAT'S THE SMOKER'S SIGNAL FOR A *MILD COOL* CIGARETTE

And CHESTERFIELD smokers really know what that means...*Milder* when a smoke is what counts most...*Cooler* when you want to relax, and with a far *Better Taste* to complete your smoking pleasure . . . LIGHT UP A

CHESTERFIELD

They Treat You Right

Copyright 1942, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume 53 November, 1942 Number 1

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... George W. Whitaker

Associate Editor ..... Jack Felts

Contributing Editors

Claude Gatlin
Bob Lawton
Bryan Crenshaw
Dan C. Carmichael
Morrell Thomas
Frank Pegues

★ ★ ★

Business Staff

Business Manager ..... James H. Crawford

Assistant Business Manager ..... Haley Thomas

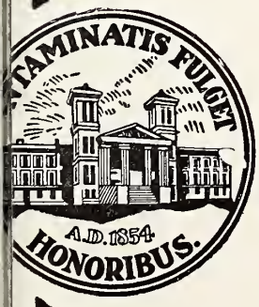
Circulation Manager ..... Ralph Wilson

Assistant Circulation Manager ..... E. G. Hewitt, Jr.

Faculty Adviser ..... Kenneth D. Coates

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Spartanburg, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Journal, Wofford College Literary Magazine, Published by the Student Body Five Times During the School Year: November, December, February, March, and May. Subscription Rate, $1.25 per Year.



CONTENTS

THE JOURNAL

Fiction

		Page
When It Rains	Dan C. Carmichael	3
Troubled Soul	Jack Felts	5
The Hunters	Dan C. Carmichael	8

Non-Fiction

Formula For Tyranny	Frank Pegues	4
America Faces Tomorrow (Senior Speech, '42)	George B. Beach	6
Graduation, 1942 (Senior Speech, '42)	Guy Wilkes, Jr.	7
A Challenge To Freedom	Claude Gatlin	9

Poetry

Man's Futility	W. J. B. Crenshaw	11
Such Is Life	Dendy Garrett	14
A War Prayer	George W. Whitaker	21
Lady Liberty	Claude Gatlin	21
The Storm	W. J. B. Crenshaw	21

Special Features

With The Editor	10
Among The Books	12
A Bit O' Fun (Jokes)	19

The Deadline for the December Issue Is November 23

WHEN IT RAINS

By DAN C. CARMICHAEL

"LORD!" half groaned John Smith as he threw back the cover from his lanky frame and sat on the edge of the bed. "Lord! What a head!"

After the wheels stopped going around, he started pulling on his socks. "Must have taken a few too many last night," he thought. "Been going out quite a bit with the boys lately. Louise has been sort of quiet. Ought not to treat her like that. Good old Louise! She's really too good for me."

He slipped on his pants and stepped to the mantle to get his wallet. A frightful yowling arose and the cat he had stepped on scratched and bit his leg before he could move. Remorse turning quickly to anger, he drew back his foot and kicked the cat straight across the bedroom. At that moment his wife appeared in the doorway. The cat recovered its feet quickly and dashed out of the room.

Silence hung heavily on the bright morning air. They faced each other across the room like fencers—tense and ready for the thrust and parry. Louise was trim and neat in her morning print. She was not beautiful in the modern sense of the word, but her mouth would have looked pretty smiling and her eyes, crinkled at the corners from laughter, had a motherly expression. Now her lips were set tightly and her eyes blazed at her husband.

John looked every inch what he was — a struggling businessman in the early forties. A little dissipated, perhaps, as evidenced by his permanently red complexion and the dark circles under his eyes, but his waistline had not yet begun to expand and he still held himself erect. This morning he looked tired, was a little grouchy, and a little frightened as he stared at a Louise he had never seen before.

She spoke first, making a strong effort to keep her voice under control, but she had no more than half-finished the first sentence when her voice went up shrilly, breaking on a high note of anger and frustration.

"This is the end. I can put up with your staying out all night getting drunk and running around with your old cronies, but when it comes to being cruel, I can't stand it. The next thing I know, you'll be beating your son and even me. I've stood all I can. I'm going home and I'm taking Billy with me."

He stood perfectly still, listening to her run upstairs, open and shut doors and then to her hurried footsteps back and forth as she packed her bags.

"Let her go," he thought savagely. "After she's had time to think it over, she'll come back. Just because I kicked an old cat who's always in the way anyhow, she goes and gets all up in the air. Let her go. I don't care."

Throwing on the remainder of his clothes, he headed for the front door, shouted loudly upstairs, "Your car keys are on the hall table. I'll take the coupe."

"Never mind, you can take the other too for all I care," came the answer in a muffled voice. "I'm going home by plane and I'm not coming back."

"Suits me fine," muttered John as he opened the door. Turning, he shouted "goodbye." Receiving no answer he slammed the door with a bang. A long, jagged, silver streak appeared in the glass. Looking at it, he grinned. "That should show how I feel," he said.

At his desk, he snapped at his secretary and in spite of his headache, he got down to work. At 10:50 his secretary buzzed persistently. He let her buzz for a while and then snapped into the phone. "What is it, Miss Simpleton?" Her name was Simpson, but it relieved his feelings to make the mistake.

Her voice came back, "A gentleman from the priorities board to see you, sir."

"What, again!" he almost shouted. "Will they never stop sending those surveyers here to pester me! Well, send him in. I guess I'll have to see him."

The man who entered was short, rotund, and baldish.

"Another surveyer," thought Smith bitterly, "coming to pry into my records. This makes about the sixth one." Aloud he said, "Come in, Mr. er——."

"Blackstone, E. B. Blackstone."

"Won't you have a seat, Mr. Blackstone?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Smith. What I have to say won't take long. As you know, I am from the priorities board."

"You wish to look at my records?" interrupted Smith.

"No, you see I am the president of the board and I don't know exactly how I should tell you this. We realize what a severe blow it will be to your business and also——"

"Come on, man, what is this all about? What will be a severe blow to my business?"

"It's about steel. According to your records, your

(Turn to Page 22)

FORMULA FOR TYRANNY

By FRANK PEGUES

I SAT in my room. Outside, the late autumn sun threw its lengthening rays across the fields of yellow grain. My thoughts were confused. I had just finished reading a book which had opened the door to a world of organized political thought which I had never before realized existed. As I gazed vacantly out the window, my thoughts wandered through the dark, silent centuries that lay behind me. Richelieu, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Bismarck, Hitler — I saw now in a new light how they had attained their heights of power. My gaze shifted from the outside world to the desk before me and to a small book that lay on the desk. On the cover were printed the words, *The Prince,* by Niccolo Machiavelli.

Over four hundred years ago in Florence, Italy, there lived a man who was an office-seeking politician much like our politicians of today, a man who strove for power and who later wrote a world-shaking treatise on power politics. Little is known of the education and early life of Machiavelli. At about the age of thirty, he obtained a minor secretarial office in the political set-up of Florence. He proved efficient and was sent on diplomatic missions, where he was thus enabled to come in close contact with the early sixteenth-century rulers of the neighboring states and city-states, and with their political policies. After fourteen years of public service in this manner, the Medici returned to power and Machiavelli lost his office. He retired to a small farm outside Florence and began writing. From his retirement to his death in 1527, he constantly tried to regain office. His most important literary work, *The Prince,* was offered to Lorenzo the Magnificent, probably the most famous of the Medici, as a possible bribe for his re-establishment in the favor of the ruling house.

It is generally conceded that *The Prince* was written for the purpose of informing the people of the Italian states and city-states and their rulers that Italy must be united and that it could become a united nation only through a despotic prince who would use any wicked, unscrupulous means and policies to create a strong centralized state. It is remarkable to note that although *The Prince* was written for the purpose of unifying Italy, every despotic ruler since that time has used it to strengthen his personal political power or that of his state. It is also remarkable to note that Italy did not become that strong united nation until three hundred fifty years later. *The Prince* has served some rulers to such an extent that it may be said that they used it as a blueprint by which they constructed their state, kingdom or dictatorship.

How did *The Prince* come into existence? How did Machiavelli write a book that influences the rulers of our world today, that influences our very individual lives by being a cause of the wars that are threatening to destroy centuries of man's constructive progress and civilization? It must be granted that Machiavelli observed very closely, and made notes on, the world of his day. In his preface to *The Prince,* in which he dedicates the work to Lorenzo, Machiavelli announced that "I have been unable to find among my possessions anything I hold so dear or esteem so highly as that knowledge of the deeds of great men which I have acquired through a long experience of modern events and a constant study of the past."

The Prince originated from another work by Machiavelli, *Discourses Upon the First Ten Books of Livy.* In this book the Florentine discussed and analyzed the deeds and actions of the rulers of Rome. He also stated the truths which he derived from a study of the results of their actions. In *The Prince* he states only the derived truths—the secrets of power politics. The *Discourses* may be said to be the references that back up the statements made in *The Prince.* On the other hand, the latter may be called the handbook of cold, unscrupulous politics which Machiavelli compiled as a result of conclusions drawn from a study of the reigns of the Roman rulers. It is also evident that Machiavelli studied at least, if not all, certain parts of the Bible, as he made mention of certain actions in the leadership of Moses and the reign of Solomon. From this we see that Machiavelli drew the elements of his masterpiece from a long study of the past and compared it with his day to see if the great men of the past really had something "on the ball." In writing his handbook which princes, emperors and dictators of succeeding generations were to use, Machiavelli was merely judging the future by analyzing the past.

The secrets of power politics existed long before Machiavelli's time, but they had never been put into a compact written form as he did. The answer to this may be found in the fact that Machiavelli lived in

(Turn ta Page 15)

TROUBLED SOUL

By JACK FELTS

PINE COUNTY is aptly named. Tall stands of pine and cypress stretch as far as the eye can see. And winding sluggishly through the swampy lowlands is the foreboding Dark River, its black and mysterious waters holding secrets that few men can ever know. Between Dark River and the broad ocean lies a land almost impenetrable, a country where men travel only in daylight and then well-protected by the force of arms. For the people that live in this secluded region are a race apart, their customs, their ways, even their language, throwbacks to the Africa from whence they came.

This is the country of the Free Woods, where Negroes live as they did before greedy, money-mad slavers lured them from their homeland. The old tribal customs still remain in some forms and the ancient and inborn rhythm of the Negro soul becomes alive again. This is the land of the "lazy nigger," the easy-going creature that poems and stories have only touched in their wordy and deceiving wanderings.

Few of these primitives ever venture into the outer world to broaden their lost souls. And because man is happier when he has little of the burdens of civilization, these people are happy. Many people think they know these strange men — wealthy Northerners who fish and hunt on vast estates which in the golden days of the old South belonged to the great slave-holders, the rice and indigo planters, the cotton and tobacco kings, owl-eyed naturalists and quizzical anthropologists, and weather-beaten fishermen. But nobody knows this Free Woods, not even the law, not even the storekeepers who have lived on these people for generations, nor even the native whites of Pine County.

But of late, Negroes have begun to leave the Free Woods in search of things new. The drab finery of the rich Yankees and the go-to-hell charm of the natives have started to eat away the peace and contentment that used to be. Many of the men have left the land of happiness and have brought their primitive ways to another civilization.

One of these happy men who was caught in the maelstrom of civilization, I knew well. They called him Bingo, but nobody has ever known his real name. The more talkative of these people say that he had a strain of the blood of the fine families of the Old South and that the happy life of fishing and hunting and of the potato patch was not meant for him. They say that one day he traveled to the county seat and made the mistake of going to one of the movie houses, when a Western was not running. Then and there, they say, he saw too much of the superficial finery of the outer world to be content with his old peaceful life.

That was the last we heard of him for many years. The shadows of time passed over him, shut him in, and left him to the fate of the slaves of old. A year or so ago he came back and stopped to see my father. When I came in, they were talking and I couldn't help hearing his story.

"Cap'n John (all the Negroes called my father Cap'n), I've bin lookin' for somethin' dat dere ain't no more of. I leff home and started out atter de things you see in dese here motion picters. An' I ain't found hit yet."

"What did you find?" my father asked.

"I found God's chilluns in de wages of sin and with dere souls as black as de blackest nigger. I went up dere and got in with a debil dey call Father Replica, called hisself de replica of de livin' God. Had his autymobiles as long as any city block you ever seed. An' women! Lawd! More women than Solomon had any time. Them women wuz jest like de dogs to home, you cuddn't hep tramplin' 'em unner foot. An' what a squawk dey'd put up. The ole 'oman to home never howled like de likes of dem. So I'm comin' back an' I'm gonna put de fear o' God into every darky dat ever gets hit in his fool haid to leave home."

"Well, Bingo," my father asked, "what's brought you here so soon?"

"Dis here Father Replica he usta sen' me out to preach. Only trubble wuz, I wuz supposed to turn a cut of de collecshun over to dat man. Gibin him de money, I'd wukked sonethin' hard for!"

"But all other preachers, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, turn in money to their church," my father told him.

"Yass, Cap'n John, but you ain't never preached at a Methodist church in de mawning and in de Baptist church in de ebening. An' den have to play yo' sweetmoufed hero to some ole 'oman who thinks she's de Lawd's very own."

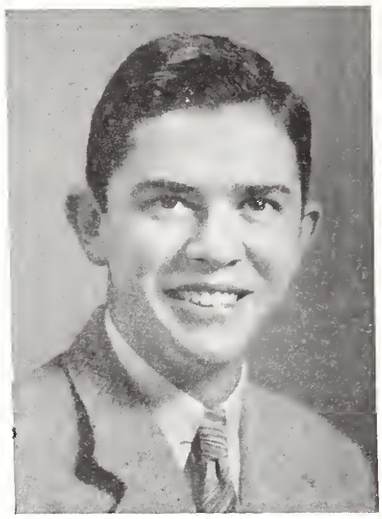
"What did they do to you?" father chuckled.

"Well, suh, I wuz standin' up talkin' to Mis' Aurelia Ramsbottom, one of dese high yaller musical gals,

(Turn to Page 24)

AMERICA FACES TOMORROW

By GEORGE B. BEACH



LAST year at commencement, the Honorable James F. Byrnes, now associate justice of the Supreme Court, made an appeal to the nation over the combined broadcasting networks—an appeal for national unity. We *are* unified today. December 7, 1941, and the dastardly Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor instantly fused and united the elements of this great nation into a hammering striking power.

But today, we are faced with the realization that the goal ahead, the goal of the destruction of the forces of tyranny and the establishment of peace with justice is still far away. How far we cannot tell. But this we know: there could be no compromise, there is no compromise, there shall be no compromise with the totalitarian states which have led mankind back into the jungle, into the Roman arena, into the desolation of broken homes, starving children, suppression of thinking, and the subtle demoralization and degradation of the human family.

To look far ahead into the future is to court folly. The prophets of doom tell us that we are headed for total destruction of all that mankind has ever built or fashioned for these many centuries. And mankind has made progress in the two thousand years since the Master of men came on this earth.

One such prophet of doom, a popular writer, has a character in one of his novels say:

> The storm will be such a one, my son, as the world has not seen before. There will be no safety by arms, no help from authority, no answer in science. It will rage till every flower of culture is trampled, and all human things are leveled in a vast chaos. Such was my vision when Napoleon was still a name unknown, and I see it now, more clearly with each hour.

Before a paragraph like that, we must pause and say: Something like that *is* going on. Against a background of blood, sweat, and tears; against the untold misery of millions of homeless and hungry people; to speak the words of optimism which all healthy people like to hear seems like insanity. If we are willing to look far enough ahead, however, perhaps we can find grounds for optimism.

We must believe that all the suffering in this war—suffering which, by the way, we in the United States have not experienced like the European and Asiatic peoples—that all this agony of spirit and waste of treasure means something vital and deep in human experience, and when we believe *that,* all the sacrifices which we may have to make seem small in contrast with the goal to be reached some day. We may not live to see the day; but we may die in the hope that freedom and justice will some day bless this tired earth as the result of our exertions.

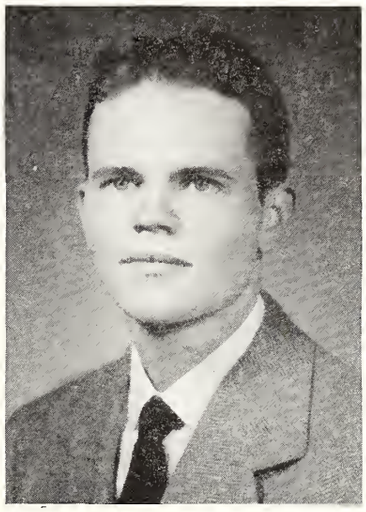
Some so-called leaders in the democracies before this war had so divorced themselves from the people that they sold democracy down the river for their own personal gain. Certain wealthy Englishmen, afraid of social change and unwilling to sacrifice their wealth in order to keep democracy alive helped to build up a strong Germany against further social change in Europe. Munich changed that idea. The Lavals and the Petains of France would not lift a finger to save democracy in Spain. The battle of Sedan changed that. And certain American big businesses preferred to kill the innocent Chinese and make money rather than refuse to let Japan have the multiplied barrels of oil and the tons of scrap iron she bought from the United States firms almost up to the very outbreak of war itself. Well, today *that* is changed, and many an American surgeon who rips Singer Sewing machine parts out of American men and hears the roar of Jap bombers flying on American oil knows that aiding and abetting criminal aggression in the hope of keeping the *status quo* will not work. It took us a long time to learn, just as it took the English and the French. But we know it now, and if we use the benefit of our experience, the world will never be the same.

This fight must not be *just against* dictatorship—it must be *for* democracy. It must not be just against Hitler—it must be *for* Washington and Jefferson and Lee and Lincoln and Cleveland and Wilson. This fight is not a fight just to hit the enemy and then retire safely home again. If we want peace for our children and grandchildren—if we think such a peace is possible—then we must first put our whole soul into

(Turn to Page 16)

GRADUATION, 1942

By GUY WILKES, JR.



Men of the Graduating Class, Members of the Faculty, Friends:

It gives us great pleasure that you are gathered with us today for graduation.

Although sensing the chaotic conditions of this June, we feel nevertheless that it is befitting that we of the class of '42 conclude our undergraduate years together and celebrate the commencement of our active participation in the world of our heritage.

Seldom have diploma-laden students walked off the quiet college campus into a more contrastingly active setting. Never before has American youth looked into the clenched teeth of the aggressor, realizing that this is possible death or slavery whose menacing, slanting eyes are pointed this way. Never, we think, has a heavier responsibility been the graduating present to former wearers of the cap and gown.

We are graduating into EXCITING times which will tax the strength of youth. The dash and daring of American young manhood finds resources in ACTION. The enthusiastic vitality of red-blooded fightin' pioneers who blazed a trail through a great wilderness to found the greatest nation on earth—this strong vitality which was brought to light in 1917 rises again on familiar ground: the battleground of freedom.

We of the liberal arts college are disciplined primarily for the happy, useful life of an American citizen of character. Not asleep to the life about us, we are aware of the balance of world-wide significance facing our generation when an exhausted world leaves the jumbled-up puzzle of a former civilization to those who must rearrange boundaries of sovereignties. It is, we feel, our ultimate aim to arrive at a fair definition of peace. It is here that statesmanship, scholarship, will prevail.

As Isaiah Bowman, president of Johns Hopkins University, has so aptly stated:

> "Victory will be in two fields, combat and recovery. The impoverished nations of Europe have not the force to handle victory alone nor recovery alone. America will lead the way in organization; in answering the tormenting question, 'How do we want to live?'; in the just care of our soldiers; in the fair distribution of the national income; in attempting to reduce unemployment; and in world co-operation. Only a trained people, trained in leadership, trained in analysis and trained in world *agreement* can win these great objects. To them our colleges are dedicated, for they are among the highest objects to which the civilization that we cherish is dedicated."

Experience of settlements of the past will be needed. A comprehensible understanding of humans will be necessary. A respect for phoenix-like nationalities which, though ruined, shall inevitably rise from the ashes, must be understood.

The war is in self-defense. The peace will be for posterity. We of the graduating class are leaders of posterity. We are to influence opinions about us toward sane living. We are to guide governmental action away from mishaps of the past. We face times of constant guard against covered-up evil practices. Facing not a pretty picture, we feel, however, a certain strong faith in the calibre of American manhood, of which we are a part. We feel the spirit of '42 behind the bared chest, with which we confidently face the day. It is a spirit of work, action and quick thinking. Bound by a marvelously written Constitution, composed by magnificent *men* with the spirit of '76 yet fresh in their blood, we of the American family tree feel transfusions of the same spirit in our veins. This spirited blood, which might well be said to have awakened a dozing America, we feel must be the spirit of '42.

In 1942 the drums are sounding the heartbeats of patriotic Americans more each day. The Star Spangled Banner has become the hit song of the year. All, everything, is toward patriotic fervor unsurpassed since 1776. The spirit of a young nation, of an alive nation, should not be mingled with gunpowder alone and disappear with the smoke of bombs. No dead future for the men of '42. No Maginot confidences, nor Pearl Harbor misinterpretations of the length of the enemy's arm and meanness.

Will you and I and the thousands of graduates of other colleges and the school of experience of the coming year uphold the coming peace with as determined an outlook as we fight the war? Will the America of

(Turn to Page 17)

THE HUNTERS

A Realistic Tale of Man's Best Friend

By DAN C. CARMICHAEL

THE rust-red setter, his tail waving frantically in the cool autumn breeze and nose held tightly to the ground, moved swiftly against a background of brown broom sedge. He was excited. One could tell this by the tautness of his muscles and the intent air with which he worked. A scent had come to him on the air. It was his reason for being, this scent, and it transformed him from a quiet companion into an efficient hunting dog. He worked methodically, back and forth, in an ever widening arc, always upwind and occasionally raising his head to test the breeze. Suddenly he stopped still and, after a moment's hesitation, began to advance cautiously. Against the blue sky and green slash pine, the stalking and now pointing dog in the broom sedge made a breath-taking picture.

Two men dressed in brown hunting clothes stood on the edge of the sedge patch watching the dog. As he came to a point one of them talked to him in a soothing voice. "Easy there, boy. Hold it," he softly repeated as he and his companion slowly advanced with guns ready. With a sudden burring sound, birds flashed into the air. Incredibly swift they dodged this way and that in their mad dash for safety. Guns spoke and at his master's command the dog moved to retrieve. He brought the first bird and placing himself at his master's heel, waited for orders.

"Bill," said the larger and better dressed of the two men, "I'll give you five hundred dollars for that dog."

"Nothing doing, Mr. Carter," said Bill, looking surprised. "I wouldn't sell Pat for any amount of money."

"I wouldn't say that, son," continued Mr. Carter. "I can understand your attachment for the dog. To tell you the truth, he's even better than I had heard. I'll tell you what, I'll let you name your own price. What could be fairer than that?"

"It's fair enough," said Bill, "except that Pat doesn't have a price tag on him."

"But the dog is good, man. He could go places. With you to handle him he would win the National Open in no time. I've never seen a dog hunt like he does. Why, he even waits for that little whistle of yours before he jumps a ditch or a fence. With a well-controlled dog like that, I could win any meet in the country. They told me in town he was good, but not this good. Let's talk business."

"They told you a lot in town about this dog, but they left out some things," said Bill sadly. "Did they tell you why he waits for this whistle before jumping a ditch or fence? Haven't you wondered why he heels with his head brushing my leg at every step? Don't you think he's quiet for a young and eager hunting dog? No, I won't sell," said Bill, shaking his head.

"But why? You need the money, and he's only a dog."

"You say you talked to somebody in town?" asked Bill. "Who was it?"

"A Mr. Thompson, owns the General store."

"What did he say about this dog?"

"Oh, nothing much. He told me it was the best dog in the country and that more than likely you wouldn't sell."

"Didn't tell you why I wouldn't sell, did he?"

"No," answered Mr. Carter, looking at Bill sharply. "What is the reason?"

"It's a long story," said Bill, shouldering his gun, "but I'll tell it to you while we go back toward home. You see those woods over there on the other side of the field? They're thick and have dense undergrowth for miles. The fields around my home weren't always there. When I came to this country a few years ago, the place was covered with dense woods just as those are. My wife and I worked hard to clear this farm. For a while it looked as if we wouldn't make a go of it, but then the railroad came and the country has developed so much that you wouldn't have believed it could be like this a dozen years ago.

"Four years ago this dog was a yearling just learning to hunt. I hadn't taught him much except to trail and follow orders. He wasn't quiet then like he is now. I guess he was about the eagerest dog you've ever seen.

"You remember seeing my kid at the house? The little six-year-old who begged to go hunting with us? He was just a baby then, not more than two. He was about all me and Sara had and I set just about as much

(Turn to Page 20)

A CHALLENGE TO FREEDOM

An Essay For All Americans

By CLAUDE GATLIN

"ARE you an American?"

"O. K., Mister. That's fine. But how about this one. Are you willing and ready to remain an American? Are you going to do your part toward wrecking Hitler, Tojo, and Mussolini and their vision of a Nazi dominated world? Are you willing to work long hours in steel mills hot as hell for standardized wages and no double pay for overtime? Will you give up new conveniences and pleasures and make the old ones last a little longer, so as to conserve precious raw materials? Can you willingly visualize yourself walking to work or to the little brick church up town and liking it, in order that your son in Africa or Australia can be sure that his plane or tank will always be plentifully fueled and that your daughter's ambulance in China won't be useless because of a lack of tires and repair parts? Don't worry, you won't be alone. They'll all be walking with you."

"Swell, you really can take it. That is, so far. But you haven't seen anything yet. This is a total war, they say. But it isn't total yet and won't be until we, America, get into the thick of it, hand and fist. Then do you think you could take it?"

"How would it be? Well, it'd be different. Something like this. You'd have to expect to wake any night and stumble out of bed in darkness while the sirens wail and seek shelter from enemy bombs. It will be hell. Just like it was in London and Hong Kong and all the other victims of the Nazi onslaught. And don't forget Stalingrad. You might get to a shelter, and again, you might not. They'd come in from the East—long-range land bombers or carrier-based fighter planes carrying bombs and torpedoes. There'd be hundreds and thousands of them diving and screaming like wing-borne devils from another world. You'd see your homes and beautiful buildings torn to bits. Bomb fragments would be taking their toll, too. Here and there would be a woman or child writhing in pain with a three-inch splinter piercing her brain — or a brown, wet torso lying in the gutter where formerly a man had crouched seeking shelter, his belly torn open and his guts protruding. Does it make you sick?"

"No? Well, we'll go on. In the distance, fighters and pursuits rise like bats out of Hades to contest the invaders. Suddenly one of the shining ships bursts into flames and dives, sending sickening screeches through the air. The pilot bales out, hoping to return again as soon as he can get into another cockpit. As his parachute opens, a Nazi fighter zooms close and sprays him with tracer and machine gun bullets. The parachute, riddled, plummets like a piece of lead towards the earth. The body hits with a deadly and sickening thud as his skull cracks and his eyeballs bounce like pin balls. He may have been your son or a friend. But he died gallantly. This is total war. Can you take it and keep on going so that he and the others won't have died in vain?"

"As you watch the flames envelop your cottage on the corner and the whole block suddenly bursts into flames as incendiaries fall, your stomach turns but you can still go on if you want to. They didn't do much damage to the plant and mills in which you and your fellow citizens work. You still can put out more fighting materials for the front, which now is right here. You are on the fighting and industrial front. That's a big job. If you can't do it, just holler and give it up as a bad attempt. Maybe Hitler was right. Americans may be soft after all."

"Huh? Oh sure. You want more! I'll make one last attempt and then you'll be convinced."

"You saw your sons, all three of them, go into the army and marines. That wasn't much. They would be training for quite a while and the time when they would be en route overseas seemed far away. But it wasn't so long, was it? Tom and Bob went to Australia with the marines and Reed to Hong Kong with army units."

"Reed was in Hong Kong when it fell. Six months later he was still there, but not the same lad who waved goodbye that morning in August as the bus pulled off for the camp upstate. He was an emaciated, pale body of one hundred and ten pounds. And think, from August through the next spring you were comfortably feasting on pork and beef and all the othr food you wanted, as rationing was still far in the distance."

"Reed was changed otherwise, too. His mind had deteriorated equally with his body, and he babbled crazily as he wandered from one garbage bin to another

(Turn to Page 11)

With the Editor

A SALUTE TO THE STUDENT BODY

TO THE Wofford Student Body we extend our most hearty congratulations for the fine college spirit and sense of cooperation in attending the meetings of the student body which have been held since the opening of school. It is not often that a school with an enrollment of nearly 400 can boast of having almost *half* of the students at such a meeting. The student body should indeed be proud of this achievement. If you continue to show this kind of spirit when you are called into the service of your country, victory will surely be yours. Yes, we salute you, but we salute you with the ironical hand of disgust and sarcasm.

For a while it was thought that the long decadent spirit of the student body was at last springing forth to new life, but apparently that was just a mirage. The enthusiasm shown at the football games, especially the Randolph-Macon game, was by far the best seen in years. We don't think the team or anyone else could ask for better. There is, however, more to school spirit than yelling one's head off at an athletic contest. The real college spirit embodies every phase of student activity — cooperation with the staffs of all the publications, regular attendance to the various clubs of which one is a member, and cooperation with the administration.

This is a year of change for Wofford. In a sense, it is the rebirth of Wofford. To the students is left the task of using these changes in a manner that will make them remembered in years to come. If you, the students, love your alma mater, put everything you have into making this year the turning point for school spirit.

THE WOFFORD JOURNAL, in making its first appearance of the year, does not come with the hopes of setting the literary world on fire, but rather it will seek to regain some of the high prestige which was hers in other days. This is perhaps the most crucial year THE JOURNAL has faced since its beginning in 1889, and time alone will show how well it will have met the crisis.

Nearly all of the boys who contributed to this publication last year graduated and left only green material to carry on as the "literary" at Wofford. Because of this, every man at school will have an equal chance at having his "brainchild" printed. It shall be the policy of the editor to carefully consider every bit of material turned in, and if it is of JOURNAL calibre, the article will be published.

The editor and his staff will welcome at all times any criticisms which any student feels is just. Although THE JOURNAL is in some degree starting from scratch, it will strive to be a credit to Wofford, and when the year comes to an end, may it be said about her that "it was a job well done."

Never before in the history of the world has youth faced such trying and chaotic times as it is now facing. A war, very much different from the holocaust which was World War I, now encircles the globe — touching even the most remote corners of the world. With such a catastrophe confronting the young men and women of today, the question which only they can answer is being asked. The question is, "Will youth crack under the stress and burdens which they are being called upon to bear,

or will they keep the courage and spirit which their ancestors left them as a heritage?"

The government has put everything (and that is meant literally) on a wartime footing, with all other things as secondary items. That is as it should be, perhaps, but for young people there is one thing which must not be subjugated. In order for the world to be a more harmonious, orderly, and secure place in the future, youth must not lose sight of the ideals which it set up for itself before the ravages of war swept over the world. It is only by keeping hold of those ideals is it possible for victory to be kept after it is won.

Many boys who now are free to breathe the fresh air of life will lose that blessing on some field of battle and it is left up to the ones who are left to make sure that those others did not die in vain. Thus the job for youth today is to prepare themselves physically and mentally for the task which lies ahead of them on the many battlegrounds and yet never lose those hopes which they expected to come true in a free world. In the end the tyrants and dictators will be defeated and youth can once more face life with hopes of seeing their dreams come true.

MAN'S FUTILITY

Men talk of love
Whom love has never known.
Men lie of death
And cannot know the tomb.
Men rave for God
Though souls are bowed with sin.
Men cry for peace
And have it not within.

Why talk of love?
You shalt not know its bliss.
Why lie of death?
Soon you will feel its kiss.
Why rave for God?
He will not hear you cry.
Why beg for peace?
Fool! Yours is but to die!

—*W. J. B. Crenshaw.*

A CHALLENGE TO FREEDOM

(From Page 9)

like a hungry dog hunting scraps and bits of food. His body was pock-marked with cigarette burns which the guards had inflicted on him to get information which they never secured."

"Reed may still be there, eating food thrown from the tables of the Japanese war lords. You'll never know, if you quit now. But maybe some day, if you keep on working and sweating for Uncle Sam, you'll have a chance to place a wreath of red roses on a small grave in Reed's memory."

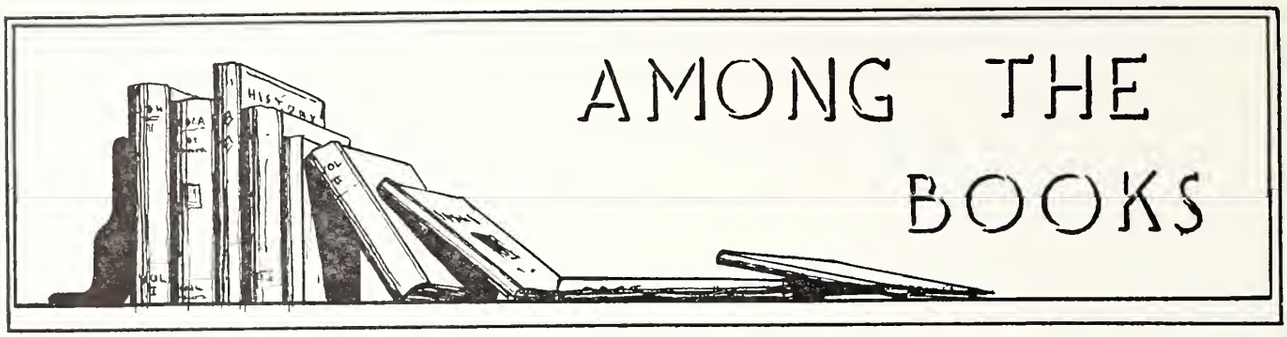
"Tom and Bob were luckier. Tom died in a clean hospital bed in Darwin after a Jap bomb had left him a bloody mess for the doctors to patch up. A leg was missing and his face was burned beyond recognition. Only his eyes showed from beneath the bulky facial bandages as he deliriously told the doctor to 'keep feeding the ammunition and we'll blast the whole bloody mess of 'em to hell.' The doctor covered up another corpse the next morning and called the orderlies to remove the body of 'Number Twenty-One' for burial."

"You thought that news would break your heart, but you didn't know fear or sorrow at all until you heard about Bob, your oldest son, three weeks later. Bob had been found in a fox hole in Burma, another victim of the Japs as they overran the Middle-East. He had fought bravely. They all had. But there were too many charging, fighting-mad maniacs fresh from Tojo's empire. They found Bob after a counter-attack which drove the Japs back towards their original lines. He was supported by the sides of the trench with a gory Jap bayonet jabbed deep into his back. Thus he stood, a stiff corpse with his rifle still in firing position."

"Well, that's it. Do you still think you can take it? Can you keep on going to avenge the deaths of your loved ones? Can you hit the bottom and rebound to climb steadily to a victory that will end the greatest and most cruel conflict ever witnessed by mankind?"

"You don't have to answer. One can tell from the look of grim determination which is stamped on your face that you will do whatever needs to be done in order that the final VICTORY will be yours."

Discretion: Something you learn after you are too old for it to do you any good.



Ben Robertson. RED HILLS AND COTTON. New York: Alfred A. Knoft, 1942.

Ben Robertson is a new writer. He was born in the red hills of South Carolina, educated at Clemson and became a foreign correspondent. His first assignment was on a Honolulu paper. From there he worked up and is now a war correspondent for the Marshall Field Syndicate.

Red Hills and Cotton is slow moving and has no plot, yet it has a solemn dignity that distinguishes it. This is due in a large measure to his use of language. Certain parts are undoubtedly well above the average in respect to simple but dignified prose.

The book is a series of sketches. Interwoven in these sketches is the history and progress of upcountry South Carolina. It is an idealistic history, and there are few hints of the hard task of the farmers trying desperately to squeeze a meagre living from the soil. The intense love in the very marrow of the author's bones permeates the whole book.

The old grandmother said, "We are first Carolinians, and after Carolinians, Southerners, and after Southerners, citizens of the United States." She had a great influence on this clan of Robertsons, who settled on a grant from the Lord's Proprietors. She also said that Heaven would be like Carolina in May. This old woman instilled in the whole clan a love of the land and of its storied history.

The grandfather was a Senator and leader in local affairs, but above all, he was a cotton farmer like all the rest of his neighbors. He felt it his duty to the people and to Carolina to serve by taking an active part in civic affairs. He was an honest man himself and so took others to be, but once, to his sorrow, he bought a mule that was not as young as the seller had intimated. That did not destroy his faith in the honesty of man, however.

Great Aunt Narcissa was third of the three great characters of Twelve Mile Creek section of Upper South Carolina. She taught the people religion, not by words, but by deeds. She was a Puritan, as were most of her neighbors. It seemed strange for a people to be Puritan in the deep South, but these people were much nearer the Puritan New Englanders than to the aristocratic Southerners, although they were ardent Confederates who harbored a distrust of the North.

These three, Grandmother, Grandfather, and Great Aunt Narcissa, were the three great teachers of the author. He said that he received much more culture from them than he did from his formal education. They made him a Carolinian, a Democrat, and a Baptist.

They planted cotton year after year and generation after generation. It had grown to be a part of them—planting in the Spring, hoeing and plowing in the Summer, and picking in the Fall. It was their life and work, their meat and drink. Old Jim, the Negro laborer, said his mule would not walk on the cotton rows when President Roosevelt ordered every third row to be plowed under. Cotton farming was instinctive, even in the mules.

Those strong red hills of foothill Carolina gave some of their strength and tenacity to the farmers as they worked from dawn to sunset with the soil. There is something about the love of the land that grips people and holds them. A man will work hard so that he can buy more land and yet more and more, it is an unquenchable desire. These people had that desire, for they loved the red hills of South Carolina.

The Robertson family, as other up-country families, were all farmers, all Democrats, and all Baptists. They were born with a strict code of ethics. On the surface they were a laughing, rollicking people, but underneath, there was sternness, austerity, and solemnity. To them, honor is the supreme virtue, and a man who loses his honor is considered worthless and is ostracized.

Today they feel they have been saved by Roosevelt and his agricultural program. With the influx of industry, they have labor problems, but they realize that it is best for the growth of the South. We now have another war, and these people will work for victory and will not crack under hardship.

—*Bob Lawton.*

Major Alexander P. De Seversky. VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1942.

Some people write books because they're glad and some because they're sad. But Major Alexander P. de Seversky wrote *Victory Through Air Power* because he's "mad"—angry that the American people in general can be so near-sighted in their views and opinions of World War II.

Reviewed by the Book-of-the-Month Club council after it had chosen its May selection, the work was considered so important that it was added to the original choice.

Victory Through Air Power was written for John Q. America; it is void of technical terms and expresses clear-cut ideas which frequently are so progressive as to be considered radical.

Major de Seversky blows to bits the arguments of those optimistic Americans who claim that the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are insurmountable barriers to Hitler. So determined is the author that the United States' only hope is in air supremacy that he writes, "We cannot and must not dream of conquering the enemy without first capturing dominance in the air—but once we have clear-cut dominance in the air, all else becomes a secondary subordinate, auxiliary operation."

A horrible picture of destruction is painted for America if she "continues to ignore these looming aeronautical facts. From every point of the compass—across the two oceans and across the two poles—giant bombers, each protected by its convoy of deadly fighter planes, converge upon the United States. . . . The havoc they wreak is beyond description. New York, Detroit, and San Francisco are reduced to rubble heaps in the first twenty-four hours. Washington is wiped out before the government has a chance to rescue its most treasured records. . . . A thousand tons of explosives deposited expertly on a few great railroad depots like those at Chicago, dislocate the country's transportation system."

Major de Seversky himself granted that he was shattering deep-set military beliefs when he declared that if America were attacked by an air armada from Germany that the millions of skillfully trained, well-equipped soldiers would become "mere frustrated onlookers" and that our giant two-ocean navy could do "nothing, literally nothing, against the locust swarms of giant planes."

The author wrote that the blockade of the past was a "fence" around the enemy, while the one of the future would be a giant "bowl" inverted over the country, under which the nation gradually would suffocate. America was criticized for the fact that after the fall of France she "aped" the tactics of the Germans and failed to set out in a new direction.

Major de Seversky has written an extremely informative book, although his style is lifeless, very unimaginative, and dull to read.

> "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. . . ."
>
> The Major's *Victory Through Air Power* should be "chewed and digested" by every American.

—*Morrell Thomas.*

Hartzell Spence. GET THEE BEHIND ME. Whittlesey House, 1942.*

This book, a sequel to *One Foot in Heaven,* makes its appeal to the reader simply on its good humor and the "humaness" of the characters who amble through one laughable anecdote after another. It does not attempt any serious purposes, and its only excuse for existence is the fact that it will provide many a reader with a few moments of entertaining reading. *Get Thee Behind Me* may also be a source for some future historian to find what an early twentieth century Methodist parsonage is like.

The devout parson, who saves his son from a whipping by recalling an escapade of his own boyhood concerning an "outhouse" arranged as the vestibule to a schoolhouse, the wife and daughter who waged an intra-family war for bobbed hair, and the son who, at the age of fourteen, received an increase in allowance of five cents, making the grand total of thirty cents a week, in order that he might escort his girl to the Bluebird motion picture house, are characters who live and move throughout the pages of this book. The author has injected a spirit of genuineness into the characters so that they are alive in the minds of the reader.

Stylistically, no merits beyond good grammar and the subtle fun which peeks "Puckishly" from behind every line, can be claimed for Mr. Spence's book. However, it may be well recommended for an hour's relaxation, particularly if the reader has undergone the trials, felt the inhibitions, and experienced the joys that go with living in a Methodist preacher's family.

—*Jacob Golightly.*

*Reviewed through the courtesy of the DuPre Book Co.

When the Japs bought our scrap iron, little did they realize what scrap our boys would make of them.

ALL ACCESSORIES
FOR MEN

BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP
112 EAST MAIN STREET

THE ASSURANCE OF
CORRECTNESS

ROYAL
CLEANERS & HATTERS
"Let Royal Do It"
Spartanburg, S. C.

Phone 302 Phone 320

Jarman Shoes Dobbs Hats

PRICE'S
"STORE FOR MEN"
113-115 North Church Street

Manhattan Shirts Beau-Brummel Neckwear

SMITH'S
CUT-RATE DRUG STORES
142 and 167 E. MAIN STREET

SMITH'S LUNCHEONETTE
A GOOD PLACE TO MEET
A BETTER PLACE TO EAT

TERRIERS, GO TO THE
COLLEGE INN
FOR GOOD THINGS TO EAT
SANDWICHES OF ALL KINDS
Ice Cream — Candy
Short Orders — Hot Dogs
Magazines — Curb Service
284 N. Church Street Telephone 3082

THE LATEST READING LIST

1. W. L. White. *They Were Expendable:* Harcourt, Brace & Co. "A tense and moving book . . . packs an enormous emotional punch." The Book-of-the-Month for October.

2. Ben Robertson. *Red Hills and Cotton:* New York, Alfred A. Knoft. The story of upcountry South Carolina.

3. Heymann. *Plans For Permanent Peace:* Harper. A book for the times.

4. Herbert Gorman. *Victor Hugo:* New York, Doubleday, Doran & Co. The critics rank it as one of the best biographies in several years.

5. Franz Werfel. *The Song of Bernadette:* The Viking Press. The Book-of-the-Month for July and the present top-ranking best seller.

6. Anna Seghers. *The Seventh Cross:* Little, Brown & Co. The Book-of-the-Month for October, and a best seller.

7. Helen MacInnes. *Assignment in Brittany:* Little, Brown & Co. An exciting spy novel.

8. Elliot Arnold. *The Commandos:* "This exciting novel of invaded Norway ranks among the liveliest adventure stories of the war."

SUCH IS LIFE

Have you ever stopped
After climbing a hill,
To look back the way you came,
To notice the rocks and snags
That might have caused your death
Or caused you now to be lame?

Such is the way I look at life,
One hill after another,
Its sorrows and its strife
Its pleasures and its joys,
Its many cares and many woes
With too few friends and too many foes.

Oh, if only we would stop and think
Ere we climb each hill
Of the things we haven't done,
Ere we approach "Eternity's Brink"
Before LIFE'S race is run.

—*Dendy Garrett.*

FORMULA FOR TYRANNY

(From Page 4)

Renaissance Italy when the dormant powers of the human mind and imagination were beginning to awaken after the Middle Ages, when the human body and mind were considered to be of primary importance, and when stress was laid on the possible accomplishments of man in the light of materialism. It was a secular force heralding the entrance of the modern world of materialism and comparative realism. Rulers of the modern world have used it whenever it could prove beneficial to them—which has been and is often.

To see the influence of *The Prince,* we have only to mention some great, despotic rulers since Machiavelli's time, and to cite some of their deeds, however important or unimportant they may seem.

In the tenth chapter of *The Prince,* Machiavelli stated that fortified cities obey the emperor (in reference to fifteenth-century Germany) only when they choose and are therefore a menace to the ruler's power. The subtle Richelieu realized this and so ordered all fortifications of towns and cities in France to be disposed of. He was compelled to do this in order to make his rule and power absolute and to bring about a centralization of government in France.

In another chapter of this famous book, Machiavelli advised a ruler to appear to be virtuous, humanitarian and religious, but he warned that when a prince acts, he must not let benevolence or virtue hurt his power. So it was that Frederick the Great of Prussia professed to be under the influence of the "philosophes." In other words, he was a proponent of liberal ideas and benevolence in theory, but in practice he was the absolute despotic monarch of the eighteenth century. The rule of Catherine the Great of Russia rested very much on this same principle of theoretical benevolence and enlightenment.

In speaking of the manner in which a ruler may gain a reputation, the Florentine advised that "A prince must also show himself a lover of merit, give preferment to the able, and honor those who excel in every art." Napoleon admitted this fact in *The Corsican,* his autobiography in diary form. Thus did he establish the famous French Legion of Honor.

On the subject of keeping faith, this Italian politician of the sixteenth century said that a ruler should not keep promises if by so doing his political and military plans and ambitions are injured. The influence of this Machiavellian law is seen in a study of the policies of Richelieu, Frederick, Napoleon, and especially is it noticeable in the past and present actions of Adolf Hitler and his mendacity as regards treaties and pacts.

When we gasp at the extreme measures taken by Hitler in the conquered nations, we may find the reason for such actions by reading the fifth chapter of *The Prince.* Machiavelli laid down the maxim that there are three ways to govern conquered nations that previously made and lived under their own laws. "The first is to despoil them; the second is to go and live there in person; the third is to allow them to live under their own laws, taking tribute of them, and creating within the country a government comprised of a few who will keep it friendly to you." Machiavelli admits later in the chapter that whoever conquers a free "city" and does not destroy it is in imminent danger of being destroyed. Since the second plan of government as stated by the Florentine is completely out of the question in the case of Hitler, there remain but two plans. Hitler has tried to use the third one in France. He has tried to create a government with Pierre Laval at the helm, which would maintain peaceful relations between the French people and the German government. However, in most all enslaved countries, the "free cities" have revolted as predicted by Machiavelli and as evidenced in the murders and attempted murders of Hitler's henchmen. The "little man of Berchtesgaden" has made extreme reprisals by having great numbers of citizens of the guilty cities executed. Notable was the example of the Heydrich murder in Czechoslovakia and the near demolition of the citizenship of the guilty villages which followed.

In nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europe, we find the Machiavellian concepts of political power at work in a very forceful manner. Many of the nations of Europe which have been organized in the last hundred years were born amidst wars and political upheavals. The ruler who was the fittest, and whoever ruled by *The Prince* was the fittest, survived.

Gradually, through this process, there came into existence the strong militant spirit of nationalism. It may be justly said that when Machiavelli put into words the rules for constructing a strong centralized government, he did nothing less than lay out the plan for the nationalistic states and consequently, the present dictatorships that were to be created many hundreds of years after him. The dictatorial governments of present-day Europe are but modern versions, with certain alterations, of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century despotic and tyrannical monarchies.

Consequently, the rise and fall of the European nations—the rise of those ruled by Machiavellian politics and the fall of those governed by moral politics. We must admit it. Yet, there has been a mistake somewhere. In the rapidly changing political order of last-century Europe, idealism and ethics have been cast aside because of their inability to fill, quickly, the needs of the moment, and hard factual politics, however immoral, which could serve the immediate present and solve the problems of the various states were installed in the places of the former.

AMERICA FACES TOMORROW

(From Page 6)

winning this war, and then into supporting whatever policies will best serve the interests of all humanity.

To formulate the policies is the job of experts, but we all know the difference between a smug isolationism and selfish trade policy and the active cooperation which can result from the United States taking her place as a world leader.

Anne Lindbergh has been much criticized for her book the *Wave of the Future* and rightly so. Anyone who says that the good things of the future will come out of these totalitarian states we are fighting should be scorned.

But a wave of the future is upon us today. We have dallied so long with out-moded theories of government that we are in actual danger of refusing to grant other nations and peoples their rights because of our ignorance concerning them. It seems to me there are two great issues which are rearing their heads out of all the confusing little issues of the present conflict.

The first is the demand by laboring people all over the world for more of the money which has, in the past, often been confined in the hands of a few people. That wave of the future is upon us, and we cannot afford to ignore the trend. In America we have a democracy to keep alive. We have our choice, it seems to me: either we must be prepared to grant more power, both political and monetary, to the classes which, until now, have been impoverished and uneducated, or we must be prepared to hold them down by force—all over the world. We can do either. We have a choice. But, in the opinion of Mr. Wendell Willkie—and I share his opinion—if we choose to stop social change by force and by denying what these people claim as their right we stand a good chance of losing *our* rights as well. For in every country where one group has tried to assume total control, education, free speech, and free press have been blacked out.

Of course we must make social changes slowly, and not allow uneducated mobs to rule the American people. Whatever changes we must make must be made conservatively in order to have any permanent value. But some people who say that they want gradual change really do not want any change at all, and work against a better distribution of economic resources. These are the people who have killed democracy in so many European countries by driving the laboring man into the bosom of the radicals. These are the number one public enemies of today.

We must make another concession to the future, or be prepared to take the consequences. We must make up our minds, hard-headedly, and coldly, that other races than the white want to have a share in democracy, to exploit their own resources, and to make their mark in the world. We cannot ignore them. The day is coming when we cannot silence them—whole groups of them—except by bullets—and to do that without any further reason than racial prejudice would be to deny democracy. Today the day is at hand for us to make all the changes we can afford to make in giving other peoples their rights—and some we cannot *afford* to make—if we want freedom above everything else.

The Chinese have had very little personal political freedom in the past. But today they are fighting for freedom with a flaming spirit and unity of purpose which should make us respect and admire them. The yellow men of China and the brown men of India we have used far more than we have served and helped. In the Far East we sowed to the wind, and the whirlwind is raging today.

I believe none of the tangled relations between the United States and other countries is insoluble, after we have first won this war, and if we approach the world again in something of the spirit of the greatest man of the twentieth century: Woodrow Wilson. Finally, we are standing at the birth of a new age. In the future, we will do well to follow the English example of thinking our actions not only in the light of what they will do to ourselves, but what they will do to the countless millions of human beings throughout the earth. Certainly we cannot escape our share of the responsibility of maintaining peace by force if necessary. It is highly probable that we shall have to keep standing armies in Europe and Asia to guarantee any peace. But America has more for the rest of the world than standing armies. It has the food and the medicine which are so badly needed throughout the world. It is not standing armies alone which will give us the peace we want. It is this America of liberty which holds promise for the rest of the world.

In closing, I should like to quote from a speech made by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes at a dinner

(Turn to Page 18)

The Citizens & Southern National Bank of South Carolina

No Account too Large . . . None too Small

Charleston — Columbia — Spartanburg

MEMBER F. D. I. C.

GRADUATION, 1942

(From Page 7)

the 1950's and on and on—past more than *one* generation, know that we have lived as well as died in 1942?

This year will not be easily forgotten on the pages of history books. It is up to us to see that the spirit will not be forgotten in any way. Our generation will prove that we can keep 'em flying and keep 'em goin' in every atmosphere of which we are a part. As some will die for the flag in such a glorious manner, others will continue to LIVE for the flag just as magnificently. The GLORIES of this, our age, can greatly overshadow the devastation caused, if we but make it so.

The time of doubt is passed. The future is merged into the present. We have a war to fight. It will not be easy. Nor do we expect it to be easy.

We see the Japanese as he is—the toothy soldier, capitalist, commercial man, the tight-lipped officers, the doll-like geisha girl, the fanatical priest, the submissive peasant and his wife who breed the soldiers that fill up the army that really runs Japan and the god-emperor.

We recognize in Germany the most highly organized blitzkreig army the world has seen. We know that with their fanatical leader they are a powerful foe. We see the Russian peasantry mobilizing in a terrific effort to keep Nazi machines from Asiatic oil. Our spirit remains undaunted as we realize the vast miles of ocean and land between all of the Allied nations—the almost completely concentrated power of the aggressor enemy.

We know, too, that America is fighting. Some millions of us are helping directly. The rest of us can only do each day's task as it lies before us—do it the best we can—and then find more to do. Our job is to keep things going for those boys of ours over there—and over there—and no hand is fast enough—no day long enough to do all that we want to do.

The torch of liberty is still held high and burns fiercely over America. Gift of a people, prostrated by the aggressor, our statue of liberty, now, more than ever, stands as a beacon of hope in a world of fear. To each of us is given the privilege and duty of keeping freedom's light aflame.

On land and sea and in the air, American guardians of liberty are joined in the common cause—we face the biggest job in history, it can be done, it will be done—it's up to each of us how soon, how well we succeed.

The spirit of the LIVING age of 1942 we must keep. An America growing together. The peace in the United States after the war will be a headache. Many will forget the spirit of '42, will forget that in that year they lived for something bigger than themselves.

We will live among trends of thought nourished by fellow men, that they can thrust truth upon the ground during the moment of temporary darkness and still preserve an untainted appreciation for virtue. It will be a day of mass rule, the stuffing of ballot boxes, a dull unconcern of the general public toward the government they live for. Around the corner will be threats of isms and bootlegging, the babbling of gossip-mongers.

If we of the Christian Liberal Arts college do not LIVE the Browning philosophy of:

> "One who never turns his back, but marches
> Breast forward;
> Never doubts that clouds will break;
> Never dreams, though right is worsted
> Wrong will triumph,
> Holding we fall to rise,
> Are baffled to fight better."

who will?

We have been schooled in the principles of decency. We have grown up under the democratic fundamentals of our Federal Constitution, the greatest governing document known to mankind. The ideals we have pursued are those of the Christian church, which has stood these centuries. In this building, which has sent its students to three wars, we have considered the reasonings of the best minds of mankind. Our diploma is symbolical of the best available training for the difficult, confused maze of distorted problems we graduate into and which state of affairs we will either die for or live in.

Yet the institution does not pretend to take growing boys in the happy throes of adolesence and expect to turn out finished, polished leaders. The Wofford diploma is not a medal for a completed education. The college has offered the student the opportunity to lay a foundation for an education. Upon this rock will we stand.

If ours has been a here-today, gone-tomorrow intellectual experience, our foundation is on sinking sand. But, imbedded in the immovable rock of the eternal truths of the Federal Constitution and the church, rock that will stand firm in the teeth of continuous test of ideals; rock that is tempered with streaks of a firm understanding of these basic Christian and democratic truths; cemented with sincerity; plastered over with loyalty; glowing with the zest for learning—our structure of living has a foundation. It will stand. WE will STAND.

EAT
Delicious
BLUE BIRD ICE CREAM
"None Finer"

Gifts for All Occasions!
"WHERE QUALITY IS FIRST CONSIDERATION"
RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY
146 E. MAIN STREET
FOR CHRISTMAS
Use Our Lay-Away Plan
Make Your Selection Now

Wofford's First Launderers
SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY INC.
PHONES 32 and 543

BEARD BROTHERS
"Home of Better Clothing"
Suits — Shirts — Slacks
108 W. Main Street

Hammond-Brown-Jennings Co.
FURNITURE
167 NORTH CHURCH ST. PHONE 3700

AMERICA FACES TOMORROW

(From Page 16)

of the Harvard Law School Association of New York on February 13, 1913:

> If I am right it will be a slow business for our people to reach rational views, assuming that we are allowed to work peaceably to that end. But as I grow older I grow calm. If I feel what are perhaps an old man's apprehensions, that competition from new races will cut deeper than working men's disputes and will test whether we can hang together and fight; if I fear that we are running through the world's resources at a pace that we cannot keep; I do not lose my hopes. I do not pin my dreams for the future to my country or even to my race.
>
> I think it probable that civilization somehow will last as long as I care to look ahead—perhaps with smaller numbers, but perhaps also bred to splendor and greatness by science. It think it not improbable that man, like the grub that prepares a chamber for the winged thing it never has seen but is to be—that man may have cosmic destinies that he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth I catch a dreaming glimpse of peace.
>
> The other day my dream was pictured to my mind. It was evening. I was walking homeward on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Treasury, and as I looked beyond Sherman's Statue to the West the sky was aflame with scarlet and crimson from the setting sun. But like the note of downfall in Wagner's opera, below the sky line there came from little globes the pallid discord of the electric lights. And I thought to myself, the Goetterdaemmering will end, and from those globes clustered like evil eggs will come the new masters of the sky. It is like the time in which we live. But then I remembered the faith that I partly have expressed, faith in a universe not measured by our fears, a universe that has thought and more than thought inside of it, and as I gazed, after the sunset, and above the electric lights, there shone the stars.

THE ELITE
La PETITE ELITE
College Headquarters
THE BEST PLACES IN TOWN TO EAT

...A Bit o' Fun...

[Editor's Note—In an effort to bring a little life into The Journal and with the hopes that more boys will take an interest in this magazine, the editor has gone out on the proverbial limb and gathered a few jokes which he now submits to the readers. It must be confessed that all of the jokes are not orginal with the editor, but he feels that it was all right to borrow, since it is said of Shakespeare that "What he saw and wanted, he went and took."]

"Jimmy," asked the teacher, "why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

"Because," replied Jimmy confidently, "after it hits once, the same place ain't there any more."

Two women were discussing a mutual acquaintance. "She has a very magnetic personality," said one. "She ought to have," commented the other, "everything she has on is charged."

"Uncle Louie is so darn-blasted lazy he won't even bother to make regular coffee. He just sprinkles coffee into his moustache and drinks hot water."

"You needn't look so disgusted," said the joke to the editor. "You will be old yourself some day."

Director: "Young lady, I'm afraid you won't do."
Actress: "Won't do what?"

FLY, FLEA, FLUE, FLAW

A fly and a flea in a flue were imprisoned,
Now what would they do?
"Let us fly!" said the flea.
"Let us flee!" said the fly.
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

He would never have made a carpenter because he was too tactless.

Two ex-sailors had been partners in business for thirty years, but now their partnership was about to be dissolved. One of them lay dying. The sufferer called his friend to his bedside and said, "I know I haven't much longer to live, old man, but before I die, I have a confession to make. During the years of our partnership I've swindled you out of thousands of dollars. Can you forgive me?"

"That's all right," said the other one cheerfully, "I poisoned you."

Dad criticized the sermon. Mother thought the organist made a lot of mistakes. Sister didn't like the choir's singing. But they all shut up when Billy chipped in with the remark, "I think it was a pretty good show for a nickel."

The meanest man in the world is the one who put a thumb tack in the seat of an electric chair.

Opera Star: "Yes, twenty long years I have sung in ze Metropolitan."

Admirer: "Hmm! You must have known Madame Butterfly when she was only a caterpillar."

Scatterbrain (visiting roundhouse): "What is that enormous thing?"
Foreman: "That is a locomotive boiler."
Scatterbrain: "And why do you boil locomotives?"
Foreman: "To make the engine tender."

Teacher: "Willie, what is a rabbit?"
Willie: "An animal with four legs and an anecdote."
Teacher: "What do you mean by an anecdote?"
Willie: "A short, funny tale."

HARD TO BEAT

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat
Methought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.

No other hand into my soul
Could so great solace bring,
Than that I held last last night, which was
Four aces and a king.

—*Exchange.*

MATHEMATICS

He was teaching her arithmetic,
He said it was his mission,
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And said, "Now that's addition."

And so he added smack to smack
With silent satisfaction,
Until she timidly gave one back
And said, "Now that's subtraction."

But Pa appeared upon the scene,
Foot raised with decision;
He beckoned poor John ten yards away
And said, "Now that's division."

Terriers Always Welcome at

CRUTCHFIELD'S
Sporting Goods
Near Converse College
Spartanburg, S. C.
E. Main at Pine St. **Phone 226**
Spartanburg's Exclusive Sporting Goods Store

A COMFORTABLE, FINE SHOE
Select Master Calfskin, Easy Fitting Last,
2-Way Arch Braces, Arch Cushion Heels.
138 Correct Sizes.

WRIGHT - SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
"The Shoe Store"

Compliments
. of .
WOFFORD COLLEGE
CANTEEN

Ed. K. Jolly, Mgr.

Flowers For All Occasions

FRED'S FLOWER SHOP

WE WIRE FLOWERS

Montgomery Bldg. Phone 1452; Night, 950

THE HUNTERS

(From Page 8)

store by him as Sara did, and that was plenty. One day, it was on a Saturday afternoon, Sara and I had gone to town and left little John, the kid, with a Negro girl. We were enjoying our afternoon off when I noticed a big smoke pall over to the South.

"Was that the big forest fire I heard so much about a year or so ago?" interrupted the older man.

"Yes, that was the one," continued John. "It was in the autumn. You can imagine what a fire would do in that dense undergrowth when it was dry as tinder. Sara got worried right away and we got in our flivver and highballed it out to the farm here. When we got here the wind had changed and was driving the fire before it straight for the farm. I had rounded up the stock and was drawing water from the well to put on the roof when Sara ran out of the house crying that she couldn't find Johnny or the Negro girl anywhere. At first I wasn't much worried, because I know how Negroes are, but when I got to thinking about it, I thought maybe I had better find him—what with the fire getting so close and all. I quieted Sara a little and went down to a shack the gal lived in. She was lying on the porch sound asleep and Johnny nowhere around. When Sara found out I thought she would go crazy, and I couldn't rightly think, what with Sara moaning sort of low like and that little nigger gal screaming to high heaven.

"We hunted high and low, with that fire getting closer all the time. It got so sparks were falling so fast that you had to beat them out to keep your clothes from burning. The wall of flame was burning across the tops first and the underbrush would burn after the tree tops fell in. I knew it wouldn't burn the house, because that was in the middle of a field, but if little Johnny had wandered far into the woods he didn't have a chance. I had searched the woods all around the house and I didn't know what to do next. The fire was traveling faster than a man could run and I was afraid to leave Sara by herself. Then I thought of Pat. It was, at least, a chance. I brought him from the pen, showed him one of Johnny's shoes, and told him to fetch. I couldn't make him understand at first that it was Johnny and not the shoe I wanted fetched, but finally he began to smell around and then he headed off towards the fire. My heart hit bottom then, because if Johnny had gone that way it was all over.

"Sara and I tried to follow at first, but the smoke and cinders and burning tree tops drove us back. Pat had disappeared into the woods. We didn't know which way he went.

"We stood in the clearing and watched the fire burn all the way around. When it had gotten entirely around we went in the house and sat down. We didn't

say anything because there wasn't anything to say. We just sat there and looked at nothing.

"I don't know how long we had sat there. The Negro had yelled herself out and gone home. Suddenly there came a bump-bum- on the steps and then a yell. There couldn't anybody on earth yell like that except Johnny. Sara and I raced for the door. She got the kid and you've never heard such crying in your life as she did. His clothes and hair were singed a little and his legs were bruised where Pat had dragged him through the woods, but otherwise he was all right.

I started to go into the house after Sara when I noticed Pat stumbling across the yard. The hair on his muzzle, neck and head was burned almost completely off, and the bloody flesh was mixed with dirt where he had rubbed himself on the ground to put the fire out. He stumbled around the yard walking over chickens and rabbits and such like because nearly everything in the woods had collected around the farm, too tired from running, to move. He didn't pay them any attention, and I wondered why at the time. I did the best I could for Pat, but even then it didn't look like he would live. He finally pulled through and after we got together on this little silver whistle he learned to hunt about as well as ever."

"I can see that," said Mr. Carter, "and I can understand even better now your attachment for him. It takes something out of the ordinary in a dog to make him do what this one did, but what I don't see is why you won't consent to managing him yourself at some hunt meet."

"Pat can't hunt at a meet," said John. "The crowds make so much noise he couldn't hear me whistle and there would be horses and people running around. It would be confusing to him, because, you see, ever since the fire, he's been blind."

"Blind! Pat?"

"Yes, blind. You can hardly tell it, but watch this."

At his command the dog went ahead. He bumped his nose into the fence which surrounded the small white farmhouse. Backing up a few paces, he sat on his haunches and waited. Two quick blasts of the whistle split the air, and the dog leaped high above the top rail.

204 East Main St. Phones 62 and 63

MAXWELL BROTHERS & QUINN

FURNITURE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A WAR PRAYER

I thank Thee Lord for Thy great gifts
To free men everywhere;
I thank Thee with a heart o'erfull
For Thy great loving care.

Although a war enshrouds the earth
With death and want supreme,
I know that Thou wilt be the guide
To Peace and all her dreams.

—*George W. Whitaker.*

LADY LIBERTY

There she stands
A tall, gaunt image
Suppressed in a fathomless shroud of fog.
She glimpses
Through small apertures
As the beclouded atmosphere
Shifts lazily in a lumbering attempt
To allay the earth in all its beauty.

She reigns
Mighty in her ponderousness,
Grandiloquent in her stateliness,
Potent in her power,
As the fog, unsuccessful,
Indolently retreats, the conquered,
Leaving the Victor, a smiling
Lady of Liberty.

—*Claude Gatlin.*

THE STORM

Bracing wind
Foamy clouds
Driving rain
Darkened shrouds
Flashing lightning
Booming thunder
God is near
Fears asunder.

Opening heart
Buoyant gladness
Swaying trees
Vanquished sadness
Ardent prayers
Fill the sky
Rain cleansed soul
God is near.

—*W. J. B. Crenshaw.*

Try A Few Of . . .

FEW'S
BARBECUES

418 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 639

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

CAROLINA - PALMETTO
STATE & STRAND
THEATRES

Spartanburg's Finest Entertainment on Stage and Screen

LET US DO YOUR WORRYING

Safe Insurance
Sound Investments

A. M. LAW & COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1892

GREENEWALD'S, Inc.

SPARTANBURG'S BEST
CLOTHING STORE

COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

WHEN IT RAINS

(From Page 3)

plant will not be able to handle the volume of work that our defense contract calls for. It's the policy of the government to let only contracts of a size which obviously you are unable to handle, so we are forced to deny your request for steel. In fact, for any steel at all. I'm sorry, but that's the way it is. Goodby, Mr. Smith."

"Wait, man. You can't mean this. Why, I won't be able to fill the contracts I have already. My business will be ruined. I'll be wiped out. Won't the board reconsider? Can't I put in a special request?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do any good. You aren't the only one who has been hit like this, but there's nothing to be done that I know of. Goodby."

Smith sat very still behind his desk after the man had gone. He listened to the hammers inside his head and thought of the matter with a sort of detached humor. "Wonder how the other little business men feel," he thought, "about being wiped out overnight. Wonder if they can sit up like I am doing and calmly review the situation. My own stupidity should have seen it coming. Nothing to do now but go home and tell Louise about it."

Swift recollection made him start. Louise was gone. What a dog he had been! She wouldn't have left had she known this. As soon as she heard about it she would come back. Louise wouldn't let him be alone in a crisis like this. She would come to help. It seemed sort of funny though. "My wife leaving me and my business folding up in one day. It took me fifteen years to build this business from scratch and it's gone to pieces in one day." A gutteral chuckle roused him. Then realizing that he had made the noise himself, he closed his mouth and got up. "I'll go home anyway," he thought. "Maybe Louise will be there now."

Driving in a daze toward his home, he was startled to see a traffic cop waving him to the curb. Hastily glancing at his speedometer, he called, "What is it, officer? I'm doing only thirty-five."

"Maybe you can't hear," shouted back the cop. "Those sirens are fire engines and that means for you to stop. Pull over to the——. Oh! It's you, Mr. Smith. Why it's your house burning down. Follow me and I'll take you there."

"Not a chance to save it," thought Smith when they came in sight of his burning home. "They'll never be able to beat down that mountain of flame. Maybe it's better that Louise is gone. She will hate this, for she loved that little house."

He half-heartedly acknowledged the consoling comments of his neighbor. "Yes, he was covered by insurance."

"Was anything saved?"

"No, ma'am. Nothing that I know of." After which he said, "Oh, well, after all, it's just a house," and to himself, "After what I've been through today —a burning house, even my house, doesn't make any difference. Wonder if anything else can happen to me?"

He was so engrossed in the burning house that he failed to hear the cry of "Extra! Extra!" from a small newsboy hawking newspapers in the crowd that had gathered to watch the fire. A man bought a paper, glanced at the headlines. The paper was passed from hand to hand. People leaned over and whispered to one another. Faces changed. The people around Smith began to withdraw to a respectful distance until he was in the center of a circle of tightly packed people. Through his daze, he sensed something. He looked up. Every eye was on him, but when he looked directly at someone the person's eyes dropped and began searching the ground.

"It's only a house," repeated Smith aloud. "Nothing so important about that. Well, why is everyone looking at me like that? What's it? What's the matter with you? You would think I was a leper or something. What is it?"

A man with a paper in his hand half-lifted his arm and the paper fell to the ground.

In two swift strides Smith had the paper in his hands. "Well, if you won't tell me, I'll find out for myself."

"Clinching the paper tightly, he looked slowly at the faces in the circle. Each pair of eyes dropped and men suddenly found things to do with their hands. Almost furtively he turned the paper over and read the headlines. "GIANT AIRLINER CRASHES, ALL PASSENGERS BELIEVED KILLED. Mrs. J. S. Smith and baby, wife and son of prominent manufacturer of this city, believed to be among——."

Smith neatly and mechanically folded the paper and let it fall to the scorched grass. He was conscious of a sensation of being as if in a dream.

* * * *

At the alarm clock's brisk ring, Smith jerked himself bolt upright in bed. Turning off the clock, he quickly dressed and at his wife's cheery call, went to breakfast, very carefully stepping around the cat in the doorway.

If you kiss and tell about it,
You will have to go without it;
If you kiss and keep it mum,
You can get more kisses,
Yum, yum.

DRINK—
Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
IN BOTTLES

The Spartanburg Herald
The Spartanburg Journal
The Sunday Spartanburg
HERALD-JOURNAL

WOFFORD BUILDS
CHARACTER
IN ITS YOUNG MEN!
BECKER'S
BREAD
HELPS BUILD STRONG
BODIES IN GROWN-UPS
AND "GROWING-UPS"

THE DuPRE BOOK STORE
STUDENTS CORDIALLY
WELCOMED
194 E. Main St. Phone 70

TROUBLED SOUL

(From Page 5)

when Mis' Chenango McDuffie comes a'passin' by, her haid as high as de Impire state buildin'."

"What's this Chenango got to do with it?"

"Dis Mis' Chenango, she's a big choir 'oman at de Methodist church and dis Mis' Aurelis, she plays de organ at de Baptist church. 'En dey boff wants me to take um to church and wait atterwards fuh um. 'En me a preachin' at de Presbyterian church dat night!"

"What happened, Bingo, you skip preaching?"

"No, sah, I ain't never done dat. I tells Mis' Chenango I'se got to do de country for Father Replica for free at one of dese here revivals. Den dis here Chenango, she gits hit in her fool haid to go out in de country too. But I sidetracks her offen dat. Tells her we're a'gonna to do de chain gang. Well, dere weren't no chain gang but Chenango she's from North Carolina and she believed hit."

"About Aurelia? You strayed off with her and lie to Chenango. I know you, Bingo," father threw back his head and guffawed.

"Cap'n, dis Mis' Aurelia, she's de hardest 'oman I ever seed to git shed of. She follered me all over Harlem. Finally I had to go into a sinful poolroom to shake her."

"And how much did you win in the poolroom?" father asked him.

"Dat ain't got nothin' to do with preachin' and a pair of high-standin' women. As I wuz sayin', I finally shakes dese here women an' gets to de church and puts on my fifty dolla frock coat and pin stripe pants and goes out on de pulpit a'fixin' to preach."

"De fust thing I see's is dat ole Chenango a'sittin back on de back seat and Mis' Aurelia a' settin' up close to de front. Dem women done toll people I'm comin' to dere church for um and dey ain't gonna be seed by dem-selves. So dey comes around to de Presbyterian church to lay dere sins in de lap of God. Den I starts preachin' 'bout de sins of lyin'. Lawd, dat wuz a mistake."

"After de summon, dese two niggers comes up to de pulpit an' starts argufying with me and with each other. Lawd, de things dey call me ain't fit for a sailor to hear. Anyway, purty soon, dey gits to fightin' over me," Bingo's chest spread. "An' Chenango, de last time I seed her, she's a'chasin' Aurelia an' she's got a shoe in her hand."

Father whistled. "What did you do, Bingo?"

"Well, suh, I left out dat town without stoppin'. Dese things kin git out an' Father Replica might want to go atter my scalp."

"But what did you do with that night's collection?" father laughed heartily.

Bingo looked sideways at father. "How'd you think I got home, Cap'n John?"

ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT
The Wofford *Journal*
1941-1942

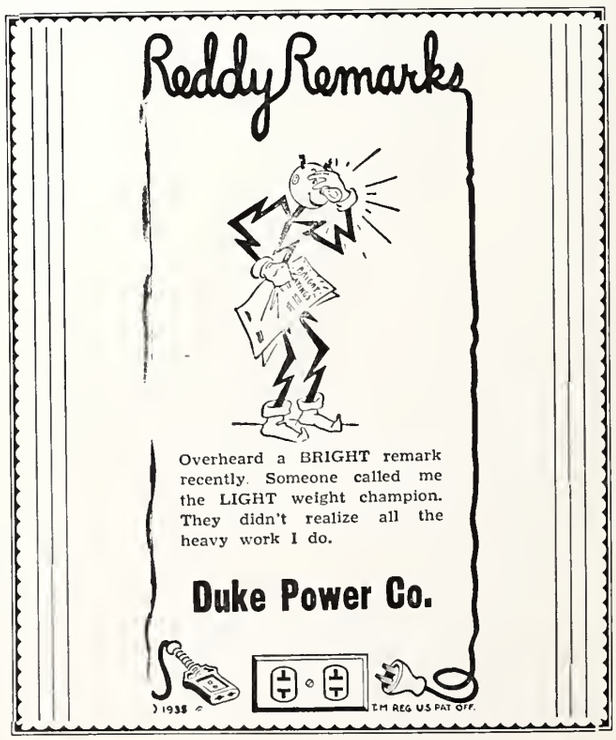
RECEIPTS

Balance brought forward from 1940-41	$145.13	
Received from Student Activities Fee	652.72	
From National Advertising	94.32	
From Local Advertising	203.00	
Total Receipts, 1941-42		$1,095.17

DISBURSEMENTS

Printing five issues of THE JOURNAL	$689.98	
Editor's salary ($20 per issue)	100.00	
Business manager's salary (commissions)	84.31	
Office supplies (stationery, stamps, etc.)	16.60	
Space in *Bohemian*	24.00	
Press convention dues and expenses	22.20	
Miscellaneous	33.69	
Balance on hand in Treasurer's Office	124.39	
Total Disbursements, 1941-42		$1,095.17
Deficit for the year 1941-42	$ 20.74	

JOHN L. THOMASON, *Editor*
LESLIE MILLS, *Business Manager*



WOFFORD COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

1854 - 1942

1. Fully accredited college of the Liberal Arts and Sciences.
   Library of 38,000 volumes.
   Adequate laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology and Electricity.
2. Senior R. O. T. C. Unit, declared "Excellent" by War Department since 1931.
3. Selected by the Government for enlistments in —
   - Army Enlisted Reserve
   - Marine Corps Reserve
   - Naval Air Corps Reserve
   - Army Air Corps Reserve
   - Naval Reserve
   - Coast Guard Reserve
4. Government-sponsored physical training program.
   All forms of intra-mural and inter-collegiate athletics.
   Adequate facilities for indoor and outdoor sports.

Write for Catalogue and full information to

WALTER K. GREENE, President

?

Are You Paying Too Much For The Right Kind Of Printing

?

WHEN you buy on price you can never be sure. It is unwise to pay too much, but it is worse to pay too little. When you pay too much you lose a little money, that's all. But when you pay too little, you sometimes lose everything, because the article you buy is incapable of doing the thing it is bought to accomplish. If you deal with the lowest bidder, it is often well to base your actual cost upon the price you pay plus an additional amount as insurance on the risk you run. And if you do that, you will have enough to pay for true value.

BAND & WHITE

144 South Spring St. Phones 362 and 363

Spartanburg, South Carolina

"TIN FISH"—that means torpedo in submarine language. The phrase, "the smoking lamp is lit" means Camels are in order—for with men in the Navy, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (*See below.*)

You want STEADY NERVES to launch a "tin fish" or make one!

HIDE-AND-SEEK. A deadly game of it with the T. N. T. of depth charge and torpedo. That's a game only for steady nerves!

But what isn't these days—with all of us fighting, working, living at the highest tempo in years. Smoking, too—perhaps even more than you used to.

If Camels are not your present brand, try them. Not just because they're the favorite in the service or at home—but for the sake of your own smoking enjoyment, try Camels. Put them to the "T-Zone" test described below and make your own comparisons.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

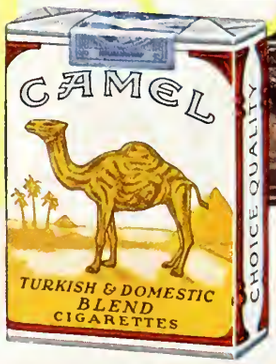
In the Navy — in the Army — in the Marine Corps — in the Coast Guard—the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, Sales Commissaries, Post Exchanges, and Canteens.)

—THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

The "T Zone" where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!



GYROSCOPE GIRL—Pretty Rosemary Gregory (*above*) calibrates automatic directional devices at a Sperry Gyroscope Co. plant, and she's just as partial to Camels as the fighting men who depend on her precision. She says: "Camels suit me better all ways: For my taste and my throat, Camels are tops with a capital 'T'!"

Camel

REC'D MAR 11 1951

THE JOURNAL

OXFORD COLLEGE—DECEMBER 1942

HERE'S ANOTHER WAY to give hours—*days*—of Camel's milder, tastier smoking pleasure—the Camel Holiday House containing four boxes of the popular flat fifties *{200 cigarettes}*. This gay gift package *{below}*, with space for your Christmas message, makes any other wrapping unnecessary.

TO MILLIONS of smokers, to many of your friends, Christmas isn't quite complete without a gift of Camels. Make it complete with a carton *{left}*—the famous Camel Christmas Carton of 10 packs of 20's that says "Merry Christmas" in every flavorful puff. It's ready to give, handsomely packaged, with space for your holiday greeting.

HE'LL BE PROUD to receive, you'll be proud to present this Christmas-packaged pound canister of mild, tasty, cooler-burning Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco *{below}*. The National Joy Smoke always gets a joyous welcome—so rich-looking in its Christmas jacket—richer-tasting in his pipe!

Yours for a good Christmas— and the very best in smoking pleasure

CAMELS. It's fun to give Camels for Christmas because you know your gift will be so genuinely welcome—doubly welcome to those lads of yours in the service...over here—or over there. For cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel, their favorite cigarette. Remember *all* your friends this Christmas with Camels.

PRINCE ALBERT. Give him Prince Albert if he smokes a pipe. Give him the big pound of P. A. that spells smoking joy far into the New Year. Whether he's at camp, at sea, or at home, he'll welcome the National Joy Smoke. For mild, cool, tasty smoking, there's no other tobacco quite like Prince Albert.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume 53 December, 1942 Number 2

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... George W. Whitaker

Associate Editor ..... Jack Felts

Contributing Editors

Claude Gatlin
Bryan Crenshaw
Bob Lawton
Dan C. Carmichael
Frank Pegues

★ ★ ★

Business Staff

Business Manager ..... James H. Crawford

Assistant Business Manager ..... Haley Thomas

Advertising Manager ..... Kenneth G. Nix

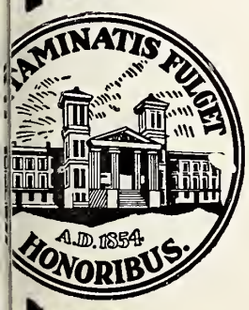
Circulation Manager ..... Ralph Wilson

Assistant Circulation Manager ..... E. G. Hewitt, Jr.

Faculty Adviser ..... Kenneth D. Coates

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Spartanburg, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Journal, Wofford College Literary Magazine, Published by the Student Body Five Times During the School Year: November, December, February, March, and May. Subscription Rate, $1.25 per Year.



The editor and staff of The Journal take this opportunity to wish each and every member of the student body, faculty and friends a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

CONTENTS

THE JOURNAL

Cover by W. H. Gladden, Jr., Class of '39

Fiction

		Page
Remember	Frank Pegues	3
And the Innocent Shall Suffer (A Play)	George W. Whitaker	7
A Sketch	"Mel"	8

Non-Fiction

Ted Petoskey—Player and Coach	Jack Guilds	4
Towards a Better Understanding	Henry Cecil	6
The Creation	Claude Gatlin	8
And on Earth	W. J. B. Crenshaw	9
Lindbergh Went By Air	Jack Felts	10

Special Features

With the Editor	11
Among the Books	13
The Latest Reading List	16
A Bit O' Fun (Jokes)	19

REMEMBER . . .

With Apologies to Charles Dickens

by FRANK PEGUES

JOE SMITH, American, yawned as he cast an apprehensive glance at the clock on the living-room wall. Ten-thirty. He walked over to the radio and pushed a button. Faintly at first, and then clearly through the loudspeaker came the martial strains of "Remember Pearl Harbor." Joe switched it off—abruptly, impatiently. Why did people have to have such songs with which to fight a war? He picked up the evening paper and glimpsed the headlines. "Japs Land Reinforcements in the Solomons." His eyes ran down the page covering rapidly the news headings. "U. S. Carrier Sunk." "Russians Make Small Gains in Stalingrad." "British Continue Drive in North Africa." Joe thought of the changing fortunes of war. A year had passed since Pearl Harbor and the Allies were just beginning offensives here and there. In the last war, it seemed that America had started attacking much sooner than in this war. Joe concluded that the army and navy heads were to blame. They lacked the guts and nerve that the "old men" so prominently displayed in the last war.

He walked into his study and closed the door. Perhaps he could read a few minutes before retiring—that is, if they didn't have one of those periodic, nonsensical practice blackouts. Joe thought the very idea of blackouts was disgustingly absurd. After all, it was a long way from Berlin and Tokyo to America. He seated himself in the cushioned chair, opened the paper and began to read. Not interesting in the least. Joe's mind wandered. What did he have to do tomorrow? Oh, yes! First, the citizens patriotic rally at the city hall. There, he would have to sit for hours and listen to the industrial superintendents read out the weekly reports of working-hours lost, labor disputes, and output for their respective departments in the various industrial plants of the city. Then some small time, big mouthed orator would urge the people on to greater efforts for the winning of the war. Perhaps they would sing again that silly, meaningless ditty about "Remember Pearl Harbor." Tomorrow night, there would be a civilian defense committee meeting and they would talk about first-aid, blackouts, and the scrap-metal salvage campaign. What did all that have to do with fighting a war ten thousand miles away? Joe folded the paper sub-consciously, tossed it on the table and let his eyes wander about the study. They finally rested on the full-length portrait of great-great-grandfather George, who had fought in the American Revolution and had pushed across the Alleghenies in the early eighteen-hundreds. Joe smiled. Grandfather George would have shown the Japs and Germans a thing or two. He was reputed to have had the courage and physical stamina that was evidenced in the victorious American fighting spirit at Saratoga and Yorktown.

Joe relaxed in the soft cushioned chair and closed his eyes. He sensed a feeling of extreme fatigue and sleepiness, and began to let his thoughts wander, ever coming back to the subject of war. The war! The war! It irritated Joe—the whole blasted setup of petty, useless organizations of the home front, civilian defense, scrap campaigns, Home-Guard—and the war on the fighting front, too. Why the continual excuses about lack of equipment, fighting men, planes and ships, when a nation of 130,000,000 people was working night and day to supply the needs on the battle lines? Why all the red tape and weak pretenses of fighting a war, why—

"Why don't you do something about it, then?"

Joe started. The door to his study was still closed. He peered into the half-dark corner of the room where the light of the study lamp did not penetrate.

"Wh-who are you?" stuttered Joe, befuddled.

He gradually became aware of an old man standing at the outer circle of the lamp light. The old man, curiously enough, resembled grandfather George.

"Wh-what are you doing here?" repeated Joe, still nonplussed.

"It doesn't exactly matter who I am or what I'm doing here," replied the old man. His voice was crisp and crackly, and his clothes were antique, to say the least, reminding one of the style of colonial dress.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I'd like to help you out of the trouble you seem to be in."

"That's no trouble. I'm just fed up with the clumsy, superficial efforts this country's making in fighting this war."

"You aren't the only American who feels that way. But why don't you do something about it?"

"What, for instance?" Joe still could not think clearly.

"Why don't you play your part as well as you can? Why don't you snap out of your skepticism and sluggish indifference? Why don't you do a little toward

(Turn to Page 18)

TED PETOSKEY...PLAYER & COACH

A Short Sketch of His Life

by JACK GUILDS

Ted Petoskey, tilting back his chair and propping his feet on his desk, luxuriously stretched out his long, powerful frame, puffed contentedly on his pipe, and peered intently at the sports section of a St. Paul newspaper. A broad smile broke across his brown, rugged countenance when his eyes fell on the screaming headline, MICHIGAN CRUSHES NOTRE DAME 32-20.

He glanced up from the newspaper a moment and, somewhat wistfully—yet with a touch of pride—told us in his deep, booming voice, "They really play football out in that part of the country. Fifty to seventy men on a squad, and every one of them a physical giant."

"See that kid there," he continued, pointing to a picture of Al Wistert, big Wolverine All-American tackle candidate, "I played next to his brother for two years. We got to be great buddies."

It wasn't hard to see that Ted was quite pleased with his alma mater's smashing upset victory over the highly vaunted Notre Dame powerhouse. It possibly brought back to the genial Wofford coach memories of the "good ole days" when he donned moleskins for the mighty Wolverines.

However, before looking into his colorful, star-studded career at Michigan, let's get an idea how one of the greatest ends of all time got his start in this world.

* * * *

Fred Lee Petoskey was born January 5 at St. Charles, Michigan, thirty-one years ago. A natural athlete, he wasted no time in gaining recognition in the sports world. While only in the sixth grade, Ted, as the boys soon tagged him, won letters in three sports at St. Charles high school. After two years at St. Charles, Petoskey moved over to Saginaw Eastern high school and once again distinguished himself as a talented athlete. Two more years passed and Ted was ready to enter college.

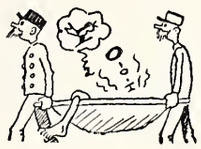
"Ever since I can remember, I wanted to go to Michigan U. and, more still, to win a place on the varsity. I was just a big, green kid, but I was tough and willing to learn," Petoskey informed us in frank earnestness.

He entered Michigan in 1930, and after a year of hard work with the frosh eleven, earned his coveted position on the famous Wolverine varsity while only a sophomore. In accomplishing this, Ted was forced to beat out Bill Hewitt, star left end on the '30 team who later was chosen an All-Pro performer for five successive years while playing with the Chicago Bears. The sensational sophomore gave definite proof of his future greatness when he was awarded the regular left end berth and Hewitt was switched to fullback. Ted continued his spectacular play throughout the season and during both his junior and senior years he was an overwhelming choice of All-American honors.

Manning tackle next to Petoskey for two of those thrilled-packed years was Whitey Wistert, brother of the aforementioned present Wolverine ace. Whitey and Ted became fast friends and that friendship still exists today.

During the football off-season, Petoskey participated in, and of course starred in, both baseball and basketball. A fine defensive player and ball handler, he rose to great heights as a basketeer with the oft-victorious Michigans. Ted modestly insists that he was never a great basketball player, but the fact that he was an All-American choice in that sport also, seems to contradict this modest assertion.

The versatile athlete was a hard-hitting, fast-fielding outfielder on the Michigan nine. His slugging prowess attracted several major league scouts, and after grad-



uating in 1934, he and Wistert, who was a star pitcher, signed a contract with the Cincinnati Reds.

"Whitey and I could have remained with the Reds that season, but we decided we would rather play regularly," reminisced Petoskey. "Therefore, we asked to be farmed out to Wilmington of the Piedmont League. Besides," he added with a chuckle, "Wilmington is near the beach and neither one of us had ever seen the ocean. We thought it would be great fun, so we took off in a Model 'A' and drove all the way to Wilmington. That was one ride I'll never forget."

Petoskey was recalled by the Reds late that season and was optioned out to Durham in the Piedmont in 1936. Hitting and fielding sensationally, he was selected on the loop's All-Star team, and advanced the following spring to Toronto of the International League. He served three seasons with the Maple Leafs, and then dropped out of baseball for two years to devote his full time to coaching. After this two-year layoff, Petoskey broke back into the professional game this past summer by doing a splendid job of centerfielding for the Columbia Reds in the Sally League. With no training or conditioning whatsoever, he appeared in the lineup about mid-season and slammed Aunt Sally's pitchers for a stick mark of .301. This made him one of the few hitters in the loop to hit in the so-called "charmed circle."

Throughout his professional baseball career, Petoskey was also engaged in the coaching profession. In 1934, his first year out of college, he served as freshman coach at his alma mater. The next year he came to the University of South Carolina as head basketball and freshman football coach. In 1940 he was elevated to the position of varsity end coach and also was appointed head baseball mentor of the Gamecocks.

Ted served in that capacity until the present year, when he was named as successor to the late Jules Carson, athletic director and head coach at Wofford College.

During his long, illustrious athletic career, Petoskey naturally has had more than his share of thrills. However, the thrill of thrills occurred in 1932, when Michigan met the top-ranking Minnesota Gophers in a memorable struggle at Minneapolis, Minn. The Wolverines were enjoying an undefeated season and the winner of the game—the last of the year—was slated for national honors. With only thirty seconds remaining in the first half, Petoskey, then only a sophomore, sliced through to recover a Minnesota fumble. A teammate then dropped back and booted a field goal which gave the Wolverines a 3-0 victory.

Asked who, in his opinion, was the greatest player he had ever played with or against, Petoskey answered that it was impossible for him to say. In his senior year at Michigan, the Wolverines placed three men on the All-American team. Buster Bernard, wide-roving center; Whitey Wistert, his chum and a swashbuckling tackle, and Petoskey himself won national honors. Although he was slighted by all honor team selectors, Howard Aurer, who starred on that same eleven, is classified by Petoskey as "one of the best tackles I've ever seen."

Jay Berwanger, a one-man team at Chicago several years ago; Pug Lund, Minnesota's pile-driving All-American, and Pug Rentner, acclaimed the best back in Northwestern history, are several of the top-notchers Petoskey competed against. The Wofford mentor was particularly high in his praise of Berwanger, whom he described as the type of player that appears only once in a century.

Perhaps the greatest freshman football team in South Carolina history was the one coached by Petoskey in 1937. Not only did that club go through the season undefeated, untied, but was also unscored on. In fact, Al Grygo, safety man for the Biddies, didn't make a tackle all season for the simple reason that the hard-charging line didn't let an opposing ball carrier get that far. In Ted's opinion, that was the best team he has turned out in his short coaching career.

The Wofford coach is married to the former Miss Julia Amelia DesChamps, of Columbia, whom he met while coaching at Carolina. They are the proud parents of two children: a daughter, aged five, who is named after her mother, and Fred Lee, Jr., who was born on his father's birthday, January 5. Mrs. Petoskey, accompanied by the children, has recently moved from Columbia and is now living in Spartanburg to keep her busy husband company.

An inspirational leader who believes in hard, determined labor, Ted Petoskey seems to know the formula for turning out winning athletic teams. His teams are noted for their fast, spirited, colorful play —for a Petoskey-coached team can be counted on to give its best.

Towards a Better Understanding

by HENRY CECIL

[Editor's Note: The South Carolina College Press Association selected the following essay as the best formal essay printed in the literary magazines of the state's colleges last year and because of its pertinency to present-day affairs, it is being reprinted in order that those who did not read it last year might do so now.]

I.

WE LIVE in a day when enough history is made each month to fill volumes. We listen to news reports by the hour, read commentaries, interpretations and analyses of the news, yet, we are as much surprised at each new turn of history as at the last. Most of us, in our attention to day by day progress of world events, fail to see in these events any integrated significance. We see no purposes being fulfilled, no definite course of history being pursued. To such persons the vast implications of the great social and economic forces at work in the World are obscured and lost in a maze of irreconcilable incidents.

In order to simplify and clarify the resultant confusion, many try to localize the causes of these great movements in one people or more specifically in the personality of one man.

Such was done internally in the United States by those who, in recent years, displayed a "lack of confidence" in Mr. Roosevelt. Millions sincerely believed that if he and his were somehow removed from the scene, prosperity would flourish and six percent investments would return. They failed to see what all thoughtful people now realize; namely, that influences and forces far greater than Mr. Roosevelt were at work in the American economy.

Internationally this effort at localization has occurred in the attempt to center the causes of the present World conflict in the person of Adolph Hitler. But we must realize again that without a sympathetic *milieu,* Hitler would be practically impotent. He is not a Cause but an Instrument of more dynamic forces.

Unless we shelve these simple explanations and try intelligently to understand and adjust ourselves to the cataclysmic forces of contemporary history, our cause may be irremediably lost.

II.

Present-day Germany, Russia, Italy, Japan and many a lesser country show one dominant characteristic of our age—collectivism. A study of the history of the last two decades in any of these countries will show the process that has made collectivism necessary. It has been brought about through evolution but it is being ultimately instituted by a revolution. Thus, many have seen the present conflict as a world movement towards regimentation.

Let it suffice here to examine this trend in our own nation from which a parallel for other countries can be drawn.

Mr. Roosevelt had sensed such a development when early in his administration he spoke of the "passing of frontiers." When our country was new, when our resources were plentiful and when frontiers were vast, our industries were supplied with new capital by the opening of virgin territories. Now that these frontiers have been exploited, our continent become rounded out and our population become more or less stable, it has become necessary for government to extend more and more aid to industry. This practice, it is now realized, is indispensable and cannot be stopped without disrupting our whole economy.

Those who will not accept this position say that our frontiers are no longer in the forests but in the laboratories. "Think of the inherent possibilities," they say, "of research and invention. They will supply capital for industry."

These progressionists adhere to an argument that has been refuted by the course of events in the World of the past three years. History is not a sequence that pursues a fixed upward course towards the perfection of economic and social systems and institutions now extant. History moves in cycles with definite characteristics that often upset and even deny the *fundamental* principles of the preceding cycle.

So, the day of "rugged individualism" has passed, to be surplanted by an era of social planning. Nazism and Fascism are not the waves of the future, but collectivism is—not because a few men in public office have desired it so, but because natural forces have made it so. Few Americans will accept this. They are impervious to the fact that Socialism is inevitable; indeed, is already upon us.

III.

Another actuality, inherent in what has been said,

(Turn to Page 17)

"And the Innocent Shall Suffer"

by GEORGE W. WHITAKER

A "Down to Earth" Story From a Small Town Writer's Memory Book

THE scene is laid in a country store in one of the many small towns which dot South Carolina. Shelves loaded with canned goods line the sides, while at the back of the store bags of flour and sugar are stacked up. A box of fatback and sidemeat lies at the rear, also. There is a long counter on one side of the store, and at one end is a showcase full of candy and crackers. Cases of fruit are on the floor in front of the counter and a bunch of bananas hangs from the ceiling.

There is a large stove at the rear of the store and around the stove are grouped several of the townsmen. Tom, Sam, Mose, and Jasper are all men of the town whose occupation is chiefly to gather around the stove and gossip. They are dressed either in overalls or old clothes and are either smoking or chewing tobacco.

Besides these men there is the owner of the store, Joseph Weeks. He is dressed in a soiled white apron and wears a battered felt hat. Joseph is something of a philosopher, though his philosophy is barely more than common sense. All the other men respect his sayings and to argue with him would be useless.

As the scene opens, the men around the stove are talking about the weather and things in general.

Tom: Wal, boys, if this cold weather don't soon stop, we's gonna have a mighty late Spring.

Jasper: Yeh, guess you're right. I see where Mr. Black is done got his grain sowed, but he says he might have to plant it over. He knows more'n anybody else 'round here, so I guess we'll all have a pore time of it.

Joseph (*from behind counter*): Take your hands off them bananas, Tom.

Tom: Aw, go to——. (*He shoots a stream of tobacco juice towards the storekeeper.*)

Mose (*interrupting the two men to keep them from fighting*): Don't know whut people are gonna do 'bout sody this year. The gouv'ment can't git none on account of the war, so I guess de crops will be short.

Jasper: Mr. Black says he kin git some sody for his grain. He says his brother in Charleston bought a lot 'fore the war started and is gonna give him some.

Sam: Mr. Black don't need no sody fer his land. He's the richest man in this community anyhow. Looks like, whut with him bein' a deacon in de church, he would let us pore folks have that sody.

Mose: Humph! That man is so greedy he squeezes every dollar he gits his hands on so tight that George Washington lets out a yell. I wish't somebody would set him in his place.

Tom: Ha! Ha! You try to put a Baptist deacon in his place an' see whut happens. They think the Lord favors them and whoever says anything 'gainst them is bound for Hell.

(*The owner of the store walks over to the men and overhears what they say.*)

Joseph: Wal, boys, that is just whut deacons is fer. Why, I knowed one down in Georgia whut had the people so scared they was goin' to Hell that the preacher had to hold a revival. Deacons may be hypocrites, but they have a place in this world.

Jasper: Yeh, guess you're right.

Sam: Say, Joe, where is that boy of yourn? I ain't seen him around today.

Joseph: No, don't guess you have. He's gone over to Elkton with some of the boys to play basketball. That's all he ever thinks 'bout.

Mose: Why don't you make him work some, Joe? He's got a wife and kid to feed and he don't do a stitch o' work.

Tom: He shore is a lazy one all right. If'n he were my boy, he'd work or else starve to death. I kinda feel sorry fer his wife, though.

Joseph: How kin you sit there and talk 'bout somebody else bein' lazy, when all you do is sit around and gossip? Big men like you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

(*The front door bursts open and a boy about twenty-one enters. He is Bobby, son of the owner.*)

Mose: Hi, Bobby. We wuz just talkin' 'bout 'cha. Speak 'uve the devil and he always appears, huh?

Jasper: Who won the ball game, Bob?

Bobby: They beat us four points, but they was crooked as snakes.

Tom: Yeh, that Elkton bunch is allus like that.

Joseph: Tom, whut did I tell you 'bout them bananas? (*Tom hastily jerks his hand behind his back, but not before he pulls a banana from the bunch.*)

(Turn to Page 21)

A SKETCH

by "MEL," CLASS OF '99

[Editor's Note — The following sketch was found by the editor in one of the 1899 issues of THE JOURNAL and because of its strange nature, he thought it might be enjoyed by the present readers.]

IN THE early history of Wofford, or so tradition has it, there lived in one of the rooms of the Main Building two students. One was a good kind of fellow, cared little for cards or whiskey, and did not make a practice of staying away from his room at night. He had plenty of fun, however, and enjoyed a good joke. His companion was of a different type. Books had no attraction for him; but he spent much of his time gambling and carousing about with his friends and was hardly known to come in at night until the "wee sma' hours."

My authority does not state how long they lived in this condition, but I suppose it must have been for several months, because the better roommate had grown tired of his bedfellow's late hours and had determined to play a little trick on him.

Right here, I would state that the bed was in such a position that a person lying down would have the whole blank wall plainly before his eyes. This fact was one of importance in carrying out the contemplated scheme.

Well, on a certain night after supper, the roommate who was classed as the "bad boy," as usual went out of the room, and the other fellow knew that he would be by himself until late. The latter took some matches and dissolved the phosphorus and then, just before his late bed time, wrote with the solution in large, heavy letters on the blank wall opposite the bed these words: "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." He blew out his light to see if the words were plain, touched up the dark parts, lit his lamp again, and jumped in bed, leaving the lamp burning.

He had lain in bed for some little time before he heard his roommate's heavy tread on the stair. He turned over on his side, pretended to be asleep, and awaited results.

The erring roommate stumbled into the room, bleary-eyed and trembling. He shuffled off his clothes as best he could, blew out the light, and turned to get in bed. As he turned, the awful writing with its intense vividness shot through his half-dazed brain and with a terrified "Is that so?" he fell across his roommate. The joke had been too practical. The handwriting on the wall was true.

THE CREATION

by CLAUDE GATLIN

THE fingent hands of God reached out into the spacious nothingness and placed a spherical globe in the boundless regions thereof. It lay like a minute particle lost in the depths of unrealness. With silent strokes God moulded the diastrophic features of the glowing mass. He conceived the rolling plains and horizontal steppes, the silent waters searching dreamily for their channels, the lofty tree tops bowing in the breeze under the celestial heavens, the radiant ethereal bodies floating in the emptiness of the sky, the expansive waters of the engulfing oceans. All of these He realized in their fullest glory. His nimble fingers fashioned the lofty peaks of the snow-covered mountains and the sultry sands of the lonely deserts, alike. He measured the depths of the rivers and smoothed the surrounding lowlands with the palm of His hand. He shaped the caverns with the tips of His fingers and rolled back the prairies with His arms. God supplanted His conceptions with reality and prepared His creation for its master, man.

Man became men; men became brothers; men became races; men became nations. Nations divided and took that part of God's creation prepared for them. The corners of the earth were rounded and the waters of the ocean conquered. The blue heavens were revealed, and the depths of the sphere laid open. The

mountains were pushed back and the smooth prairies marred by the hands of men. Greed and jealousy of men instigated the destruction of the beauties of the global world. The natural loveliness and sacredness of its unrevealed being were removed by the artificial conceptions of men and replaced by the brainchildren of the pleasure-seeking fools, called mankind now. The sphere became the servant of its master in lieu of a tool for joy, freedom, and love. The immensities of its fullness were decreased with passing years as man prostrated his freedom in waste and blissful ignorance, and the resourcefulness of God's creation was ground into nothingness as the world rushed on to its doom.

God gave ample warning to His subjects and with their approval, as it appeared in their licentious laxity, engulfed the earth in a resplendent tidal wave which removed mankind and his greed and self-content from the sin-forsaken continents. Only His chosen few remained for the sustenance of life and being.

The earth flourished in beauty and serenity as its loveliness and colorful grandeur returned, a sign of God's presence. The washed and worn hillsides grew into green plateaus and the flooded lowlands remained as densely grown swamps and jungles. God's mighty hand swept over and restored its original realness to the earth.

Again man waxed in number and unbelief. His trusts were many and varied as he sought only self-content and comfort. His knowledge grew and mankind grew, as his goodness vanished and the world again rushed on to its doom. Still men sought the maintenance of good over evil, but they found it not in the hearts of their fellowmen.

The years flooded by as the world plunged toward the depths of degeneracy. Forgotten were the beauties of the earth and the spacious serenity of the sky; forgotten were the blue expanse of the oceans and the hidden depths of the seas; forgotten were the trust in man and the love of God; forgotten were human kindness and national brotherhood.

Wars came with their ravishing plunder; nations disappeared and men became the servants of their own greed and hate. Continents were victorious over nations and races became the masters of their inferior brothers. The victorious destroyed the conquered as mankind suppressed life itself. The new generations were born with a spontaneous hate for their enemies and the old generations passed in a willful attempt to destroy their foes first.

God looked on from the ethereal heights and in compassionate love, cast measures for man's restoration to the former planes of love, fellowship, and peace, as the earth crashed in resounding glory at the depths of nothingness.

AND ON EARTH

by W. J. B. CRENSHAW

"And there were, in the same country, shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night."

Was it London or Berlin? Oh, well, it doesn't matter—the important thing was that it was Christmas Eve, 1942, and everyone was in a festive mood. For one brief moment, except for the tightened belts from food rationing, the war was forgotten. There had been no air raids in almost a month. The people were beginning to lose their fear and often walked for pleasure in the early part of the night.

A little girl was clinging to the neck of her father in front of a shop window. The truth is that it used to be a window, but the bombs had broken it out and now it was partially boarded. The father was holding the child up so she could see. She was just a typical child, with blond curls bobbing and blue eyes sparkling with joy. She babbled incessantly with childish chatter, while the father merely held her tight and smiled. Overhead the stars glistened and winked as if they, too, realized that this was Christmas Eve.

"And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone about them."

Then, in the distance, there came a sound which at first sounded like the drone of a bee on a drowsy summer afternoon. The drone grew louder and louder —air raid? The warning sirens began their ear-piercing shrieks, and suddenly the fingers of hundreds of searchlights splintered the air. They groped back and forth, and there, flying into the beams came wave after wave of enemy aircraft. Anti-aircraft guns began to bark like a pack of mongrels on the tail of a cat, and the boom, boom, boom of enemy bombs came closer and closer.

"And the angel of the Lord said unto them, 'Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.'"

The people began to run, then crowd and push into air raid shelters. They ran back and forth like mice trapped in a fire, seeking shelter from the hell which rained from the sky. The father held the little girl closer, and stepped quickly into a nearby doorway.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

(Turn to Page 23)

Lindbergh Went By Air

by JACK FELTS

THE overloaded bus pulled out into the crisp autumn afternoon, its underslung motor coughing gaseous fumes and spraying ugly smoke over the goodness of the fall. Its precious tires whined a reluctant tune on the white highway as if bewailing their importance. The sun cast its slanting rays through the midget windows and the wind whipped through the slits of the door. Gears clashed with their fierce protest of cruel contact. Inside this man-made monster were people. Yes, people. Human beings like you and me.

Where were they going? Their tickets said Charleston, Florence, Wilmington, Raleigh, Washington, but names don't tell the story. From the red-faced, toothpick chewing driver to the high "yaller" beauty in the Jim Crow section, sat people—nondescript, unimportant, dull, some smarter than the rest, some made all alike by over-indulgence, others weary-eyed and travel-worn, who grimly wished for, for what?

Take the woman with the gaunt, scraggly children. Her dull, stupid eyes tell nothing. Her sallow, bony face shows only failure and her coat, patched and patched again, is only an emblem of destitution. And her children, have they the happy future before them? Hardly! Motley, nervous for lack of the good things of life, untutored in the art of the use of the handkerchief, Steinback would have gloried in them, poor objects of a writer's skill.

In the aisle, crowded as never before, crowded more than the aisles at the stateliest of weddings, stand creatures with human forms. The pig-eyed man peering dumbly at the multitude, his white moustache threatened with the brown of Beechnut or Bull Durham. He wobbled off the bus two miles from town, his destination unknown. Probably some rickety cabin in the swamps or maybe a gray, lifeless house, carbon copy of the countryside. Rest in peace!

Two miles more and a town. A town in this wilderness—some of the brave still live. Now the thinning out. Some of the people who know where they are going, some of them thirsting for ice and syrup in a cup, and a chubby, talkative Yankee schoolteacher far from home, who vowed she'd have some cigarettes or bust.

Restless man, wait five minutes and the destiny of all is in danger. And how some people can cuss! The "high yaller" who threw off her imitation skunk choker and defied the bus driver to put her with the Jim Crows. Woman! This is the South, God's country, and "niggers" don't sit with white people, even if the "niggers" are half white. She moved and nobody was happy about the whole thing.

Night, dark and ominous, brought on the glows. Cigarettes lighted the place with little red pencil points. The smoke hung heavy, irritating and harsh. Praise the weed! Delightful drug! The schoolteacher showed her cigarettes, but she had very large ankles. She had a large mouth, too. The things that came out made the virile man shrink away, even a little disgusted. Maybe she was disillusioned, but she carried on like a waitress.

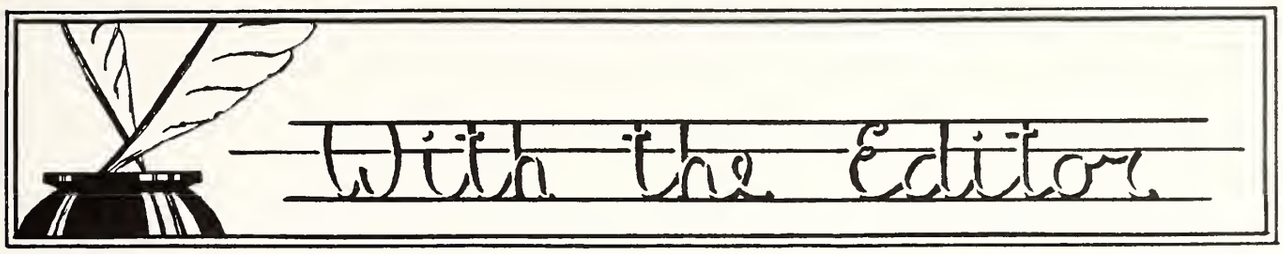
The soldier, what's a bus ride without a soldier? Like coffee without sugar, bread without butter. Spiritual presence, too. Ninety proof! And most of it in the soldier. Proof of the liquor's in the drinking. He drank his from behind his garrison cap. Fooled everybody but himself. Even the bus driver knew he was catching a nip. He got off at the next station. Poor soldier! Long way from home, no place to go and nothing to do—but drink. Fight, too!

However, there was a ray of light in the darkness. She had such beautiful blonde hair. And a hat—a hat which no words can describe. Blonde hair, hat, blue eyes—a typical college girl. "Thy name is woman."

More stops. More people, lost in the ever thickening haze of night. Snores and groans and shrill shrieks from the Jim Crows. Busses must stop every other mile. Jim Crows file by like a continuous stream. They'd give their souls for a car.

Finally, light! Here's the last station. Goodby, foul bus! Thank the saints you can still run. Trains are so late and smoky and the government gets all the airplanes. We'll sing your praises forevermore.

God made the world and rested; God made man and rested; God made woman and since then neither God, man, nor devil has rested.



PROGRESS THROUGH A CLOSER UNION

THERE is an article in the "Y" Handbook published by the Students' Christian Association entitled "Wofford Traditions." One of the traditions listed in the article is as follows: "Our faculty stands ready to strengthen by kindly counsel the student's ambition for higher and better things. Tip your hat and speak to every professor you pass." Certainly no college could have a tradition more high or honorable than this. The time has come, however, when this tradition, like many others, needs to be modernized.

The present relationship between faculty and students is such that there can be no "kindly counsel" given or received. In the eyes of the students, though there are some exceptions, the faculty is perched on top of a high pedestal out of reach of the student body. They believe, and there is plenty of cause for such a belief, that the professors gaze down upon them with looks of pity and disdain. Perhaps it is no wonder that the students have such an opinion as this when one of the members of the faculty so undiplomatically said in talking to some of the boys one day, "You are very immature and are not able to understand a serious situation even when it is face to face with you." No person with any pride could pass this off with a shrug of the shoulders.

The time when professors had to be seated on a high plane in order to gain the respect of students should be, and perhaps already is, past. Many colleges in this country and several in this state have largely abandoned this attitude and have more nearly equalized the position of teacher and pupil. No longer is the professor a foreigner in the eyes of the students because both have come to realize that more can be accomplished when a closer fellowship exists between them. Students at these schools take a more interested part in college activities and have a keener interest in their studies because the professors treat them as human beings rather than as "so much mud under their feet." It is not hard to understand why the school spirit at these colleges is of the first order.

One might ask how the faculty and students became more intimate and ceased looking at each other with an "evil eye." Perhaps the first thing that helped break down the barrier was something the professors themselves did. From time to time, various students at these schools of close fellowship were invited to the homes of their professors and the hours were spent in talking about world conditions, sports, music and art, or any other subject that happened to come up. Occasionally the kind lady of the house would serve refreshments. It was little things like this that helped create a better feeling among the students towards their professors.

As conditions now stand at Wofford, if a student were to go to a professor's home for a talk or if a professor were to show some sort of interest in a student, that boy would be accused of trying to "pull the prof's leg." Such a statement, though there be not one ounce of truth in it, is abhorred by every student; consequently, most students never do anything that will give others a cause for making it. At the colleges where the bonds between faculty and student are closer, no such accusation is applied to any student. That is because both parties are striving for the same thing, namely, true friendship and a better school spirit. Certainly, Wofford College could use more of these two principles, especially during the perilous times the world is now undergoing.

The first means whereby this situation could be remedied would be to organize a joint

faculty-student committee whose duty it would be to iron out the difficulties which might lie in the way and to offer suggestions to both students and faculty. There is a social committee already in existence at Wofford, but the purpose of the same has never been stated. If it is to function properly, the faculty members who go to make up this group must have first-hand knowledge of what the students want. This leads us to suggest that the administration select certain students, both fraternity men and non-frats, to serve on this committee.

After this initial step has been taken, there is ample reason to believe that other changes will fall in line naturally. Certainly the students would welcome the inauguration of such a program and the professors would likewise profit greatly.

A MATTER OF GOOD BUSINESS

In the Wofford Student Body Constitution, Article VI provides that there shall be an Auditing Committee that shall "make a complete audit of the accounts of the Student Body, classes, literary societies, publications, and the Block W club at least twice a year—and oftener if the committee deems it advisable." This is one of the finest phases of the constitution, but it is absolutely nothing more than a space filler as things now stand. The only body that audits its books under this provision (and they are required to do so under a separate constitution of the publications board) are the publications. Each one of these organs publishes an account of their financial standing in the first issue of their respective papers after the opening of school, thus enabling the entire student body to see where their money is spent.

Why doesn't the student body, classes, literary societies, and the Block W Club have their books audited? Why doesn't the Student Council enforce the ruling which was at one time made by that august body? These are some of the questions which the student body should have an answer to.

The treasurer of any organization has a great responsibility resting on his shoulders at all times. It is he who has to collect all of the money owing to his organization and he is held to a strict accountability of where that money is spent. A good treasurer should welcome a chance to have his books audited for two reasons. It would help him keep his records clean and in good shape and then it would let the members of his organization know where the money they pay in is spent. This would eliminate any suspicion which might be cast on the treasurer.

The purpose of this article is not to hint that there might be some "funny stuff" going on in those groups which have failed to have their books audited, but rather it is merely trying to show that Article VI should be enforced for the good of everyone concerned.

It is the opinion of this writer that not only should the books of the organization listed in the above mentioned article be audited, but every such group on the campus should likewise do the same thing. Certainly anyone with a smattering of business knowledge can see the advisability of doing what has been proposed. At least it is a suggestion which the students and the Student Council, in particular, might think about.

BUY A WAR BOND TODAY

Visit

THE AUG. W. SMITH CO.

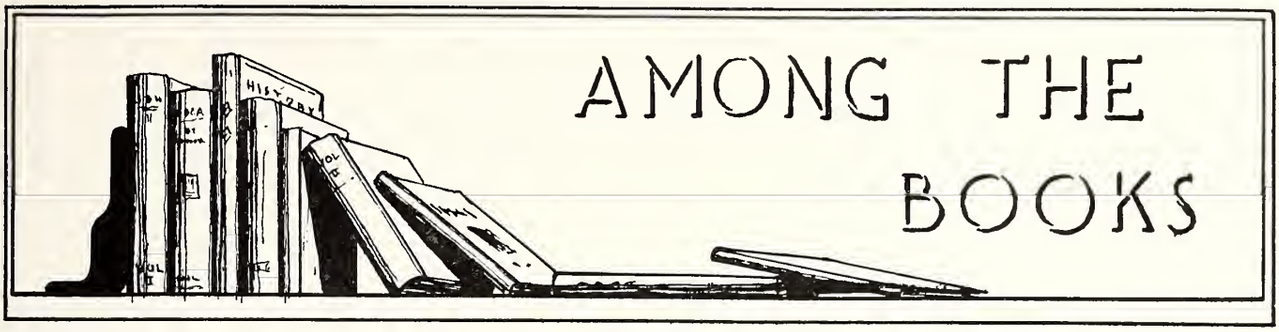
Men's Shop

The Spartanburg Herald

The Spartanburg Journal

The Sunday Spartanburg

HERALD-JOURNAL



Howard K. Smith. LAST TRAIN FROM BERLIN: New York. Alfred A. Knopf., 1942.

Last Train From Berlin is the most up-to-date book on Germany at war. Howard K. Smith, Berlin correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System, was granted an exit visa a few hours before the attack of the Japanese at Pearl Harbor and arrived in Berne, Switzerland, on the memorable day of December 7, 1941. He is now Berne correspondent for the Columbia Network.

In his first book Smith expresses some very startling observations concerning life in the German Reich. Hitler's government he found to be neither a National state or a Socialistic state. His government is actually "a form of capitalism that is virtually feudalistic in the safeguards to and preserved for the wealthy." In fact, these great Nazi crusaders against capitalism have established "one of the best protected plutocracies any nation or civilization has ever known."

All of this did not effect the people greatly until the Russian setback. Until then they had been relatively well provided for, but with the failure of the machine of the great German army to annihilate the Russian forces; morale, never good, hit a new low. The German press declared several times that victory had been achieved and that the Soviet could no longer offer resistance. However, the Red army held, and Hitler in a speech to old party comrades warned against repercussions from the home front. In a speech not released for internal consumption, Hitler said on November 8, 1941, over four months after the Russian invasion, "Should anyone among us seriously hope to be able to disturb our front . . . it makes no difference where he comes from or to which camp he belongs . . . I will keep an eye on him for a certain period. You know my methods. That is always the period of probation. But then there comes the moment when I strike like lightning and eliminate that kind of thing." All this from the man who claims that his nation is the super race and who says that his country can never be conquered because of the loyalty of the Nordic race for their Fuehrer.

Actually, according to Smith, there are only three groups which are now fanatically loyal to Hitler. For the others the gloss and shiny exterior of Nazism has worn off. There are the youth organizations who have been exposed to the most virulent form of Hitlerism for eight years and have become hard little zealots. There are the members of the Prussian military caste who realize that though they cannot stomach Nazism their future is bound with that of the Fuehrer and his rabid cohorts. But at the present, the most dangerous group is the S. S., Hitler's personal army, to which the dreaded Gestapo it attached. Hitler has drained the best of the soldiers of the regular army in order to make his own police the most powerful single unit in Germany. It is with these hard-hitting men that Hitler has built and maintained his great plutocracy.

There are anti-Nazi elements alive in Germany, for it must be remembered that the National Socialist party was never the ruling party and that the Communists in the last election before Hitler secured their greatest representation in the Reichstag. The workers are still strongly Communist, Smith says, and Berlin itself seethes with discontent. The Catholic church is the second great force of opposition, but like the Communists the resistance of the Catholics and other religious groups is primarily spiritual. Germans fear the future far more than they do Hitler, for they feel that Poland, Greece, the Low Countries and the other subjugated countries will unleash a great avalanche of destruction of them at the end of the war.

Then too, there are the Prussians who hate Hitler but must stick by him in order to save themselves and the army. The German people have never learned to hate. Only the five percent who are fanatic Hitlerites are running the war but the remaining ninety-five percent fear post-war punishment by the conquered nations and are hesitant in all their actions.

Mr. Smith's book may not show the insight of the greatest of the war commentaries, *Berlin Diary*, but his arguments and conclusions show an intimate knowledge of Germany . . . a knowledge which should stand us in good stead in winning this war and in executing the peace. He has uttered some great revelations, advanced several remarkable theories, and has offered an amazing analysis of the German people and their reactions, especially during the great Russian cam-

paign. Howard K. Smith's book should provide the keen student of world trends with a great deal of meat into which he may sink his intellectual teeth. The book is not as smoothly written as is *Berlin Diary* but its revelations are even more astounding.

—*Jack Felts.*

Robert Trumbull. THE RAFT. Henry Holt and Company, 1942.

Here is a story that generations of Americans will be telling to their children to illustrate man's ability to master any fate.

The book is the pathetic, but thrilling tale of three ordinary American navy men who spent thirty-four days drifting over the South Pacific in an "eight by four" inflated rubber raft.

Bomber Pilot Harold Dixon and his assistants, Tony Pastula, the bomber, and Gene Aldrich, the gunner, took off from a South Pacific carrier as they had done many times before, but the stars had unheard of perils in store for them.

Presumably, they misjudged wind drift—at any rate the plane gave out of gas and had to come down at sea. And right there, the unexpected began to turn into reality. They supposed that the plane would float two or three minutes; she went down in forty seconds and in the dark!

Then, the curtain is raised and action begins! Three average American citizens face the fury of the elements with two pneumatic life jackets, a pistol with three clips of ammunition, a can of rubber cement and rubber patching material, a pocket knife, pliers, a small steel mirror, and a police whistle on a lanyard.

The first night was easy enough. They were sure that the coming of morning would spell the appearance of a rescue plane from the carrier. Sure enough, it did. But the orange raft lay in sea-dazzle and was not noticed. Dixon's speech at that point came forth automatically, "Boys, there goes our one and only chance."

Author Trumbull does a masterful job of describing the physical, mental, and spiritual reactions of the characters during the following days. They managed to get drinking water by soaking up rain water with their clothes and then wringing the heaven-sent aqua into the raft's oar pocket; what food they had, and it was little and far between, was secured by stabbing fish with the pocketknife or shooting birds with the pistol; and when there was no visible delicacies, they teased their stomachs by drawing up extravagant and tasty menus.

One of the unforgetful phases of these strange happenings at sea is the humble and heartfelt attempts at mutual devotions. Each evening was marked by a simple prayer service. It seemed to give the company something to look forward to with a feeling of joy.

Each of the three is a hero, but the reader is made to admire Dixon just a bit more highly than the others. He improvised practical control of their wind-blown, sea-drenched bubble; he invented a sea-anchor and a log and roughly calculated their effective movements in the endless parallels of Pacific swell. True, he fudged a little to the westward in his reckoning, which was wishful thinking. Then comes the final, the memorable, the supreme remark, after a thousand miles and thirty-four days, "I resent anyone's saying we drifted."

If their survival had been miraculous, their landing was equally so. They rode over ocean reefs which had been considered impossible for passage by the island natives. They reached terra firma stripped of all the original equipment, including all clothes, except the police whistle, which was to serve them as the first means of communication with the islanders.

Reaching shore, the three living skeletons, strong enough only to crawl, make a feeble effort to walk up the beach in military fashion. Leader Dixon spoke once more and his classic words should sound a patriotic response in the heart of every true American: "If there are Japs on this island, they'll not see an American sailor crawl. We'll stand and march, and make them shoot us down, like men-o' warsmen."

The book, which was the September Book-of-the-Month Club selection, has an added importance in that it introduces a new writer to the American public. Robert Trumbull was an American newspaperman in Hawaii, and he tells the story as Dixon told it to him. His style is simple but full of emotion and human insight. He, like his characters, is now hard at work for Uncle Sam.

—*James Craine.*

Le Grand Cannon, Jr. LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Le Grand Cannon has delved deep into the history and customs of New Hampshire to write this novel. It is an undramatized, intimate portrayal of what daily existence was to those American pioneers who first pushed their way from the coastal regions of New England up into the densely forested areas which later became Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire.

The story opens with a picture of rural life around Kettleford on the Merrimac River in 1769. Whit Livingstone, admittedly the best hay mower in the village, was challenged by Joe Felipe to a haying race. Melissa Butler was to rake the hay for the winner. After an exceptionally close race Whit won and Joe, a fiery Portuguese, blew up and attempted to cut Whit. The villagers grabbed him and carried him away.

Whit walked slowly up to Melissa, halted and told her, "M'lissa, I love you." Just as simple as that, and

yet the author closed the passage with plain, but beautiful language. They laid their plans to migrate to the backwoods of New Hampshire. Whit was to go ahead to explore the country, pick out a clearing site for their future home, come back for Melissa and take her to the new land.

Joe bribed Melissa's father to fake a letter from Whit to Melissa telling her that he was not coming back. Joe wanted to marry her himself and after she received the letter he proposed to her, but she remained faithful to Whit. Melissa prayed that he would return, "O, God! — God, bring him back here."

Whit came back and told her about the rich and plentiful land that he had secured for them, and about the mountain which threw its protective shadow across the broad valley. "He had tasted the soil and considered it sweet." They went to Preacher Gowan to ask his advice about their plans and to ask him to marry them. In this book Mr. Gowan plays a role similar to Friar Laurence in *Romeo and Juliet,* an advisor to the lovers.

The day after their marriage Whit and Melissa set out for Mount Chocorua in a canoe loaded with the necessary provisions and implements for such a journey. Their course led up the Merrimac to Squam Brook, up Squam Brook and then across country to Mount Chocorua. This arduous trek to lands beyond the horizon is a prototype of the numerous pioneering expeditions engaged in by our ancestors. A hidden rock near the source of Squam Brook split the canoe bottom and overturned the canoe. Whit succeeded in getting Melissa, most of the provisions and his gun safely to the bank. They chanced to be near Jonas' and Ida Moore's frontier cabin, about four miles from their own clearing, and were welcomed there with true frontier courtesy.

Jonas, as was the custom, went with Whit to help him build their cabin; Melissa stayed behind with Ida. For twelve days they cut down trees, sawed logs and worked on the house. As a special surprise for Melissa, Whit was determined to build a chimney, a luxury that was not often to be had in frontier cabins. At last they completed their work and returned for Whit's wife.

The first winter was a hard one; Melissa was lonely and needed feminine companionship, for she was going to have a baby. Whit asked Ida to visit them to keep Melissa company and to aid with the expected event. Jonas and Ida both came and they both stayed about a month, that is, until Whit and Melissa's baby came—a little boy whom they named Jonas.

The remainder of the year passed much more pleasantly for Whit and Melissa. Whit was busy clearing and breaking in the new land, ploughing and sowing, and tilling his crops. Melissa occupied her time with the housework, minding the baby and helping her husband. As time passed more settlers migrated into the valley, built homes and cleared land; as a result a town soon grew up and community life began. A new civilization had been carved from foreboding forests.

Then rumors of war spread through the community, they had been fighting at Boston and Indians had attacked the settlement about twenty miles distant. The men felt it their duty to volunteer to fight with Morgan against Burgoyne and his Indian allies. They were going to fight for freedom, maybe not for national freedom, but for personal freedom, and for the safety of their families and friends. These strong and resourceful men were the real founders of our country; they were our ancestors.

After the cessation of hostilities Whit came back to Mount Chocorua, back to his farm, to Melissa and to his two sons. Melissa, Whit and their two children stood in their front yard and looked at the mountain that they all cherished, the mountain that contained a spirit—the Spirit of America derived from the strength of the earth.

—*Bob Lawton.*

Anna Seghers. THE SEVENTH CROSS: Little, Brown and Co., 1942.

ANNA SEGHERS, a German writing in German, is a writer who is new to America. Her skill as a novelist is clearly shown in the manner in which she treats the sub-plots. All are integrated into one effective whole, and this tends to build curiosity, suspense and climax in the story.

The story, *The Seventh Cross,* is one of escape but yet it is not at all like the numerous novels of torture, horror and terror that have been written about Germany under the Nazi domination. There are no descriptions of physical torture in the Westhofen concentration camp, no breath-taking getaways and no bloodcurdling scenes. Yet the suspense, built up by minute details, is at times overwhelming.

The narrative opens just after George Heisler and his six fellow prisoners have escaped from Westhofen. From there the tale moves rapidly. Heisler eludes the searchers with their bloodhounds, steals some old clothes, and bums a ride to Hoechst. At one time he hides in a machine shed at a boy's school while at another time he spends the night in a church. Once he reached the Rhine and was about to cross when he was sighted by Zillich, a Westhofen officer.

Fahrenberg, the commanding officer at Westhofen, had seven pine trees trimmed and a flogging board nailed to each. One tree was assigned to each fugitive —George's was the seventh. Fahrenberg, fearing for his position, put in charge of the chase of the escaped men Overkamp, who with the usual German efficiency and love of details, spread his far reaching net. All

of Heisler's loved ones, friends, acquaintances and enemies were caught in its octopus-like reach.

Heisler sees Bellone, the ex-acrobat fugitive, shot down from a roof top. Fuellgrabe, another fugitive who has lost his mind, tells George that they are the only ones left. Wallau, who was the leader, was captured, Alldinger died from over exposure within sight of his home town and the rest were either captured or killed.

Twice during his arduous flight George's nerves nearly cracked, but he would remember what Wallau had taught him and he would get hold of himself. He tried to find the woman whom he had loved but she could not be found. However, he was afraid to go to his wife or any of his family because he knew they were being shadowed. Where was he to go? He checked and rechecked the people that he had known before his imprisonment and he finally decided to go to Paul Roeder. Roeder put George up for the night and then took him to his aunt's for safekeeping. He next got in touch with a former Communist agent, who in turn contacted a prominent anti-Nazi doctor. Then, by certain underground methods, George was safely led across the Dutch border to freedom.

Fahrenberg lost his position and a saner man was made commander of Westhofen. The thought that remained in the minds of the prisoners was, "All of us felt how ruthlessly and fearfully outward powers could strike to the very core of man, but at the same time we felt that at the very core there was something that was unassailable and inviolable."

In all the sub-pilots dealing with the Germans who had known George, the author depicts the true life of the common man in Germany under Hitler. She graphically shows the way in which each and every German is affected by the Gestapo, how his life is uprooted and how at all times there is a sense of insecurity.

This is a story of friendship and loyalty to a man in distress—a story of man helping his fellowman. Then too, George Heisler is a symbol of the opposition to Nazidom and the birth of a new Germany. Wallau, after he was recaptured and was being tortured, said, "Yes, today I keep silent. Today others are answering in my stead; the songs of my people, the judgments of posterity . . ."

Anna Seghers has given us a true picture of Germany, warped, terrible, neurotic, cruel, yet intensely human. Also, she has given us a hope that someday the real Germany will come into its own. The people have the same great human qualities that the people of other nations have.

"It seems almost hopeless to project the vast insight, the minute, interlocking pattern of this book into a book report . . . and as tawdy as selling a little cast iron souvenir of a great monument," thus wrote one of the professional critics.

—*Bob Lawton.*

THE LATEST READING LIST

*1. Hendrick Willem Van Loon. *Van Loon's Lives*: Simon and Schuster. Short sketches of the great men in history. A best seller.

*2. Walter S. Hinchman. *England*: Little, Brown and Co. "A short account of England's life and culture."

*3. Hesketh Pearson. *G. B. S.*: Harper and Brothers. "A wise, witty and unconventional biography of George Bernard Shaw."

4. Ernest Hemingway (editor). *Man at War*: New York, Crown Publishers. "The best war stories of all times."

5. Marion Hargrove. *See Here, Private Hargrove*: Henry Holt and Co. "The smash-hit book of humor of World War II." The non-fiction best seller.

*6. James Gould Cozzens. *The Just and the Unjust*: Harcourt, Brace and Co. "The scene is intensely dramatic—a county seat during a murder trial."

7. Le Grand Cannon, Jr. *Look to the Mountain*: Henry Holt and Co. The Book-of-the-Month for November and a best seller.

*8. Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn. *Sabotage*: Harper and Brothers. The story of Axis sabotage in America. A best seller.

*Denotes books in Wofford College Library.

TOWARDS A BETTER UNDERSTANDING

(From Page 6)

but even more compelling in shaping our destiny, is this: *the World economy is still one of scarcity.* Proof of this may be determined by examining the wealth of our nation, the richest on the face of the globe. If we divide our national income of 76 billions by our population of 130 millions we obtain a per capita wealth of about $560.! Yet, a Commission of Technocratic Study reports that if American industry were operated at capacity an income of $3,500 could be guaranteed to every family of four. Lord Leverhume of Britain made the statment recently that the needful food, clothing and comforts could be supplied every person in the World over with only one hour's work per week from everybody capable!

Yes, for the first time in his history mankind has the necessary agricultural, industrial and transportational means to provide an economy of plenty. Why, then, since we have these means is there not a plenty for everyone? Marching armies today are resounding this question.

The answer is found in the intense nationalism and jealousy among nations. Each country has been so concerned with developing its *own* industry, culture and ideals that it has failed to insure and perpetuate its progress by contributing to the development of *other* countries and raising their standards of living. Arrogant nationalism has proved an obstruction in the face of industry's rapid development. Harry Scherman in a recent essay expresses this concept when he says: "While economic—and cultural—world-unification has been speeded up, political unification has lagged. That lag has meant endless obstruction. The economic interests of the greater portion of mankind demand that this lag must cease. There can be no end to periodic world-wide war until the peoples of the Earth use their intelligence, in some way, to progress as much toward political unification as, quite plainly, they now have in their economic and cultural relationships."

If then, we regard industrial progress as the great unifier of mankind and nationalism as the barrier to this unification, the problem at the center of the modern World resolves itself into a basic struggle between industry, a force that could provide an end to want, and nationalism.

Hitler has ended this conflict in Germany by nationalizing industry and militarizing the whole German economy. Instilling into his people that they are the "have nots," he would fortify this solution by the subjugation of the World. We will accept no such solution.

IV.

With these ideas as a background the smoke of the battlefield clears, current history gains coherence and men like Adolph Hitler and Franklin Roosevelt find their rightful places. Our purpose becomes plain: We fight to see who shall run the collectivist World of the future that must provide "Freedom from Want." Will it be run by a Nazi tyranny or will it be interpreted by our leadership and tempered by Democratic Ideals?

It was an understanding of these purposes that led Russel W. Davenport to write in the July issue of *Fortune*: "We live today in the midst of a revolution —a revolution against scarcity. So far we have allowed Hitler to claim that revolution. But we need not do so. There exists within us the elements of a leadership new to the world; a leadership by which we could make that revolution ours and channel its great forces into the free life for the development of a free world.

"The essence of all the principles involved is the Christian doctrine. It is now tragically clear that we Americans cannot flourish, unless by our policies and commitments we cause other peoples to flourish. We cannot even hope to keep freedom unless we help others to be free."

LET US DO YOUR WORRYING
Safe Insurance
Sound Investments
A. M. LAW & COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1892

GREENEWALD'S, Inc.
SPARTANBURG'S BEST
CLOTHING STORE
COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

DRINK—
Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
IN BOTTLES

TERRIERS, GO TO THE
COLLEGE INN
FOR GOOD THINGS TO EAT
SANDWICHES OF ALL KINDS
Ice Cream — Candy
Short Orders — Hot Dogs
Magazines — Curb Service
284 N. Church Street Telephone 3082

The Citizens & Southern National Bank of South Carolina
No Account too Large . . . None too Small
Charleston — Columbia — Spartanburg
MEMBER F. D. I. C.

EAT
Delicious
BLUE BIRD ICE CREAM
"None Finer"

Gifts for All Occasions!
"WHERE QUALITY IS FIRST CONSIDERATION"
RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY
146 E. MAIN STREET
FOR CHRISTMAS
Use Our Lay-Away Plan
Make Your Selection Now

Wofford's First Launderers
SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY INC.
PHONES 32 and 543

REMEMBER . . .

(From Page 3)

helping by training to be a civilian soldier—by enlisting in the Home-Guard, for instance?"

"That's silly and senseless." Joe's stubbornness prevailed.

"That's where your skepticism comes in," said the old man, a little heatedly. "You seem to think you can't afford to spend an hour or so each week drilling and training, and that you'll never have a need for the training. First thing you know, you'll wake up one night and find yourself fighting the damned Japs and Germans off your front porch. Then you'll get out of your complacency and smugness—maybe too late."

The old man was beside himself now. His eyes were fiery with indignation.

"Alarmist," thought Joe. Nevertheless, a clammy sweat was accumulating on Joe's forehead. He was tense, having braced himself with his elbows on the arms of the chair.

The colonial intruder continued.

"Have you ever thought what a hellish time our boys had on Wake Island, or Bataan, or Corregidor? Have you ever thought about how they fought through the long nights, in the fever-ridden, peril-infested jungles, always retreating, little by little, always giving up ground that had American blood on it, always losing? Have you ever wondered how they managed to fight and live on scant, scarce rations, with not enough ammunition to drive the Japs from their positions? Have you ever realized that you and thousands of other Americans like you are partly responsible for the beating our boys took, because you persisted in living in indifferent, corrupt, luxurious complacency, ever ignorant of the necessity of arming and equipping our military outposts, when war stared you in the face—too lazy, refusing to condescend to go up in the attic or out in the backyard to gather up the few pieces of scrap metal that's plentiful around every American home, and which would have helped, whether you realize it or not, in increasing the flow of supplies to our boys. On top of that, you inwardly protest against attending home defense meetings. You use as much gas as is given you to ride around town for pleasure or ride to the movies at night, when you could just as easily stop the pleasure riding and walk to the movies, so that your next door neighbor's son might have enough fuel to fly to the Jap bases, bomb the daylights out of them, and return safely. Why don't you learn the lessons that some other people learned long ago—that a war has to be won on the home front before it can be won on the fighting front."

Joe Smith, American, was shaking all over now. He did not attempt to speak but sat rigidly at attention and listened to the flood of condemnations descend, justly, upon him.

(Turn to Page 20)

...A Bit o' Fun...

"Generally speaking, women are——"
"Yes, they are."
"Are what?"
"Generally speaking."

Purdy: "This is Sophomore bread."
Marlowe: "Why?"
Purdy: "Because it was Fresh last year."

Through extensive experiment it has been found that potassium iodide unites with sulphur (under high pressure) with the following results:

$$KI + 2S = KISS$$

Care should be taken to perform the experiment in the dark, since some of the material is explosive and the reaction very violent.

NAUTICAL

Said the handsome lad
To the fair co-ed,
"I'm like a ship at sea.
Exam's are near,
And much I fear
That busted I will be."
"Then," said she,
"A ship I'll be,
Come rest, thy journey's o'er."
Then darkness fell
And all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.
—*Exchange.*

He: "Why is love like a camera plate?"
She: "I don't know. Why?"
He: "It takes a dark room to develop it."

Professor: "A fool can ask questions a wise man can't answer."
Student: "That's why we all flunked on exam."

The maiden sorrowfully milked the goat,
And pensively turned to mutter,
"I wish you would turn to milk, you brute,"
But the animal turned to butt 'er.

He put his arm around her waist,
And the color left her cheek;
But upon the shoulder of his coat,
It showed up for a week.

A tigress wild named Laurie
Departed from the zoo;
She wandered through the country,
A poet walked there too.

When Laurie was recaptured
Shoestrings hung on her claws,
And masticated breeches
Were trailing from her jaws.

The people missed their poet,
But 'twas a lucky fate,
For he became thereafter
The poet laure-ate.

THE RIGHT SMOKE

Chesterfield, Lucky Strike,
Two great smokes much alike,
Fill mankind full of cheer,
Make me feel mighty queer.

Avalons and Old Gold,
Half and Half if it's rolled,
Have a taste hard to beat,
Not too dry, not too sweet.

Much is read, so they say,
On how to smoke the modern way,
As for me I will take
Corncob pipes, country make.
—*George W. Whitaker.*

He: "I'd go through fire for you."
She: "Oh, don't make such an ash of yourself."

WOFFORD BUILDS
CHARACTER
IN ITS YOUNG MEN!

BECKER'S BREAD

HELPS BUILD STRONG
BODIES IN GROWN-UPS
AND "GROWING-UPS"

Terriers Always Welcome at

CRUTCHFIELD'S
Sporting Goods
Near Converse College
Spartanburg, S. C.
E. Main at Pine St. **Phone 226**
Spartanburg's Exclusive Sporting Goods Store

A COMFORTABLE, FINE SHOE
Select Master Calfskin, Easy Fitting Last,
2-Way Arch Braces, Arch Cushion Heels.
138 Correct Sizes.

WRIGHT - SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
"The Shoe Store"

Flowers For All Occasions

FRED'S FLOWER SHOP

WE WIRE FLOWERS

Montgomery Bldg. **Phone 1452; Night, 950**

204 East Main St. **Phones 62 and 63**

MAXWELL BROTHERS & QUINN

FURNITURE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

REMEMBER . . .

(From Page 18)

The spirit of "seventy-six" paced the floor.

"No wonder 'Remember Pearl Harbor' means nothing to you when your true patriotism is so dull and cold. What good will it ever do you to remember Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, Bataan or Corregidor, or Dutch Harbor or Java Sea, when you go on living, falsely sure of tomorrow, refusing to awake and face facts. I know now what Hitler meant when he said that Americans are decadent—thanks to you. And if you continue as you are, you'll have another war on your hands in twenty years. You're no kin to Hancock, or Jones, or Hale. You just claim the name of American."

Joe was dimly conscious of hearing a dull booming sound as of cannon shooting and the steady sharp report of guns. He jumped from his seat, ignoring the old man, and ran out of the study into the hall and out the front door. Dark, siniser looking tanks rumbled through the streets bearing the rising sun insignia. Bombers roared high above the city, dropping loads of explosives that shook the porch on which Joe stood.

He called to his wife.

"Mary! Mary! Lock the doors and bring the gun."

Even as he spoke, a group of slant-eyed armed men, brandishing rifles and shouting savagely, came rushing across the lawn toward him. Joe felt weak and had the sensation of falling through space with shells still exploding about him. He heard someone calling.

"Joe! Joe! Wake up. It's time to go to bed."

Joe was awake and was looking into the face of his wife.

"Huh? Wh-what happened?"

"You went to sleep in the chair and it's time to go to bed. It's raining outside and you're wet with perspiration, sitting here in this hot closed room."

Joe leaped up, ran over to the window and looked out. The storm was subsiding and the thunder was softening to a low rumble. All the lights were out in the neighborhood, everyone having gone to bed. He paused at the study door, looked back at the portrait of his venerable old ancestor, then mopping his brow and half-smiling, he went up the stairs to his room.

The refreshing rays of the early morning sun bathed the neighborhood in its warm glow and caused the trees and grass to sparkle and glisten after the rain of the night before. Joe was up with the sun, probing about in the cellar, rummaging through the attic, and thoroughly canvassing the backyard for all the junk available.

At the appointed time, he was in the city hall singing lustily with his fellow-citizens the words of "Remember Pearl Harbor," and as he sang, he thought. Yes, remember! Remember that I am a free American, and being free, I must remember to carry with interest the responsibility that goes with that blessing.

AND THE INNOCENT SHALL SUFFER

(From Page 7)

Bobby: Have y'all heard the latest news yet?

Sam: Naw we ain't. Whut is it?

Bobby: Well, it's 'bout Reverend Wright. He was caught havin' an affair with Sadie, the church secretary.

Joseph: Whut's that, son? Where did you hear that?

Bobby: Dan Smokes told me 'bout it. He lives near Mr. Black and Mr. Black told him.

Mose: How did Mr. Black find out 'bout it?

Bobby: I don't know for sure, but Dan said that Mr. Black had the church janitor spy on them.

Tom: Whuffo did old man Black do that? Seems like he is allus steppin' out of place.

Jasper: Well, I don't know 'bout that. He's a deacon an' deacons is s'posed to look out after church affairs.

Sam: Yeh, but whut made Mr. Black have the janitor watch?

Bobby: I think the reverend called Mr. Black a hypocrite or some such name one time, and it made the deacon mad. He swore he would get even with the parson somehow or other, so he had the janitor watch Mr. Wright all the time.

Joseph: A man who'll do that is nothin' but a damn hound. Why, I'll bet the parson wasn't doin' more than holdin' hands.

Mose: Maybe so, but that Sadie is a mighty pretty woman an' you know the name she's got. I bet she had Mr. Wright in her power an' made him do somethin'.

Tom: Yeh, and the reverend is just a young man, too. That's why I voted agin' him comin' here in the fust place.

Joseph: Every young man has got to have a start, Tom. You ain't nothin' but a narrow-minded old jackass. That's whut's wrong with this town now. The people are too old-fashioned.

Bobby: Yep, Pop, that's whut I say. Every man's got to have a fling while——.

Joseph: Shut up, Bobby, 'fore I take a stick to you. You ain't nobody to be talkin', whut with a wife to support. Damn it, Tom, put that banana back.

Sam: Well, all I kin say is, the preacher ain't got no business doin' whut he did. I guess now he'll have to move out of this town.

Tom: I know I ain't gonna stand fer it. Us menfolks have got to protect our families from a man like him.

Jasper: Imagine whut the young 'uns will think. If the preacher kin do somethin' like that and git away with it, the children will try the same thing.

Mose: Huh! I think he ought to be rid out of town

Try A Few Of . . .

FEW'S BARBECUES

418 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 639

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

CAROLINA - PALMETTO STATE & STRAND THEATRES

Spartanburg's Finest Entertainment on Stage and Screen

Hammond-Brown-Jennings Co.

FURNITURE

167 NORTH CHURCH ST. PHONE 3700

THE ELITE

La PETITE ELITE

College Headquarters

THE BEST PLACES IN TOWN TO EAT

ALL ACCESSORIES
FOR MEN

BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP
112 EAST MAIN STREET

THE ASSURANCE OF
CORRECTNESS

**ROYAL
CLEANERS & HATTERS**
"Let Royal Do It"
Spartanburg, S. C.

Phone 302 Phone 320

Jarman Shoes Dobbs Hats

PRICE'S
"STORE FOR MEN"
113-115 North Church Street

Manhattan Shirts Beau-Brummel Neckwear

SMITH'S
CUT-RATE DRUG STORES
142 and 167 E. MAIN STREET

SMITH'S LUNCHEONETTE
A GOOD PLACE TO MEET
A BETTER PLACE TO EAT

THE DuPRE BOOK STORE
STUDENTS CORDIALLY
WELCOMED

194 E. Main St. Phone 70

on a rail. I allus said preachers wuz as bad as other people.

Tom: Maybe it's a good thing Mr. Black is a deacon and found out 'bout Wright.

Joseph: You men ain't nothin' but a bunch of gossips. Why don't you hear the preacher's side of the story 'fore you jump at conclusions?

(*At the sound of the front door opening, the men look up. Reverend Wright walks in just in time to hear the last words. He is dressed in a dark suit and tie, and except for this, he looks like anything but a preacher.*)

Wright: Good afternoon, gentlemen. Did I hear my name mentioned? (*There is a tomb-like silence.*) I thought so. You must have heard a story about me and are discussing it, eh? Well, go right ahead. Don't mind me.

Joseph: Howdy, Reverend. I wuz just tellin' the boys they ought to hear your side of the story 'fore cussin' you out.

Wright: Thank you, Joseph. I believe you are the only friend I have in town. Because of that, I will tell you my side and if any of these gentlemen care to listen, they may do so. (*The men lean forward nervously as the preacher continues speaking.*) You see, it was this way. I have been busy for six months writing a book, and Sadie has been doing the typing for me. Since I was kept busy during the day trying to do my duty as a pastor, night was the only time I had to write. Sadie was willing to help me at night, because she said I was the only real friend she had in town. Why she said such a thing I don't know, unless it was because you so-called Christian people shunned her because she once did something wrong.

The night of my alleged escapade I received a letter from the publishers to whom I had sent my book saying they would print it. Sadie was standing by me when I read the letter, and we were so excited over what we had done after months of hard work that we embraced each other in a moment of exaltation. That must have been what the janitor saw and reported to Brother Black. Now, if you think I did anything wrong, then go ahead and do something.

Tom: No, Reverend, you ain't done nothin' wrong. I never did think so in the fust place anyhow.

Mose: Me, too, Mr. Wright. I shore didn't think you'd do nothin' wrong.

Joseph: Parson, you know how I feel. I hope nothin' will come of this.

Wright: No, Joseph. Nothing wrong has been done, but I feel it will be better if I go to another church. I just came in the store to tell you good-bye and

to thank you for remaining my friend when others doubted me. (*He shakes Joseph's hand and exits.*)

Joseph (*turning to the others*): See, you old hens. Whut did I tell you? I hope you're satisfied with whut's happened. There just went the best man you've ever seen, and I hope the ones responsible for his leaving suffer from it. (*Tom reaches for a banana.*) Damn it, Tom, put that banana down 'fore I really get mad.

AND ON EARTH

(From Page 9)

The air raid was over, and in the streets, amid the men who were clearing debris and fighting fires, the father searched frantically for his child. He was almost in hysterics, and then—they found her, buried beneath a pile of fallen brick. The explosion had torn her from the arms of her father, and the bricks from the building had pelted down on the tiny body until it was merely a beaten pulp of flesh and bone. The blond curls were now drenched red in blood, the blue eyes no longer sparkled, and one could not distinguish the laughing mouth which had babbled childish phrases.

The father screamed, and reaching downward, grasped the broken body. It was miraculous that the mass held together, but it did. And so, with blood dripping, the father wandered aimlessly about, screaming and crying hysterically.

"And suddenly, there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hosts, praising God and singing 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men.'"

AND ON EARTH, PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN!

BUY A WAR BOND TODAY

BEARD BROTHERS

"Home of Better Clothing"

Suits — Shirts — Slacks

108 W. Main Street

NOTICE

The income of THE JOURNAL is in a large measure derived from the advertisements of local merchants and as a sign of appreciation to them for helping Wofford students to have a literary magazine, the students should do their trading with those merchants. HELP THOSE WHO HELP YOU and you will thereby help yourself.

★ ★ ★

A. M. Law & Company
Aug. W. Smith Company
Band & White, Printers
Beard Brothers
Becker's Bread
Belk-Hudson Men's Shop
Blue Bird Ice Cream
Citizens & Southern National Bank
Coca-Cola
College Inn
Crutchfield's
Duke Power Company
DuPre Book Store
Elite-La Petite Elite
Few's Barbecue
Fred's Flower Shop
Greenewald's
Hammond-Brown-Jennings Company
Herald-Journal
Maxwell Brothers & Quinn
Price's
Royal Cleaners and Hatters
Rufus D. Lewis
Smith's Cut-Rate Drug Stores
Spartanburg Laundry
Theatres
Wofford College
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Company

WOFFORD COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

1854 - 1942

1. Fully accredited college of the Liberal Arts and Sciences.
   Library of 38,000 volumes.
   Adequate laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology and Electricity.
2. Senior R. O. T. C. Unit, declared "Excellent" by War Department since 1931.
3. Selected by the Government for enlistments in —
   - Army Enlisted Reserve
   - Marine Corps Reserve
   - Naval Air Corps Reserve
   - Army Air Corps Reserve
   - Naval Reserve
   - Coast Guard Reserve
4. Government-sponsored physical training program.
   All forms of intra-mural and inter-collegiate athletics.
   Adequate facilities for indoor and outdoor sports.

Write for Catalogue and full information to

WALTER K. GREENE, President

?

Are You Paying Too Much For The Right Kind Of Printing

?

WHEN you buy on price you can never be sure. It is unwise to pay too much, but it is worse to pay too little. When you pay too much you lose a little money, that's all. But when you pay too little, you sometimes lose everything, because the article you buy is incapable of doing the thing it is bought to accomplish. If you deal with the lowest bidder, it is often well to base your actual cost upon the price you pay plus an additional amount as insurance on the risk you run. And if you do that, you will have enough to pay for true value.

BAND & WHITE

144 South Spring St. Phones 362 and 363

Spartanburg, South Carolina

Copyright 1942, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

JOURNAL

-BRUARY
943

OFFORD COLLEGE

SOLDIERS ON SKIS—

THE CIGARETTE FOR ME IS **CAMEL.** THEY'RE SMOOTH AND EASY ON MY **THROAT**—AND A REAL TREAT TO MY **TASTE!**

—says former Olympic ace

DICK DURRANCE

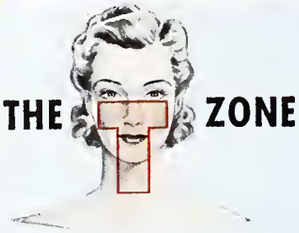
who trains ski troopers for the Army

● A new set of champions is in training on America's ski trails today—ski champions, 1943 model, *U. S. Army!*

Yes, from goggles to Garands, these new champions are soldiers through and through—even to their liking for Camels. For Camels are the favorite in *all* the services.*

As Instructor Dick Durrance *(above)* says: "Camels suit my throat to a 'T'—and there's nothing like Camels for flavor."

TAKE IT from a busy housewife, Mrs. Ruth Martin *(below)*. When it comes to squeezing more pleasure out of every smoking moment, Camels really hit the spot.



where cigarettes are judged

The "**T-ZONE**"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "**T-ZONE**" to a "**T.**" Prove it for yourself!

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMEL

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume 53 February, 1943 Number 3

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... George W. Whitaker

Associate Editor ..... Jack Felts

Contributing Editors

Claude Gatlin
Bryan Crenshaw
Bob Lawton
Dan C. Carmichael
Frank Pegues

* * *

Business Staff

Business Manager ..... James H. Crawford

Assistant Business Manager ..... Kenneth G. Nix

Circulation Manager ..... Ralph Wilson

Assistant Circulation Manager ..... E. G. Hewitt, Jr.

Faculty Adviser ..... Kenneth D. Coates

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Spartanburg, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Journal, Wofford College Literary Magazine, Published by the Student Body Five Times During the School Year: November, December, February, March, and May. Subscription Rate, $1.25 per Year.

CONTENTS

THE JOURNAL

Cover by W. H. Gladden, Jr., Class of '39

Fiction

		Page
First Class Ticket	Frank Pegues	3
Uncertain Death	Newton "Cap" Wells	7

Non-Fiction

Charles Dickens	Richard Isley	4
Plight of the Middle	Jack Felts	5
Our Priceless Heritage	Claude Gatlin	6

Special Features

Among the Books	8
With the Editor	13
A Bit O' Fun (Jokes)	16

The Deadline for the March Issue Is February 20.

(Author's Note: The following was written, not on behalf of the Negro race, but rather as a tribute to the corruption that prevails in many small town police forces.)

FIRST CLASS TICKET

by FRANK PEGUES

THE rays of the early morning sun pierced the dense foliage of the trees, its bright beams illumining and instantly warming the summer landscape of the Southern town. Along the row of "rabbit-box" houses that fronted the railroads, dogs and cats, friends alike in the early morning hours, lay sleeping on the porches and doorsteps.

Sam sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes and listened. No one else was up. He slipped out of bed and hastily put on the dirty, ragged garments that hung over the back of the rickety chair. He tip-toed stealthily to the door of his sister's room. Asleep. His gaze shifted to the floor beneath her bed. Not there. Sam thought quickly. She must still keep them in the box over in the corner. Watching her face out of the corner of his eyes, Sam crept over to the far corner, and slipped the lid off the box. They were there—the white slippers which his sister had bought recently. He quietly removed them from the box, replaced the lid and stole from the room. As Sam stepped out on the front porch, he cast a quick glance up and down the small dirt road that lay between the row of houses and the railroads. Two or three big black women lumbered slowly about in the early morning light, with large baskets balanced miraculously on their kinky, kerchiefed heads, and their broad hips wobbling out of cadence with their lazy steps.

Sam took a flying leap off the porch and fled down the road. He stopped running only when he had turned the corner around the sprawling warehouse, and had gained the shade of the big elms that lined either side of Front street. He stopped a few moments to catch his breath and then began walking casually along through the cool morning shadows that fell across the sandy path. He was thinking he mustn't appear excited or nervous, when the breeze brought to his ears the sharp thuds of an axe on dry wood. He peered through the honeysuckle vines that bordered the path for a space on one side. Bertha was chopping wood for her morning washing. Sam slipped through the partly opened gate and idled over to the woodpile.

"Miss Bertha, w-would you lak to hab uh nice pair o' shoes?"

"Where'd you git dem things, boy?"

"I-I found 'em in thuh back lots in de trash pile. De man what owns dat clothes store must've throo 'em out by mistake."

"Well, I do 'clare. Dey sho look lak good shoes. But I ain't got no use fuh 'em."

"You aint?"

"Naw, boy. Big Lil might want 'em fuh her gal. Go see her."

"Yassum."

With quick steps, Sam retreated through the gate and resumed his walk under the trees. Luck was with him. Big Lil was sweeping her yard, seemingly in good spirits. Sam decided on a different approach.

"Mornin', Miss Lil. You sho is wukkin mighty hard this early in de mornin'."

"Yas suh, son. Dere's plenty ob wuk to be done."

As Sam had hoped, she noticed the shoes he held in his hands.

"Whut you doin' wid dem shoes, boy?"

"Oh, nuthin'. Ah found 'em."

"You found 'em? Where?"

Sam repeated the lie he had told a few minutes before to Bertha.

"Well, sho 'nuff. You is mighty lucky. What you gwine do wid 'em?"

Nonchalantly. "Ah don't know. You lak to buy 'em?"

"Ah ain't knowin' 'bout dat, son. Dey sho look nice. Been worn uh few times, though. What you take fuh 'em?"

Sam wanted seventy-five cents, but Big Lil talked him down to fifty.

It was not until that afternoon that Queen, Sam's sister, missed her shoes. She wanted them to wear to the show and now she was making a very thorough job of searching every dark nitch and dusty corner in the house.

"Sam, what is dis fif' cents doin' under youh pillow?"

Since Queen was older and larger than Sam, she could well afford to boss her younger brother.

"Dat's mah money. You leave dat 'lone."

"Boy, you ain't wukked to make no money, and you sho couldn't git dat much shootin' craps. Where you git dat money?"

(Turn to Page 14)

CHARLES DICKENS . . . .

A Brief Review of His Works

by RICHARD ISLEY

DUE, perhaps, to the rapidity with which things are happening in the world today, readers of this generation are prone to pass over the great novelists and writers of the Nineteenth Century without giving them so much as a second thought. And yet, one misses much when he excludes such writers as Dickens, Reade, Smollette, Sterne, the Bronte sisters, Scott and a host of others. To go into a discussion and criticism of all the great English authors would be too long and tedious for the average reader, but it might be well to take a glance at the writings of the man who many critics think to be the greatest English novelist—Charles Dickens.

To begin with, criticism does not make and cannot unmake a genius. Many people have attempted to take away from the greatness of Dickens by criticizing his works, yet he has come through this storm as powerful a force as he ever was. One will admit, however, that some of his characters are not only improbable but impossible. It's true that they are idealistic, but one cannot cast aside such great novels simply because some of the characters appear to be the product of a high imagination. Isn't it in one's makeup to like the unusual, the impossible? The world has laughed and cried with Dickens with equal fervor, though it knew that he was very often setting forth the evils of society prevalent during his time and was calling on the world to rise up and abolish these evils. In *Oliver Twist,* for example, Dickens illustrated the evils of the workshops and their managers. It is true that Oliver's character may be impossible, but when one reads this novel, he is likely to sympathize deeply because of the abuses Oliver suffers.

Dickens' desire for a betterment of social conditions may be seen in the following quotation from *Oliver Twist:* "We need be careful how we deal with those about us; when every death carries to some small circle of survivors, thoughts of so much omitted, and so little done—of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired. There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing; if we would be spared its tortures, let us remember this in time."

Another criticism which is brought against Dickens is that his novels have too much of the theatrical about them. This may be true, for one can easily find a flair for the dramatic by reading *Bleak House, Dombey and Son,* and *David Copperfield.* This fault, if it can be called such, is exhibited in the account of the death of Paul Dombey and in David Copperfield's final words to Steerforth. Dickens always wanted to be on the stage, so perhaps that is the reason many of his novels are on the dramatic side. Never losing this desire, Dickens in later years gave public readings from his own books. It is said about him that he was so good that during one of his public readings in America, several women fainted and had to be carried out, so carried away were they by the realistic way the author gave emotional scenes.

Dickens' characters are well known among the people of America to this day. Perhaps one remembers his characters longer than those of any other English writer. Even though Dickens has been accused of taking one trait or personality and making it into the whole character of a person in his novels, nevertheless, that person remains in one's memory and very often that character is used in comparing certain persons in real life. Who does not remember the superficial Mr. Micawber, the beloved and delicate Dora, Paul Dombey, Nancy, the cruel and wily Sikes, Martin Chuzzlewit, and many others? Yes, Dickens painted life as he saw fit, the middle and lower classes of England. It has been assumed by most authorities that Mr. Micawber was Dickens' own father, although his real father did not possess the generosity and unusual ability of Micawber. The beautiful but incompetent Dora was Dickens' wife during the earlier years of his marriage.

When Dickens was ten years old, he was forced to work in a blacking factory pasting labels on bottles. However, he was not ill-used like David Copperfield in the factory of Mr. Murdstone. Thus we see that two of his novels contain evidence of autobiography. His own trip to London and the hardships he endured are found recorded in the journey of Oliver Twist.

It was the ambition of Dickens to be an educated man in the full sense of the word, but he was able to receive only the rudiments of an education at a public school. Childhood impressions are lasting; he never forgot this, and in later life he said that he would have been as well equipped if he had never attended the school. We know that he read with a consuming interest Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle,* and *Roderick*

(Turn to Page 11)

PLIGHT OF THE MIDDLE

by JACK FELTS

I

WE ARE living in a time of great and catastrophic change, change which may not be ovious to the most of us, and change which is being made as a result of our own endorsement of Franklin D. Roosevelt by electing him to a third term as our president. Anne Lindbergh called these elements "the wave of the future," while died-in-the-wool conservatives still prefer to refer to them as communistic rumors, Nazi propaganda and the like. Nevertheless, the world is changing more radically and more rapidly in its outlook, its policies, its attitudes toward business, politics, and social reform than ever before in its history.

The Atlantic Charter, an ethical declaration as well as one of political expedience, is supposed to guarantee all nations, after the successful completion of this war, freedom of press, freedom of religion, freedom from fear, and freedom from want. These first two freedoms are guaranteed to Americans by the Bill of Rights of our Constitution, but of the other freedoms only political and literary speculation has hitherto been offered concerning the position of these liberties in our scheme of things.

The thought uppermost in the minds of all of us is what means will be taken to insure freedom from fear and from want. What sort of a post-war system must be developed for the execution of these ideals? What is the economic basis of such steps and how will our post-war economic theory and practice stabilize or standardize these declarations? How do we plan to extend these rights to all races and nations? And what of the Axis powers in this plan? These questions must logically wait until our victory is virtually assured, but one question arises which may demand a solution even while this war is in progress. How will the great middle class of America react to these changes and how will they affect the American Way? Or to put it more simply, what substitute will be offered to allow all Americans to realize the guarantees now being presented to the world through the Atlantic Charter?

II

When our Constitution was conceived, America was a vast, unexplored frontier and only by the rugged individualism of its settlers could it be opened to future generations. Beginning with thirteen separate colonies which were devoted to many and varied interests, our nation was developed into the great nation it has now become. But even then, it took a Civil War to hasten the realization of the American ideal. For it was this Civil War which led to the opening of all American frontiers and it was immediately after this struggle that Seward purchased Alaska from Russia, a step which brought the United States more steadily toward being an international power than could then be understood.

The South, devastated by four bitter years of conflict, was given a problem which may take centuries to solve, namely, the Negro question. Thousands of the dispossessed made their way westward, not for gold alone, as had many of their predecessors, but for a new life to be built on the wreck of an outmoded civilization. With this vast internal revolution came the great empires of wealth and property which the great industrial barons erected by good or evil means. Railroads developed and flourished as never before and great mining enterprises made their share of fortunes. The great textile industries of New England grew with the lack of fear of the power of the Southern planter, who had formerly held control of the nation's enterprises. The great plains of the West stimulated the huge meat packing companies and the discovery of oil heralded the approach of the great American era.

But with evolution of big business came thousands of immigrants to provide cheap labor for the factories and mines. And with them came the crushing of the unfortunate middle class "little business man" who was unable to resist the unfair practices, cut-throat competition and the alignment of the monopolistic elements for the furtherment of their own interests. Then came the first "forgotten man," the middle class independent whose future seemed dark in view of the grasping, avaricious robber barons. The farmers were often victims of the heartless land speculators whom Hamlin Garland has so vividly portrayed in some of his books, while in the South the shadow of a once-great economy arose to haunt a destitute people.

In the earlier days Andrew Jackson had taken a cue from the aristocratic John Adams and had started the spoils system to reward faithful party followers. But his spoils system was child's play when compared to the great political machines of Boss Tweed and of the Negro-Republican combine which functioned in the South. Politics and monopoly combined to make the poor individual the first forgotten man.

(Turn to Page 12)

OUR PRICELESS HERITAGE

by CLAUDE GATLIN

THE American flag is the standing symbol of our citizenship. If it falls, we fall. America falls! According to a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, "The American Flag is the symbol of our national unity, transcending all internal differences, however large . . . it is the symbol of the nation's power, the emblem of freedom in its truest, best sense. It signifies government resting upon the consent of the governed; liberty regulated by law; the protection of the weak against the strong; security against the exercise of arbitrary power; and absolute safety for free institutions against foreign aggression."

America's foundation was built on these principles, strongly united, and each successive generation ethically promotes the future of our nation only as it wisely and nobly upholds these principles. Our forefathers, who braved the dangers of pioneering an unknown continent, evolved from that wilderness a place where we, as American citizens, are the only people in the world living freely, speaking our own faith, worshipping at the altars of our own choice, and obeying the dictates of our own hearts. We, the present generation, are here to preserve and promote all those privileges "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." That is our heritage—the priceless honor of preserving and promoting the future of our nation.

Americans are now greatly concerned with the growing problem of national defense, the defense of this democracy which has been given to us through the patience and perseverance of former American citizens. It is our privilege to defend it well. National defense, conscription which began in a time of peace, the building of forts, a two-ocean navy, and an invincible air force are all important questions in the minds of Americans today.

But few have fully realized what we have to defend, what we have to preserve. According to the constitution, America is the union in which justice, domestic tranquility, general welfare, and the blessings of liberty are presented to and instilled in every one who is an American.

We have more than that. Behind us are the spirit, the hope and the aspirations of men like Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Lee. These personalities, whose very existence made possible the bare rocks of our foundation, can well be taken as models of American citizenship.

The outstanding personality is George Washington, father of our country, who stands above all others as the originator of the American policy for freedom of thought, word, and deed. He fought for freedom and unity in the pioneer days of the American nation, and thus displayed his dislike for British rule. Washington considered the "stamp act" a direful attack upon the liberties of the colonies. As a member of the Continental Congress, he was greatly in favor of awakening British attention to American rights by boycotting their trade and manufactures. Believing in the American policy for freedom, he followed it singlemindedly, justly, and patiently. After he had been put in charge of the Continental forces, Washington remarked that he had not campaigned for the position, but that a kind of destiny, the destiny of this free America, had put the command into his hands, and thus he could not refuse.

The composer of the greatest draft of all times, the Declaration of Independence, was Secretary of State under George Washington. Thomas Jefferson often declared that the main objective of any science is the freedom and happiness of man. So he made a science of his Constitution, and, surprisingly, that Constitution, with a few amendments, has survived the many changes in America. In 1801 Jefferson was elected President of the United States. During his administration he negotiated the purchase of the "Louisiana Territory." The original colonies were becoming crowded and Jefferson realized that new territory must be acquired if America were to survive as a nation welcoming any people who would abide by the Constitution. Thus he displayed his aspirations for a greater America which would be a "Utopia" for the oppressed and bedraggled people of the Eastern continents.

Abraham Lincoln, overshadowed by Washington and Jefferson only in the aspects for which they fought, was the leader for the preservation of the union which Washington had founded, which Jefferson had enlarged, and upon which America today is built. By exercising his efforts for the preservation of that union, he displayed the characteristics which every American admires: patience, wisdom, kindness, and an incomparable tact for understanding American people. Having risen to the presidency from the ranks of the uneducated masses, Lincoln was a typical self-made man

(Turn to Page 17)

UNCERTAIN DEATH

by NEWTON "CAP" WELLS

"ANYTHING else, Sir?"

"Nothing else!" Clarence Fish replied from the shadow of his bed. "You may go now."

He heard the servant go downstairs, heard her move about in the hallway for a moment. Then the street door slammed.

Mr. Fish threw the cover aside and arose from his bed fully dressed. Through the open window he could distinguish the servant just disappearing down the dimly lit street. He laughed. What a handy witness she'd be in case anything happened.

Downstairs he re-read the day's letter. It was postmarked New York City and bore an official looking seal across the top. He grimaced over its contents and slipped it in an inside pocket. A metallic object followed in its wake.

Then Fish slipped from the house and passed down the street. No one was in sight. With luck he could return and no one be any the wiser.

He paused in front of a dark, gloomy house, set back some distance from the street. Moving with stealth, he entered the porch and felt for the knob. The door was open and he quickly entered, moving over to a half-open door from which light fell. He saw inside the room an elderly man slumped low over a desk, writing in a large book. As he entered the room he gave voice to a loud "Hello, Snavely."

Sam Snavely looked up nervously, very much annoyed by Fish's abrupt entrance.

"Damn, man!" he swore softly, "you startled me. Never mind; sit down. I'll be through in a minute," and he continued with his writing.

In a moment Fish said quietly, "Joe was killed today. I wanted you to know."

Snavely ceased his writing long enough to tap a nearby newspaper.

"I know. The afternoon papers are full of it. He was killed in an attempted prison break."

"He was shot in the back like a dog," Fish declared bitterly. "They didn't give him a chance."

Snavely sighed and spoke wistfully.

"I'm sorry. Wish there was something I could do. Tough for a fellow to lose his kid brother that way."

Fish's eyes narrowed.

"I want none of your sympathy, Snavely," he said pointedly. "If it hadn't been for your testimony Joe would be alive and happy today."

Snavely's eyes dropped and he seemed to slump lower in his chair.

"It's a funny thing, Snavely," Fish continued, "I always have had a feeling you were holding something back on the witness stand. What I can't understand is why you waited until the following day to bring up the murder charge."

"I refuse to answer that, Fish. We had a trial ten years ago to answer those questions. What you think or don't think now doesn't make any difference."

Fish ignored the rebuttal of his words.

"Alan Hill was your brother-in-law," he charged forcibly. "He was living in your house at the time of his death. On the witness stand you swore that on the night of the killing you heard sounds of a struggle from this room. When you rushed in you found Joe kneeling over Hill's body with a gun in his hand, apparently going through his pockets."

"I know the facts well," Snavely declared. "Joe admitted that I found him at the time and place and substantially in the manner in which I testified in court. But he declared Hill was dead and the gun beside him when he found him. He swore that, despite the fact that I had heard him threaten Hill's life at a card game earlier that same evening."

Fish said: "A few days ago I wrote a letter to the governor, asking clemency for Joe on the grounds that the evidence on which he was convicted was too flimsy and circumstantial. Today"—and here he tapped his coat pocket—"I received my reply from the governor. He has looked into the case and decided that I am right. The pardon board has received his recommendation that Joe be freed."

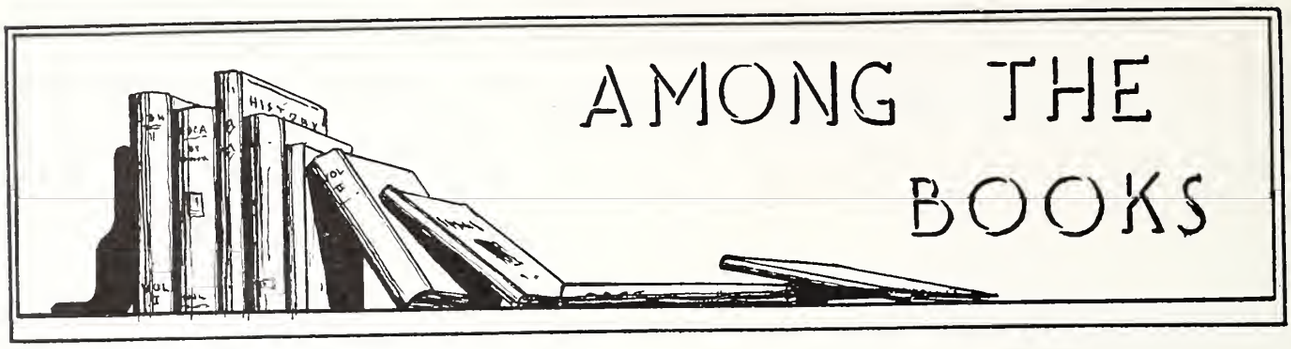
Snavely turned a strange, haunting face to Fish.

"How fickle is fate," he declared. "What a terrible thing that Joe should have been killed today in an attempted prison break, when tomorrow he might have gone out a free man."

"Fate is almost as fickle as you," Fish shrieked hoarsely as a gun suddenly appeared in his hand. "Long ago I swore that if anything ever happened to Joe I would come back and get you, Snavely. Tonight I am back."

Snavely sat up in his chair and stared quizzically at Fish for one long moment of silence; then he broke

(Turn to Page 10)



Emil Ludwig. STALIN: New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1942.

Ludwig talked to Stalin for three hours in the Kremlin and upon this talk and Stalin's life and work he bases this book. The man whom Ludwig saw behind that desk in the Kremlin was one who makes a cold and alien impression, one who does not attract, but one who has self-certainty and patience. Stalin is a silent man; a sombre, cautious, brooding Asiatic who seldom laughs and then with grim, dark laughter. He is a cold, logical thinker who rarely accepts advice. When asked what was the greatest joy or satisfaction in life, he replied, "The best thing in life is to ferret out one's enemy, prepare the stroke carefully, revenge one's self mercilessly, and then lie down to sleep."

Stalin's life reads like a novel, for it is packed with all manner of thrills and adventures. He was born Joseph Dzugashvili in a miserable brick cottage, the son of a shoe factory worker. He became a socialist, of all places, in a theological school which was, by the way, a veritable hotbed of intrigue from which socialist literature was propagated. The reason for Stalin's socialist tendencies was twofold; first, the resentment of his way of life in contrast to the aristocracy's way of life, and second, the influence of his fellow socialists in the theological school.

Stalin gradually became the recognized communist leader in the Caucasus region which had rather pronounced communist leanings. His method was simple; "an interminable series of lectures, demonstrations, leaflets, pamphlets spreading enlightenment and revolt." During this period he was exiled to Siberia six different times and each time managed to escape. It was in Siberia that he met Lenin and Trotsky and became identified with the whole pattern of Russian communism and espionage.

During the first World War, Lenin and Trotsky lived outside of Russia, but retained the leadership of the rebel contingent in Russia, whereas Stalin stayed with the communist workers in Russia. While the first or February Revolution was taking place, Stalin was in Siberia, but as soon as he was released, he helped in the second or October Revolution, which completely overthrew the old Czarist regime. Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin became the big three of Russia, although Stalin still remained subordinate to the other two.

Lenin, rebel and statesman, had laid the foundations of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, but the question of his sickness became pertinent, for he was in bad health. Stalin was elected general secretary of the party and he used this office to build up a gigantic political machine in order to insure his succession to Lenin. Lenin died and the only two candidates for the dictatorship were Trotsky and Stalin. On account of his foresight, Stalin controlled the so-called fair elections and became dictator of Russia.

Then followed the purge, or rather the Reign of Terror. Stalin mercilessly eliminated all opposition and organized such a system of internal propaganda that would make Goebbels sit up and take notice. It was by this propaganda that he retained his hold on the Russian people and the Russian government at the same time.

After this purge, Stalin was ready to rebuild Russia by the famous Five Year Plan. He had six steps in it: (1) To lose not a minute by further debating, (2) to begin at once with the practical execution, (3) to devote one-third of our labor to this work, the other part to the current needs, (4) to call practical men who know how to work with definite figures, (5) to enforce the propaganda of the press, (6) to let all the former classes disappear.

Stalin set out to change a peasant nation into an industrial and mechanized farming nation and he succeeded remarkably well. In the first eight years the average income increased 370 per cent, illiteracy dropped from 79 per cent to 10 per cent, the number of books published increased from 87 million to 377 million (more than England, Germany and Japan together), and the number of newspapers grew from 857 to 8,521. Of course, during the period there was absolutely no personal liberty and everyone had to work hard where the government placed them, but the rewards were both personal and national.

Communism in Russia today is, in Stalin's words, "A philosophy whereby each man is restrained from exploiting his neighbor and using the other's work and

sweat for attaining those gifts of life forever out of the worker's reach." And the following words of Marx have been accepted almost as a motto: "From everyone according to his ability and to everyone according to his need."

The common people of Russia had never had anything that they cherished enough to fight for, consequently Russia lost most of her wars, but now they have two things they love, their land. which is common to all, and their nation, which is common to all. As Ludwig so aptly phrased it, "The Germans have set out to conquer that which they do not need, the Russians want to save that which they need." Germany is fighting for materials, Russia is fighting for ideals.

—*Bob Lawton.*

John A. Rice, I CAME OUT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: New York. Harper & Brothers, 1942.

John Rice is an intellectual rebel. From his early youth until the present day, he has resisted all attempts to corrupt and subdue his mind. Son of a Methodist preacher who was later a president of Columbia College (then Columbia Female Academy), and of a sister of Senator Ellison DuRant "Cotton Ed" Smith, the plantations of his grandmothers and the many parsonages in which Methodist preachers must live provided his youthful homes.

Perhaps this home life explains his lack of sympathy for common educational and sociological practices. On his Grandmother Smith's plantation he first saw the grave import of the Negro question and first came to love that old life of the plantation. There, too, was his Uncle Ellie, whom he pictures in not too flattering language. There, also, was his Uncle Coke, a Methodist bishop and a man who "was a walking law of love with no conception of the law of hate." Here was the old aristocracy of the South, the plantation life and the spiritual, though not legal, ownership of Negroes. This was the matriarchal economy which dominated the South after the Civil War.

His Grandmother Rice's estate was somewhat different. Here the aristocracy had come on evil days, and here one can see the plight of the women of a proud family who held their pride and name above happiness.

But the Methodist parsonage influenced him more than the others. His father, a huge man with the typical temperament of the evangelical Methodist, kept the house in utter chaos with his constant lack of personal responsibility. His wife, who had lived the life of a Southern belle, though on a somewhat smaller scale than before the war, was never completely happy with the moving and other forced labor of Methodist ministers, and probably her son John's sympathy for her helped give him a life-long distaste for the Methodist Church.

His mother died relatively young, whipped down, so to speak, by her rigorous life, so John and his two brothers moved to the Rice place in Colleton county. After a short time John began his educational wanderings which were to stamp him as one of America's most individual teachers.

His first stop was Webb School, founded by two brothers, John and Sawney Webb. Rice had little respect for Sawney. "Sawney grew arrogant and ceased to learn. John Webb never thought he knew enough." John Webb opened new vistas for the young South Carolinian and showed him what a teacher should be. John Webb died shortly after a stroke made further teaching impossible.

His next stop was Tulane. "My introduction to numerology in education." He graduated in three years, taking his "bacclaris artium" in 1911, and according to his college president, entered into the "company of educated men." Professor Rice says that both of them were liars.

From Tulane he went to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship, and there he found, after the rush of American schools, a delightful privacy. There also was Elmer Davis, "the one brilliant man in Queens." Rice was glad to return to America. The English outlook disappointed him, and he could not see that Oxford was worth the time and expense.

After a short sojourn at Webb School, Rice moved to the University of Nebraska and to Sam Avery, its chancellor, a chemist who ran his college because he saw man as a chemical body and treated it accordingly. Avery saw that Rice was bound for trouble. In a conversation with Rice, Avery said, "Why don't you keep your mouth shut, Rice? If you would just keep it shut for, say six months or a year, I could raise your salary." He didn't get the raise, and after Avery's death, left Nebraska for the New Jersey College for Women and finally for Rollins in Winter Park, Florida.

"Rollins was Holt" and the unorthodox views of Rice finally moved Holt to dismiss him. Rice didn't get along with Winter Park. The town was conservative and complacent and the independence of this man startled the people of this town. His ideas of freedom alarmed their sensibilities and his dismissal was forced by an investigation. One of the charges against him read that he "was seen whispering in chapel." Evidently this man was a bad influence on the students. One of the affidavits swore that he had said that "a chisel is one of the most beautiful things in the world." But for anyone at Rollins to work with their hands was heresy. Nevertheless, Holt in parting said, "The trouble is that I like the ones that are going better than those that are staying."

From Rollins to Black Mountain moved the Rice caravan. But Black Mountain was too democratic. People accused it of immorality and every conceivable sin. Rice himself quarreled with his associates and finally departed. "A teacher should bring peace." He didn't.

Rice is a searching critic. His discussions on education are good but his analyses of the decadent Southern aristocracy are masterful, as are his impressions of the Middle West, of New Orleans, of Rollins, and of Oxford. Still, despite his sharp criticism, Rice would have preferred South Carolina in the eighteenth century "for its simple faith in simple words, justice, freedom, happiness; and belief in the rights of man, and faith in man."

More will be heard of John Rice. This volume, co-winner of the Harper 125th Anniversary Award, is a welcomed gift to one who reads for his written thoughts. His delightful style and his humor stamp him as a keen observer and a better than average writer. This book is one of the most interesting to be published in some time.

What has John Rice done since Black Mountain? He has written a fine book. What will he do? One wonders what he would have done if he had been a Wofford professor.

—*Jack Felts.*

THE LATEST READING LIST

1. *Emil Ludwig. *Stalin:* G. P. Putnam's Sons. A biography of a leading man by a leading biographer.
2. Joseph C. Grew. *Report From Tokyo:* Simon and Schuster. A true picture from a man who knows.
3. *Winston S. Churchill. *The Unrelenting Struggle:* Little, Brown & Co. The speeches of one of the world's truly great speakers.
4. Dorothy Thompson. *Listen, Hans:* Houghton Mifflin. Another book on the war and its aftermath.
5. Caroline Mytinger. *Headhunting in the Solomon Islands:* The MacMillan Co. Book-of-the-Month for December.
6. *John A. Rice. *I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century:* Harper & Brothers. A great book which ought to be read.

*Denotes books in Wofford College Library.

Poverty may not be a disgrace, but it's a devil of an inconvenience.

UNCERTAIN DEATH

(From Page 7)

the silence of the room with roar after roar of hilarious laughter.

Fish quieted his mirth with a bullet through the head. As the old man slumped in his chair, Fish shuddered nauseatingly. He had committed murder. If the law caught him now it would mean his life. Snavely's body would have to be put where it would never be found. There was an old vault in the cellar below the house. He would bury him there.

Wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead, Fish replaced the gun in his pocket and approached the body. In slumping, Snavely's head had fallen upon the book in which he was writing. Now as Fish lifted his head from the desk he saw that it was a diary in which the old man had been writing. He leaned over closer so that he might see what the page contained. He read:

> "Nov. 19—. Today I have learned of Joe Fish's death. Ever since, his face has constantly been before me to remind me of the dastardly wrong I did him. Joe didn't kill Alan Hill. Alan Hill was dead when Joe entered the house that night. Alan had been out of a job for months. He killed himself so that his wife and child might be provided for through his insurance. I testified against Joe Fish as a last resort to collect that insurance for them. There was a clause in Alan's insurance policy, which stipulated that in case of self-destruction his beneficiary would receive nothing. Poor Alan killed himself, little realizing that his wife and child would not be benefited at all by his death. God pity me for the wrong I have done.
>
> "Confessing this, I can bear my crime no longer. I have decided to kill myself. In a few moments I shall press a gun against my forehead and end it all. I——"

And there the writing came to an abrupt stop.

Fish turned away from the desk thoughtfully. Alan Hill had not been murdered after all. It had been a suicide that looked like a murder.

And Snavely. He had been about to commit suicide when Fish so inopportunely killed him. If he had only waited he would not now be a murderer. Then another thought made him pause. Snavely had admitted in his diary he was going to kill himself.

"And he made Alan Hill's suicide look like murder," he thought. Then he chuckled, "More than one can play at that game. If he can make Alan Hill's suicide look like murder, then I can make his murder look like suicide."

Without hesitation he threw his gun beside the body.

CHARLES DICKENS

(From Page 4)

Random, Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield,* and Richardson's *Pamela.*

Of Dickens' style one thing can be said. He made unique use of the English language and created a style of presentation that was all his own. Whereas it might be said that Dickens cannot be compared with Scott, Thackeray, and Fielding as far as flow of well-formed prose is concerned, at least his novels are continuously moving, well-told and stirring. The novel containing the smoothest and finest strain of narrative is *Barnaby Rudge.* This is probably due to its comparative shortness and simplicity of plot. Another novel similar to this one is *A Tale of Two Cities.* The reason this book is not considered to be as great as some of the other works of Dickens is that it is a historical novel and was written chiefly for the sake of the story itself.

In summing up the works of Dickens, it might be well to discuss briefly *David Copperfield.* Even though this book bears the marks of Dickens' defects in his earlier novels, it is, nevertheless, well-constructed and phrased with deep feeling and variety. As has been stated before, it is partly autobiographical. One grows to love Dora deeply and to hate Uriah Heep intensely. Then there is Mr. Dick, whom critics say could never actually exist. However, people who were mentally unbalanced were often found in Dickens' lifetime to be living in homes of friends instead of in institutions.

And what of Dr. Strong and his dictionary that was never completed? Could such a character really live? Finally, there was the courtship and marriage of David and Dora. The passages which describe the courtship, marriage, and homelife are unsurpassed.

Dr. J. W. Cunliffe sums up Dickens' life and works as follows: "His place is in the foremost rank of creative artists in English literature, and he seems very likely to keep it. His genuine sympathy with the poor and oppressed, his insistence on the virtues of common humanity — the kindliness and mutual understanding which now seem more needed than at any previous period of the world's history — his appreciation of the everyday joys of simple life, and his feeling for our most familiar and inevitable sorrows — all this still endears him to the great mass of readers, while the highest intelligences still stand amazed at the intense vitality and energy with which he inspires the numerous and varied creatures of his imagination."

If a man were as cheap as almost any woman can make him feel, no woman could resist him merely as a bargain.

ROYAL CLEANERS & HATTERS
"Let Royal Do It"
Spartanburg, S. C.
Phone 302 Phone 320

Jarman Shoes Dobbs Hats
PRICE'S
"STORE FOR MEN"
113-115 North Church Street
Manhattan Shirts Beau-Brummel Neckwear

SMITH'S
CUT-RATE DRUG STORES
142 and 167 E. MAIN STREET
SMITH'S LUNCHEONETTE
A GOOD PLACE TO MEET
A BETTER PLACE TO EAT

THE DuPRE BOOK STORE
STUDENTS CORDIALLY WELCOMED
194 E. Main St. Phone 70

BEARD BROTHERS
"Home of Better Clothing"
Suits — Shirts — Slacks
108 W. Main Street

PLIGHT OF THE MIDDLE

(From Page 5)

III

But it is axiomatic that you can't keep a man down, especially if he is an American. The constructive reaction was slow in coming, but it finally arrived. In the great West and in the South discontented farmers aligned themselves with the Populist movement, and the anti-tariff Democratic party found many supporters. Such determined opposition finally brought governmental consideration of their plight and measures to alleviate the sufferings of the forgotten man. Anti-trust bills, the Sherman and Clayton, regulations on interstate commerce and other similar measures tended to re-establish the equilibrium of commercial standing.

This middle class began to participate in the hobby of even the bloated plutocrats who ruled much of the American industrial empire—investing and taking fliers in the stock market. After the first World War, a period of unparalelled prosperity followed for the middle class investor and businessman and the four hundred felt their wallets expand with Harding's normalcy and Coolidge's ascent to plunging and wild expansion. But with this developed a new factor, labor. The majority of the middle class had become complacent and as adverse to change as the most conservative of the industrial, commercial and investment magnates. As a result labor and other elements such as the American Negroes have found severe opposition to their ideas and plans. In addition, natural forces of the times, such as increased government participation in business and management, have found stubborn opponents in the middle as well as the higher classes.

IV

The great influx of European immigrants has already been mentioned and this element is of great importance in analyzing the present trend toward state socialism and collectivism. Due to the excessive oppression by the great industrial magnates, labor began to organize and to resist the intemperate management of robber barons. These labor organizations realized their greatest measure of prosperity in the present presidential administration and as a result this era of change, termed the "wave of the future," received its greatest impetus.

Labor believes that the greatest efficiency in production may be achieved best by organizing all labor and working with the executives through the method of collective bargaining. The perfect result would be labor more or less running the business for its own benefit and profit with the executives directing and sharing the profits of the system. The most disturbing question arising from the application of this theory is whether the American Way can be reconciled with the increasing practices of collectivism and achievement through group enterprise. When Henry Ford submitted to the demands of the C. I. O. for a contract between his management and its unions, it marked the passing of the last great individualist in the field of American industry. No longer can a man rise as the early pioneer, because as our civilization becomes more and more complex, more and more regulations have become necessary to assure the best possible conditions for working and living.

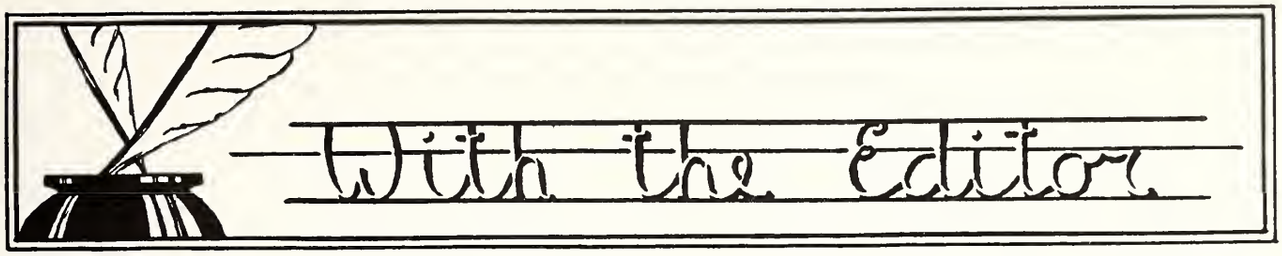
It becomes obvious that this method intends to extend to all people equal chance and opportunity to work with the surety that they can make and earn a good living.

V

The fallacy in this method lies in the lack of accent on individual initiative and the attempt of trying to raise the standard of living of all to that of the more secure of the bourgeoise. If we intend to make the world free from want, we cannot elevate all peoples to this standard. Despite our own prosperity, we cannot retain this level if we wish to make the world free from want and from fear. The solution lies in the realization by the middle class that its class is subject to the same downfall that they themselves prepared for the great and ruthless industrialist.

After this war, socialized medicine will probably be formally instituted to guarantee equal medical care and instruction to all classes. Likewise, education must become the business of the state. This does not necessarily condemn the smaller liberal arts colleges to oblivion, for they will still draw students and support from all fields. But the state alone can offer to all the opportunities of education. The state finances schools through the high school years. This financing must be continued through the later years so that the poorer class may be educated. This universal aspect of education should mean that the standards of living will gradually be stabilized.

This last statement is somewhat dogmatic, but it seems reasonable to believe that this education will generally raise the intellectual and productive standards to a certain medium. Perhaps after this has been achieved, our living standards may again be raised to the post-war standards. We must always remember that all great forward steps call for change and sacrifice. Our nation was made great because of the obstacles which it faced and conquered. Our standard of living before this war begat a complacency which made many people think that Germany should be left alone. This complacency is still hindering us, and until we are made to realize the real value of this life, we must be made to suffer the sins that our own narrow-minded and short-sighted complacency has prepared for us. People do not appreciate the better things of life until they go without them. Then perhaps they will make an effort toward conquering the dissenting elements in this world and toward improving existing social, economic and political conditions.



There are certain societies on the Wofford campus which have fallen into a grave, a grave which the societies themselves have dug. Such organizations as Sigma Upsilon, The Stratford Players, and Les Copains Francais exist in name only. The purpose of these societies, according to the Terrior Guide, are as follows:

Sigma Upsilon — "The group meets regularly and criticism of Wofford publications is offered. The members also discuss literary figures in the history of literature."

Stratford Players — "The Stratford Players is the dramatic organization of the Wofford campus. Its membership is composed of those students who are interested in the study of drama and the production of plays."

Les Copains Francais — "This group meets once a month and programs are carried out *largely* in French. Guest lecturers are invited and joint meetings are held with French clubs of other colleges."

Wofford should indeed be proud as one of the leading liberal arts colleges of the South to have on her campus societies having such high aims and purposes. It has been suggested by some students that these societies be abolished but should this be done? In defense of the above mentioned organizations, The Journal submits below a report of the work accomplished by these societies this year.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

CAROLINA - PALMETTO
STATE & STRAND
THEATRES

Spartanburg's Finest Entertainment on Stage and Screen

Hammond-Brown-Jennings Co.
FURNITURE

167 NORTH CHURCH ST. PHONE 3700

THE ELITE
La PETITE ELITE
College Headquarters

THE BEST PLACES IN TOWN TO EAT

ALL ACCESSORIES
FOR MEN

BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP
112 EAST MAIN STREET

THE ASSURANCE OF
CORRECTNESS

FIRST CLASS TICKET

(From Page 3)

Sam's ability to lie persuasively now failed him. He looked down at the floor and swallowed as he felt his sister's piercing gaze searching out the truth in him.

"Whut you know 'bout mah shoes, boy?"

"Ah don' know nuthin' 'bout youh shoes, gal."

"Yas, you do. You is 'bout de only one what knows 'bout mah shoes, and you done gone and done sompin' wid dem shoes. Dat's where you got dis money now, ain't it?"

Sam tried to tell her otherwise, but she was staunch in her conviction of his guilt.

"Ah ax you, boy, where you git dis money?"

A moment of silence. Sam felt hurt deep down inside. But he couldn't blurt out the truth, and he hadn't thought of a lie which would carry him safely through such a predicament.

Queen, naturally enough, guessed the truth from Sam's silence, and began crying.

"Boy, Ah'se gwine to take you to Mis' Jim, and he'll make you tell."

Following her words with action, Queen grabbed Sam's ear with one of her hands, made strong by much scrubbing and wood-cutting, and half-dragged him from the house into the road and across the rail tracks that ran along beside the giant cotton-loading platform. Sam tried to break loose from Queen, but she wrenched and he winced, and Sam, finding it impossible to gain his freedom, went along more obediently but nevertheless protestingly.

"Sistuh, don't take me to Mis' Jim. PLEASE don't make me go see dem po-leece-men."

His sister, still crying, twisted on his ear all the more, as a result of which Sam let out a series of screams.

"Boy, effen you don' be quiet and come long peaceful-lak, Ah'se gwine twist youh ear off."

Sam did not feel the balmy evening breeze that swept softly across the back lots, cooling the sandy ground which was scorched from the heat of the summer day. Neither did he hear the snickers and giggles of the people standing by as Queen dragged him into the main street, although he felt that he and his sister were making quite a scene before the people along the sidewalks. He realized that he had to think fast, for they were nearing the police headquarters.

"Sistuh, Ah'll git de shoes fuh you, effen you jest won't take me to Mis' Jim."

"Boy, Ah don' believe nuthin you say."

"Ah promise, Ah'll git de shoes effen you turn me loose."

Queen slowed down and hesitated.

"Where is mah shoes?"

"Dat's all right. Don' bother 'bout dat. Jest let me go and Ah'll git 'em fuh you."

"You'll run 'way."

"Naw, Ah won't, sistuh."

A gruff, heavy voice broke in on the dialogue.

"What's all this damned noise going on for out here?"

Sam's heart sank within him. He knew to whom the voice belonged and he knew he was too late in his efforts to dissuade his sister in her purpose. But his sister was not certain now that she was doing right and was at a loss as to how to answer the voice.

"Mis' Jim, Ah'se havin' some trubble wid mah brother."

"Well, what's the trouble and what're you raising so much hell for out here in public? Speak up, nigger, and answer me."

Sam looked up. The big, burly chief of police was standing on the bottom step of the stairs which led to the headquarters on the second floor of the old market building.

Queen was afraid, and in that fear she felt pressed to tell the chief the truth.

"Sam here done gone and done sompin' wid mah new shoes."

"Well, come on upstairs and tell me the story and shut up that damned crying."

In the small room upstairs, Queen, trembling, told "Mis' Jim" the story of the disappearance of the shoes and of finding the money under Sam's pillow.

"Just go on back home and I'll handle this boy," said the chief, when Queen had finished with her story.

At these words she looked at her brother, who was now the personification of fearful expectations.

"Ah jest wants mah shoes back, Mis' Jim."

"Go on home and I'll take care of Sam."

Queen went, with not a few misgivings, for she partly realized the danger in which she had placed her brother.

A few minutes later, Sam heard the cell door swing shut, and leaning against the bars he heard the heavy footsteps of the chief as he walked out of the jail.

The next morning as "Mis' Jim" sat at his desk in the small, dingy room of the police station, he contemplated the disposal of Sam. The Negro boy had given him some trouble in the past and the sooner he could get rid of him the better off he would be. He thought. A number of local merchants' signatures to a petition for entrance to the state reform school and he could probably be rid of the Negro—for a while at least. He could very easily persuade the store owners to sign the petition and the county deputy could take Sam with him to the reform school on the afternoon train. The reform school would teach the young Negro some sense by their unique methods. After all, Sam wasn't doing any good as he was, hanging around town and running around in the back lots with other Negro boys.

That afternoon Queen stood in front of the depot and watched Sam be led to the waiting train by the deputy. She could see that her brother had tears in his eyes, but she also knew that the affair was out of her hands, and it was beyond her power to help Sam. She had started something she couldn't finish. As the train pulled out, Queen turned away and walked slowly back to the house. The summer sun made the rails shine, and along the small dirt road wherever there was a tree, Negro children laughed and shouted as they played in its cool shade. Dogs and cats, friends alike in the hot summer afternoon, lay sleeping on the porches and doorsteps.

DRINK—

Coca-Cola

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IN BOTTLES

TERRIERS, GO TO THE

COLLEGE INN

FOR GOOD THINGS TO EAT

SANDWICHES OF ALL KINDS

Ice Cream — Candy

Short Orders — Hot Dogs

Magazines — Curb Service

284 N. Church Street Telephone 3082

The Citizens & Southern National Bank of South Carolina

No Account too Large

. . . None too Small

Charleston — Columbia — Spartanburg

MEMBER F. D. I. C.

EAT

Delicious

BLUE BIRD ICE CREAM

"None Finer"

...A Bit o' Fun...

Professor: "Mr. Hull, you will kindly outline briefly the fundamental law against bigamy."

Hull: "Yes'r, you will find it in the Bible. It says 'no man can serve two masters.'"

"You mean to say the burglar stole the marble clock from the mantle with the dog in the room?"

"Yes, but you see Fido is only a watch dog."

RATIONING?

"Why don't you go to the dance tonight, Edgar? Haven't you any flame?"

"Yes, Dad," said the boy, "a flame but no fuel."

I roused me from my slumbers,
I hied me from my bed;
If I had known what breakfast was,
I would have slept instead.

"I've been misbehaving and my conscience is bothering me, Doctor."

"I see, and since I'm a psychiatrist you want something to strengthen your willpower?"

"No, something to weaken my conscience."

? ? ? ?

Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman who pulled up at a country farm house about dusk. The farmer's daughter came out to see what he wanted.

"Any brushes today?" asked the man.

"No, thanks," said she. "But won't you spend the night? Father isn't home."

"Thank you, no. I've got a lot more work to do," he said, and drove off.

"What's the matter here?" asked the policeman of the battered man lying on the sidewalk outside an apartment house.

"Oh, just absent-mindedness," was the reply.

"What are you talking about?" retorted the officer.

"Well, you see I live on the fourth floor of this building. My wife and I are both very absent-minded. I just came home from a long business trip and my wife and I were at dinner when a step sounded in the hall and someone tried the door. Well, my wife is so absent-minded that she said, 'Goodness, here comes my husband!' and I'm so absent-minded that I jumped out of the window."

A DIPLOMAT

At a reception in Washington a young man was asked by a widow to guess her age. "You must have some idea," she said, as he hesitated.

"I have several ideas," he admitted. "The trouble is that I hesitate whether to make it ten years younger on account of your looks, or ten years older on account of your intelligence."

Profane Willie: "Mama, when I die I don't want to go to heaven."

His mother: "Why, Willie?"

Willie: "Because there won't be a damned soul there."

Weep, and you're called a baby,
Laugh, and you're called a fool;
Yield, and you're called a coward,
Stand, and you're called a mule;
Smile, and they'll call you shy,
Frown, and they'll call you gruff;
Put on a front like a millionaire,
And somebody'll call your bluff.

Henry: "I suppose you were pretty mad when you stumbled over that skunk."

Harry: "Mad! I was highly incensed."

"What part of speech is 'kiss'?" asked the teacher of a girl in her class.

"I should say it was a noun—both common and proper."

The most curious thing in the world is a woman who is not curious.

If Eve had been as afraid of snakes
As women are of mice;
We wouldn't have had to pull up stakes,
And move from Paradise.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait until tomorrow; if a noble thing, do it now.

Said a police officer, peering into a car parked on a dark sideroad, "I ought to pinch you, soldier."

Came a feminine voice from the car, "Quit giving him any more ideas."

Professor: "You are better fed than taught."

Stout student: "I reckon you are right. You teach me, but I feed myself."

Bachelor's version of it: "Whatsoever a man seweth, that shall he also rip."

OUR PRICELESS HERITAGE

(From Page 6)

who overcame all his obstacles through the powers of truth and wisdom, and through government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

The fourth personality is Robert E. Lee, a Virginian. Lee was appointed a colonel in the United States Army in 1861, but believing that the cause of the Southern States was the only way to freedom and peace for the colonies, he resigned his post to become commander of the Southern forces. Here he displayed the skill that overshadowed any former military prowess. In the significant American way he fought for what he believed to be right, and as General Grant remarked, "Lee was greater in defeat than in victory," thus displaying the true qualities of a typical American.

The *New York Sun* of September 4, 1939, described a man who had heard an airplane overhead and if he looked up at all, did so in curiosity, and not in fear. His wife went marketing and her purchases were by her means, and budget, and not by a daily ration list. He came home at evening through streets which were well-lighted, not dimly in blue. He read the newspaper and knew that what it said was not concocted by a bureau, but was an honest untrammeled effort to present the truth. He conversed with friends, even chance acquaintances, expressing his opinion on any subject without fear. He did not expect his mail to be opened between posting and receipt nor his telephone to be tapped. He carried an identification card just in case he should be the victim of a traffic accident. He had his troubles, his misfortunes, his difficulties, but they were not overshadowed by the imminence of battle and sudden death. He was an American citizen of three years ago, and those privileges were his "Priceless Heritage."

The dastardly attacks of the enemy upon the shores of American possessions have placed us in a position by which we find that these inalienable rights are gradually being destroyed. If America is to survive as the great nation which it has been in the past, these privileges must be re-established in the code of American living.

Through the sacrifice of American lives, through the sweat of workers in our factories, through the blood shed by the young men of our armed forces, through the beneficent aid of the organized mechanism of our citizenry, and especially through a spiritual rebirth in the heart of every American—can we preserve these privileges.

It is our honorable duty — as the youth of our nation — to assure our fellow citizens that such privileges shall be preserved. But, our heritage is more! It is also the promotion of the future of our nation! A future now tied up in freedom, in green fields, blue skies, tall cities, blazing lights, rivers and mountains and trees and flowers and the cool earth! Future tied up in beauty, but placed in the darkness and despair of war!

Awaken, America! Awaken to the preservation of your rights and privileges and to the promotion of the future of the greatest nation on earth! Awaken to our Priceless Heritage!

If you have no reason yourself, appeal to the reason that lies in other men, and it will rise in majesty to make you feel as though you had some.

A pessimist is one who, when he has a choice between two evils, takes both.

Wofford's First Launderers

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY INC.

PHONES 32 and 543

Try A Few Of . . .

FEW'S BARBECUES

418 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 639

GREENEWALD'S, Inc.

SPARTANBURG'S BEST CLOTHING STORE

COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

Visit

THE AUG. W. SMITH CO.

Men's Shop

The Spartanburg Herald
The Spartanburg Journal
The Sunday Spartanburg
HERALD-JOURNAL

Reddy Remarks

Don't cuss when you stumble over chairs in dark corners. Put me on duty —I'll give you light.

Duke Power Co.

© 1935 TM REG US PAT OFF.

LET US DO YOUR WORRYING
Safe Insurance
Sound Investments

A. M. LAW & COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1892

WOFFORD BUILDS
CHARACTER
IN ITS YOUNG MEN!

BECKER'S BREAD

HELPS BUILD STRONG
BODIES IN GROWN-UPS
AND "GROWING-UPS"

Terriers Always Welcome at

CRUTCHFIELD'S
Sporting Goods
Near Converse College
Spartanburg, S. C.
E. Main at Pine St. Phone 226
Spartanburg's Exclusive Sporting Goods Store

Flowers For All Occasions

FRED'S FLOWER SHOP
WE WIRE FLOWERS
Montgomery Bldg. Phone 1452; Night, 950

204 East Main St. Phones 62 and 63

MAXWELL BROTHERS & QUINN
FURNITURE
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

WOFFORD COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

1854 - 1942

1. Fully accredited college of the Liberal Arts and Sciences.
   Library of 38,000 volumes.
   Adequate laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology and Electricity.
2. Senior R. O. T. C. Unit, declared "Excellent" by War Department since 1931.
3. Selected by the Government for enlistments in —
   - Army Enlisted Reserve
   - Marine Corps Reserve
   - Naval Air Corps Reserve
   - Army Air Corps Reserve
   - Naval Reserve
   - Coast Guard Reserve
4. Government-sponsored physical training program.
   All forms of intra-mural and inter-collegiate athletics.
   Adequate facilities for indoor and outdoor sports.

Write for Catalogue and full information to

WALTER K. GREENE, President

?

Are You Paying Too Much For The Right Kind Of Printing

?

WHEN you buy on price you can never be sure. It is unwise to pay too much, but it is worse to pay too little. When you pay too much you lose a little money, that's all. But when you pay too little, you sometimes lose everything, because the article you buy is incapable of doing the thing it is bought to accomplish. If you deal with the lowest bidder, it is often well to base your actual cost upon the price you pay plus an additional amount as insurance on the risk you run. And if you do that, you will have enough to pay for true value.

BAND & WHITE

144 South Spring St. Phones 362 and 363

Spartanburg, South Carolina

Copyright 1943, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

REC'D JUN 11 1951

JOURNAL

MARCH 1943

Copyright 1943, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume 53 March, 1943 Number 4

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... George W. Whitaker

Associate Editor ..... Jack Felts

Contributing Editors

Claude Gatlin
Bryan Crenshaw
Bob Lawton
Dan C. Carmichael
Frank Pegues

* * *

Business Staff

Business Manager ..... W. J. Shealy

Assistant Business Manager ..... Kenneth G. Nix

Circulation Manager ..... Ralph Wilson

Assistant Circulation Manager ..... E. G. Hewitt, Jr.

Faculty Adviser ..... Kenneth D. Coates

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Spartanburg, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Journal, Wofford College Literary Magazine, Published by the Student Body Five Times During the School Year: November, December, February, March, and May. Subscription Rate, $1.25 per Year.

CONTENTS

THE JOURNAL

Cover by W. H. Gladden, Jr., Class of '39

Fiction

		Page
Strokes of Destiny	Newton "Cap" Wells	3
Dead at Dawn	Claude Gatlin	6
Tempter's Snare	Frank Pegues	7

Non-Fiction

The Journal — A Review	Anonymous	4
Joseph Conrad	Jack Felts	5

Special Features

Among the Books	8
With the Editor	10

The Deadline for the May Issue Is April 22.

STROKES OF DESTINY

By NEWTON "CAP" WELLS

IT WAS after dark of a rainy September evening. Mr. Bacchus was standing at the window of a richly furnished drawing room, looking out into the rain and mist. The lights of the village below flickered and winked mockingly back at him, through the darkness, like the snooping, prying eyes of the world, causing his shoulders to droop despondently and his face to look haggard in the white light.

He turned and looked at the statue-like butler who stood just behind him.

"You have my orders, Cantey?"

"I have, Sir."

The old man smiled, a sickly smile, and scrutinized his timepiece closely, "Nine-thirty," he drawled. "If all goes well we will have completed our task by midnight. The ceremony is tomorrow noon."

When he was alone, he crossed over to the mantel and stood gazing at a picture which hung there from the wall. It was a woman's face he looked into, young and beautiful, and the hard eyes of the old man softened tenderly as he stood there.

He seated himself and became absorbed in a certain book that he had placed there for that purpose. Something about the boook seemed to amuse him, for at intervals he laughed.

In a few minutes he heard footsteps approaching. Immediately the door of the room opened and a tall, athletic built man, with brown hair and shifty greenish eyes, stood before him.

Old Bacchus put his book aside and waved the new arrival into a chair without bothering to arise himself.

"Sit down, Wallace," he nodded. "I've been expecting you."

Wallace asked apprehensively, "Then the letter was no fake?"

"Certainly not. I meant every word of it."

A gleam of suspicion appeared in Wallace's eyes. "You're a queer man, Mr. Bacchus," he declared dubiously, slowly shaking his head. "A year ago you refused to even consider my marriage to Elise, even though you knew we loved each other. Now, in my senior year at school, you order me back here for just such a purpose. Tell me, Mr. Bacchus, why is this?"

Bitter memories seized possession of the old man.

"Jed Morgan," he grated hoarsely. "I could never see his son marry my daughter."

"You hate my father." A simple statement. "Why?"

The old man pointed to the picture on the wall.

"My wife," he muttered in a sepulchural tone of voice. "Dead and in her grave these eighteen years. Killed by the hand of Jed Morgan when he lost control of his car in a drunken moment."

"Oh, I'm sorry—terribly sorry." Wallace spoke wistfully, letting his eyes fall, for the first time, upon the book Mr. Bacchus had been reading. It was titled "Revengeful Satires."

Mr. Bacchus sighed and said, "But I have changed. Tomorrow's ceremony finds Jed Morgan and I renewed friends."

The youngster broke into a beaming smile and leaped suddenly to his feet. "Does Elise know?" he asked eagerly.

A monotonous "No."

On a sudden decision he said, "Mr. Bacchus, I wish to see her."

The old man arose stiffly and said, "Come with me then," and he led the way into another room where pale tapers burned eerily over a huge steel box. Wallace found himself looking down into the still faces of a woman and wee babe. He turned a white, torture-wracked face to the old man, crying in a panicky voice, "It isn't true!"

And then, his voice carefully controlled, Mr Bacchus said, "Elise died, trying to get rid of your child. She told me before she died. I planned the evening carefully, Wallace, to make you suffer."

"But wait—listen," gasped Wallace in desperation. "I didn't know."

Outside a car started, drawing him quickly to the window.

Old Bacchus laughed—an eery macabre laugh that pierced the young man's soul.

"Your car, Wallace," he cackled ominously. "Cantey is a faithful servant. In the morning that car will be discovered in Sweet Water river, a complete wreck. Sweet Water river is deep and swift and your body will never be found; only your hat, Wallace, floating on the surface of the water."

Anger flushed Wallace's face. "This is too much," he declared heatedly, facing his host defiantly. "First, you trick me here with your lies. Now you have your servant drive my car in the river, faking a wreck. If this is your conception of a joke it is certainly a stupid one."

Then quietly, "It is raining. You will stay here tonight?"

"I will complete my journey to the village on foot," came the reply. "You have delayed me enough already.

(Turn to Page 15)

THE JOURNAL . . . A REVIEW

[*Editor's Note.*—At the request of the editor, the following review of the first three issues of THE JOURNAL has been written. It was the desire of the author to remain anonymous since he is connected with Wofford in an important capacity.]

THE simplest creative work is so superior to the most profound criticism thereof that one finds it quite difficult not to bestow the most fulsome praise upon the first three numbers of the current volume of the Wofford JOURNAL. The covers are pleasing in style, colour, and composition, thus avoiding that staid and stodgy sameness and formality many publications of similar purpose affect. The format is pleasing, the type easily read, the reading columns accommodate themselves to quick reading, and even the advertising columns with their varieties of display do not distract the reader, but rather adorn the back pages. Some effort has been made to diversify the titles for each article even though editorial consideration ranks each byline with identical type. So much uniformity remains, however, that the reader has a feeling of regimentation too strong even for these times. Identical dress is broken once, refreshingly enough, by the funny little cartoons in the reporter's interview in the December issue, a pleasing innovation not continued in the next number. On the other hand, the intellectual sensitivity of some readers may be rasped by such obviously unnecessary explanations as "Jokes" after the title "A Bit O' Fun" in the index or the defensive apology at the head of the excellent lead article in the February number.

The book reviews are stimulating and most of them are well written. Noticeably, the modest, unobtrusive form or review headings used in the first number were discontinued in the later issues in favor of the over-emphatic, blacker-faced type reminiscent of a publisher's catalogue. Certain books reviewed in this section are of more than passing interest to the local reader: *Red Hills and Cotton* and *I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century*, for example. A subtitle in small black type, justifying the review selected, might add interest to these pages.

One of the reviews, otherwise quite acceptable, ends on a sour note which alienates the reader's sympathy, while one of the editorials sounds the same tone in "talking down" to the faculty. One of the basic rules for public speaking is never to "talk down to one's audience" and good manners alone almost require the same reciprocal tolerance and understanding that a younger man demands from an older. This is a young man's world: it is not necessary to be too impatient for one's rights. While it is true that Alexander the Great conquered the world while still almost a boy, he did it only because the most efficient military machine known until then carried him to success. His real fame should rest not on his conquests, but on the fact that he had enough sound judgment not to change (and thereby wreck) the inheritance Philip of Macedon had prepared for his success: that magnificent army. It took considerable technical skill to stay on Bucephalus, at that! One wonders whether that fine sense of mutual obligation between the older men who have and the younger men who want has not been just a little bruised and battered by our "new way" of life. At any rate one questions whether the columns of a literary magazine provide the proper vehicle for obtaining that nostalgic gratification of closer companionship so much desired. Vinegar never catches flies.

That the editor is having his troubles is evident throughout. The same faithful contributors appear each time, and, except for one number, they are almost alone. Not to advocate mass participation, a little new blood in each issue might be more effective bait for future talent than the concentrated transfusion of new work into a single number. The popularization of shorter fictional forms might attract more contributions; something like "A Sketch by 'Mel' of the Class of '99." This piece, although reminiscent of the days of "Father, dear Father," is very clever, and contains besides, both a semicolon (;) and a colon (:), a very refreshing discovery indeed!

The fiction is all interesting, lively, expressive and well written, but if anything at all is to be desired, it might be more action and less description. The stories contain plots of human interest, able characterizations, and several social and ethical lessons which seem to have been well thought out and planned. The Negro dialect stories and characterizations are well done. Such sympathetic understanding and masterly handling of South Carolina's own individual social and political problem, the "nigger," is shown by one writer that it is disappointing to find him in a later issue floundering about in the troubled waters of international politics and government. A writer with a message can oftimes deliver it much more effectively in a light, easy, sugar-coated fictional form, especially if he be familiar with some specific problem, than in that laboured, heavy-handed sermonizing which sometimes passes for an essay.

(Turn to Page 12)

JOSEPH CONRAD . . .

His Attitude Toward and His Dependence on the Sea

By JACK FELTS

IN THE first pages of *The Heart of Darkness,* one of his finest stories, Joseph Conrad wrote that the "sea is always the same." The underlying significance of this statement is of the greatest importance in analyzing the varied writings of the Polish seaman.

In the aforementioned story as well as in such notable works as *The End of the Tether, An Outpost of Progress,* and *Youth,* Conrad allows himself to reveal some of his innermost beliefs. The fixed pattern of the sea gave to him a security which the changing world could never give. Essentially a romanticist, he found difficulty in adapting himself to the monotonous life of the shore. Throughout his writings is found an ever-present contrasting of the immutability of the sea and the chaos on land.

Occasionally he wrote, when contrasting land and sea, in a scathing and satirical vein. While character study or a study of the influence of geographical factors on the actions of men was usually his central theme, still he made some pronouncements which are also well worth discussing. *The Heart of Darkness* is a study of the degradation of a potentially great leader under the force of environment into a lustful, greedy and heathen creature, but there is also present a sharp, bitter denunciation of slavery as practiced in the tropics. In this story, as well as in *An Outpost of Progress,* he denounced the increasing imperialism of his adopted land, always bewailing the continuous breaking down of primitive social orders and lamenting the destruction of the peace of the wilderness.

Apparently influenced by some of our contemporary realists, he also tried his hand at stories about people and their reactions and feelings, but never did he achieve in them the perfection that marks his great sea tales. Always he seemed unable to cope with the changing complexities of modern day living, always he seemed to desire to return to the one thing which never changes, the sea. *The Return,* one of his poorer stories, strove to paint the picture of marital distress and domestic upheaval, but Conrad's pen did not in this effort possess the magic flow of brilliant phrase which characterizes *Youth, The Heart of Darkness,* and others. The ship's captain finds the landlubber's life dull, and Conrad, the sea captain, could not make the life of the landsman anything but drab. His forte was the sea and all his attempts to broaden his field served only to make that truth more obvious.

Conrad tried in several other stories to grasp the significance of shore life, but always he seemed to lack that spark which would have made him a master of the land as well as of the oceans. *The Idiots,* another story directed with the intention of portraying inland life, does not appear to achieve the purpose of its author. While it might be termed as a shore tale, its characters living near the water's edge, the story itself is concerned with an unfortunate family with four idiotic children, and the theme makes the immutability of the sea preferable to the chaos of the shore and the idiocy which prevails in many places ashore.

Only in his historic tales does Conrad display the skill which makes his sea tales the greatest in their field. As previously mentioned, he was a romanticist, and the drama of history strangely fascinated him. While writing historical tales he was unfolding a pageant of characters and words, but in writing other stories of the land, the words appeared to come without the force of character or imagination which distinguishes Conrad. In glowing phrases Conrad described the immenseness and romance of the sea, expressed his faith in it as a balm for the troubled mind and his dependence on it as his best literary source; his historical tales allowed him to write with imagination, for as the experiences of the sea were unfolded by him into a great pageant of unforgettable characters, so he interpreted history, and these historical tales gave promise of more great writing. At his death, he was engaged in writing an hisorical novel about Napoleon and the loose strings of this writing he combined in the novel, *The Rover.* The original work was left unfinished and later published as *Suspense: A Napoleonic Novel.*

It becomes apparent from the reading of his stories that, with the exception of minor historical works, his reputation rests solely on his treatment of the sea and seamen. Only when writing of the sea and of the people living by the water's edge did he have complete control of his style. Then his stories became as though alive, his masterful brush painted vivid pictures and panoramas, and his soul seemed to have found its earthly element.

(Turn to Page 11)

Dead at Dawn

By CLAUDE GATLIN

THE lengthy, spacious corridor seemed infinitely small as I marched to what could only be my doom at the hands of the German Gestapo. Our steps echoed and re-echoed from the sound of military cadence rebounding in the interior of the endless series of hallways as we gradually approached the end of the Nazi grandeau which stood prefatory to a Nazi god who had the power of life or death over his subjects, the conquered millions of a once great metropolis. The four guards halted abruptly as the door to the inside loomed large before us. My heart beat faster, but my mind remained cool and my manacled hands steady when the guard nearest the portal barked, "Herein."

He shoved me through the door and over a marble floor until I found myself before the Nazi swine who, even then, were playfully juggling my physical life in their hands.

Three minutes later it was over. I had been graciously spared the formality of stating my case and heard merely the charge muttered quickly in Deutsch. Then came the fateful sentence of the Gestapo chief, a monocled wire-haired, whip-like German, so typical of the Nazi leaders. Mechanically the three words unfolded from between his lips, "Tod um Dammerung." Death at dawn! Even though they had passed unceasingly through my mind during the past week, they now struck with a new momentum. My brain was paralyzed to its depths. Motivated by strong arms, my powerless body moved over the mirror of polished marble through the vast doorway on the return journey through the continuity of the monotonous walls which seemed to close slowly and quietly on all sides, penning me in an inescapable cell. Closer and closer, smaller and smaller, nearer and nearer. Then suddenly I saw another doomed creature approaching, walking so hopefully, so full of plans and statements which he knew would be of value in obtaining his release. Release! A word which does not exist in the German vocabulary. As he brushed by me in the seemingly spaceless hallway, my heart beat in new rhythm as I recognized a fellow countryman. It must be. No other could have those features and be a native of the eastern world. As I listened to his worn shoes padding so bravely on the dark stones, I held my head high. In my mind I was able to push back the walls and their stuffy atmosphere. I walked proudly; proud because of the renewed hope and belief which had been restored in my mind by the sight of another who was suffering too in an effort to carry on the work against the "super race"; one who had come from the western world; one who was part of all which I was part of; one who was part of me, and of whom I was part; one who in dying, like myself, would die only in a physical sense, but would go on living in the hearts of millions of others who also believed what we believed. No, we did not die. Not even the Nazis had the power to destroy us in entirety. We still live and we shall live, ever.

The hours passed quickly, mechanically. Then, there were eight hours between me and the shining muzzles of the German rifles. Now, there were only four. I had counted them as they passed, each one a step out of a "hell on earth." The first passed quickly, the second monotonously, the third and fourth in successive dreariness. My mind wandered back, back, back to the days before—the days before what? But the constant ticking of my watch interrupted my thoughts, my channel of reasoning never ran in a sensible direction. My thoughts seemed to find unsurmountable stumbling blocks and gradually my mind ceased to function and my body lay in a death-like stupor because of its inability to overcome the lack of mental coordination.

Now I sat as a doomed man, satisfied in his attainment and ready to meet death—death which would not end all existence, but would only cause thousands of others to spring to fill his place. I awakened from a deep stupor, a stupor in which my mind traveled far —saw much and realized much. Now there were only two hours; two hours—only one hundred and twenty minutes. The tick-tick-tick of my watch slowly and ominously eliminated, one-by-one, the remaining seconds of my earthly life. But my mind wandered back to the scenes which had been depicted in my stuporous dream. I saw others die deaths which were horrible and painful, but deaths of glory and courage. I saw the bullets tear through their pain-filled bodies, draining their life-giving blood and leaving pale corpses to represent the glory of death in victory. I saw them falling with swords, showing only at the hilt, piercing their blood-stained bodies. I saw them gasping for air, running from the enveloping gases, clutching at their throats as their breath was cut off by the poisonous fumes which stared them in the face in the form of death itself. But they died courageously with a smile of satisfaction upon their faces. They were each building-blocks with which their country was formed, will-

(Turn to Page 16)

TEMPTER'S SNARE

A Simple Yet True Story of the South

By FRANK PEGUES

AS PRES ROGERS walked along the street of the small Southern town he pondered seriously the forthcoming proposition that faced him. The comfortable dwelling on his farm across the river had burned in the preceding autumn and he had been forced to sell the land and move to town with his wife and little child. Here, for the past few months, he had been living on the small amount of money derived from the sale of his farm.

He climbed the long flight of stairs that led to the offices on the second floor of the Farmers' Bank building and paused before a door on which were printed the words, WILL MALLORY — INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS. Pres mused. Mallory was not only noted for his insurance, but he also owned a number of farms which he let out annually to farmers whose means were such that they could not afford a farm of their own. Likewise he was noted for occasional high-handed and shady dealings with his tenants.

Pres tapped on the door. A voice, seasoned with the brusqueness of cold business, answered.

"Come in. Come in."

With hat in hand, Pres opened the door and stepped into the office. A number of desks littered with disarranged papers filled the floor space, while the walls were blanketed with insurance company calendars and adorned with framed salesmanship certificates.

"Good morning, Mr. Mallory."

"How are you, Pres? Have a seat."

"I've come to talk over that offer you made me the other day, Mr. Mallory."

"Oh yes. About that farm out in the country. Well, I have the papers all fixed up and ready to sign. We've talked over the terms before. I'll supply the seed, soda and fertilizer and you furnish the labor. We'll split even on the crops. Here are the papers. You can sign right down here at the bottom without reading all the long drawn out terms or you can read it before you sign. There's nothing more on the papers that what I've already told you."

Pres took the papers and glanced through them. As a result of poor schooling and education attended by negligence, Pres was not able to discern the meaning of many of the words nor did he understand the legal terms involved. He took the proffered pen from Mallory and painstakingly inscribed his name at the bottom.

"All right, Pres. That's fine and I can tell you you've made no bad bargain. You'll come out on top. Oh, yeah, I forgot to tell you. I guess you'd better go ahead and get things ready and start planting next month."

Pres made his exit with a lighter heart than when he had entered the office. Mallory wasn't bad after all. In fact, the terms were rather lenient. He began to think Mallory's character had been misjudged.

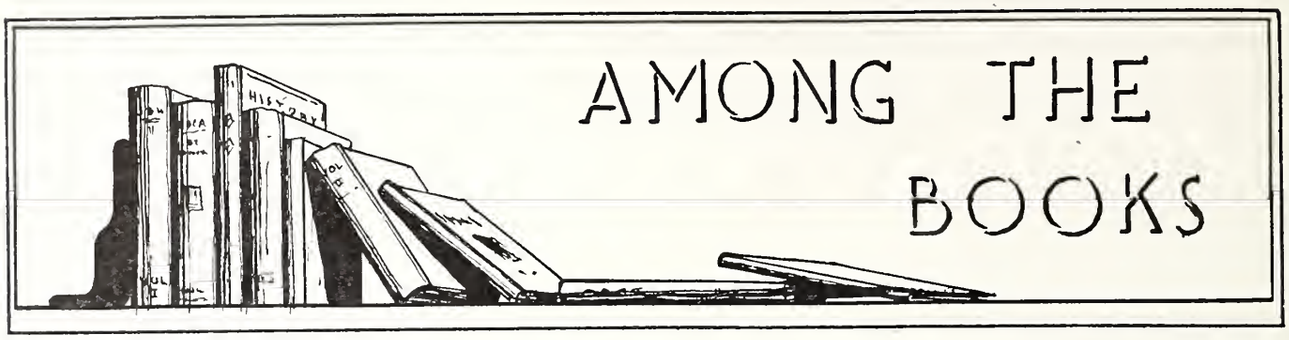
When Pres informed Anna of his newly made deal, she was apprehensive of the possible outcome. Anna was bred of the stubborn Scotch-Irish who, long ago, had settled the up-country of the state. She had been taught to suspect everything. However, Pres went ahead with preparations to move and a few days later took up his abode in the small, unaccommodating dwelling that served for a house on Mallory's farm.

In the early days of March, Pres worked tirelessly, taking a personal interest in repairing the shabby house, and getting the ground ready for planting. True to his word, Mallory sent adequate seed and fertilizer out to the little farm and Pres began to plant. With eagerness and childish anticipation, he watched the tender green sprouts rise slowly from the soil. The warm nourishing showers of April and the spring sunshine provided rapid growth for the small plants, and through the spring days when life was returning to the forests and flowers were bursting into bloom, hope, fresh and new from the disappointments and hardships of the past winter, sprang up in Pres' heart and grew as the cotton and corn grew. At the end of the day when work was done and supper was over, Pres loved to walk with Anna and his little son along the road that found its way through the fields. He loved for Anna to praise his work and note all the recent improvements so disinterestedly promoted by him. He liked to feel the cool evening breeze in his face and to see the young corn bending lazily. The croaking of the frogs in the distant swamp gave him a certain satisfaction, and all in all, contentment and peace filled Pres' being, and Anna shared with him in his enthusiasm.

With the advent of summer heat, the presence of boll weevils and other plant insects became noticeable and Pres labored unceasingly to combat the pests in every possible way. The detrimental effect of the weevils on the cotton could not be checked entirely, however, and much was lost. With the arrival of hot, dry weather, more fertilizer was needed and Mallory granted it begrudgingly.

Staunch in his determination to win, Pres stuck

(Turn to Page 14)



Caroline Mytinger. HEADHUNTING IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS: The MacMillan Company, 1942.

This book will probably be read for an entirely different reason than that for which it was written. Miss Mytinger is an anthropological painter who fitted out an expedition to go to the Coral Sea to paint the fast changing Melanesians, indigenous to that part of the world. She wrote this book to tell us of her experiences, humorous and otherwise—that and nothing more.

It is a best-seller because it paints a true picture of just what the Solomon Islands, Coral Sea, and New Britain are like, and each American wants to know as much as possible about the climate, terrain, inhabitants and customs of that area of the globe where our soldiers are fighting. In a delightful and humorous style that is easy to read, the author has given us this very picture. If one wants to know the Solomons, he has only to read *Headhunting in the Solomon Islands*.

It was a strange expedition, if it can be called an expedition, that left the Golden Gate one foggy March day. The equipment was somewhat unorthodox, consisting of "our holy purpose, four hundred dollars and some change, good health and time . . . and a battered old cigarette tin which had magical properties for producing gold." The "battered old cigarette tin" contained their painting materials. With only this the author and Margaret Warner, "the bedeviled handyman," traveled through the wilds of the Solomons for two years painting heads.

How did they make four hundred dollars last two years? They didn't; they worked their way around by painting portraits of the white planters and they did quite a good business. Of course, this was only incidental to their main business, namely, painting pictures of that semi-wild native race, the Melanesians, who were being rapidly changed from an anthropological curiosity to just another type of human being. Miss Mytinger was out to study and paint the savages and Miss Warner to keep them in a good humor while they posed. The paintings of the Melanesians have, it seems, real anthropological value in that they portray a vanishing people.

One of their first real native models was a woman named Dogam. Now this woman, who married one of her own kind to regain her respectability in the village, was a cast-off of a white planter. She was the village non-conformist and therefore did not get along very well with her fellow Melanesians, so she became attached to "our expedition" and served as a model. The first thing she did in a highly picturesque pidgin English which she picked up from her association with her white "mastah," was to ask for "tabur." Her stock phrase, or rather word, was "Mississavypilerty toomuch," which she said on every occasion.

The one thing that most impressed the author was the perfect adaptation of the semi-savage Melanesian natives to their natural environment. Theirs is an environment that forces white men to leave for months at a time to recuperate from the ill effects of climate and customs. Miss Mytinger believes that these uncivilized natives have developed a complex culture which, in complete adaptiveness, is ahead of our own.

The results of this expedition was, first of all, a series of pictures of real scientific importance, and second, an instructive and amusing story of their travels and work—certainly a worthwhile trip.

As Abraham Lincoln once said, "For those who like this kind of a book, this is the kind of a book they will like." So it is.

—By Bob Lawton.

Ignazio Silone. THE SEED BENEATH THE SNOW: New York. Harper & Brothers, 1942.

In our time there has been no writer of any note to emerge from the Italian nation, nor has Italy produced an outstanding figure in any field of artistic endeavor. An exception to this general rule is Ignazio Silone. He is a member of that not uncommon group of talented and capable men and women which is usually driven into exile by a totalitarian state because it refuses to adhere to the prescribed beliefs.

Silone was born of a family of the old aristocracy and became opposed to the rise of the Fascisti. Because he worked openly against the Fascist regime, he was finally forced to leave Italy. He fled to Switzer-

land where he began writing books and other literature subversive to the dictatorship of Mussolini. As a result of his opposition to the present Italian government, Silone is probably more sought after by the Fascisti than any other living Italian.

The Seed Beneath the Snow is not compactly written. One main objection to this book is that Silone puts into the mouth of an uneducated Italian peasant the vocabulary which a university professor might be apt to possess. These faults may be attributed to ambiguities or other errors contracted in translating the Italian into English.

Donna Maria Vincenza is an aristocratic old lady, very much up in age, who is in open rebellion with the Fascist government. Her grandson, Pietro Spina, is also defiant of the existing order. Because of his socialistic ideas, he is forced to leave the country but returns secretly and lives in hiding at his grandmother's home. Pietro is a radical personage who considers it a privilege and pleasure to be obliged to live in a stable with donkeys and manure while the carabanieri search for him. The intense genuine hatred of the Italian for the Germans is vividly and almost humorously portrayed in this novel. The ignorance and vanity of the carabanieri, the Italian police, is comically projected by the passages which deal with the clash of the peasants and aristocrats with the police in the typical Italian village. As summed up in this book, the Fascist teaching in Italy is called the "new eloquence."

To return to the plot, Pietro Spina moves from the safety of his grandmother's home and flees from one village to another, constantly pursued by the police, until he finally settles in a remote mountain district community, where he assumes the name of his deceased father, who had been prominent in Italian military campaigns. Pietro plans to marry Faustina, a "sheep in wolf's clothing," who at the end discards the wolf's clothing.

The unexpected ending of the novel is unique to say the least. It leaves one surprised, disappointed and with a feeling that something is unfinished.

For an accurate depiction of life in modern Italy, which is so rarely found today, this book is well worth the time spent in reading it. It is entertaining and yet instructive. Silone relates the complexities of life under the Fascist order, where kinsmen are opposed to each other and where an aristocrat may well find a better and more sincere friend among the peasantry than among his own social rank. The author pictures the true feelings of the average Italian under the imposed political order as seed beneath the snow which, when the snow is melted, will spring from the ground and burst into bloom.

—By Frank Pegues.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

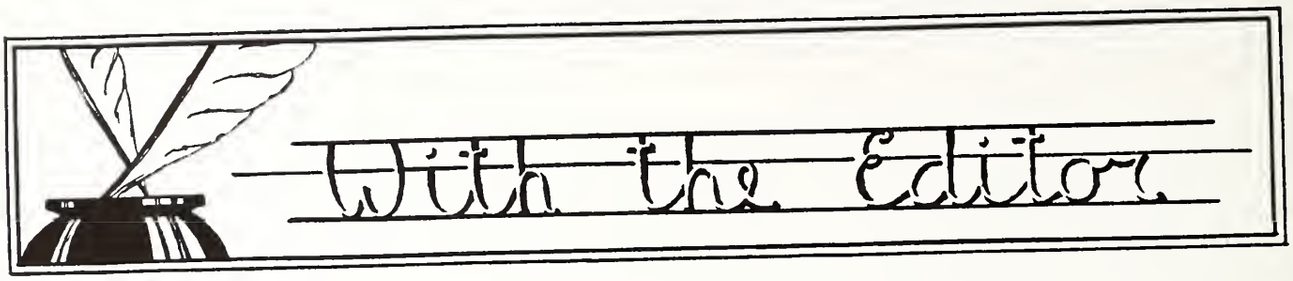
CAROLINA - PALMETTO
STATE & STRAND
THEATRES

Spartanburg's Finest Entertainment on Stage and Screen

Hammond-Brown-Jennings Co.
FURNITURE
167 NORTH CHURCH ST. PHONE 3700

THE ELITE
La PETITE ELITE
College Headquarters
THE BEST PLACES IN TOWN TO EAT

ALL ACCESSORIES FOR MEN
BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP
112 EAST MAIN STREET
THE ASSURANCE OF CORRECTNESS



DEDICATION

SHORTLY before this issue of The Journal went to press, two of its staff were called into active duty with the Air Force. First to go was James H. "Jimmy" Crawford, business manager. Jimmy, a senior, was very active at Wofford both in academic work and extra-curricular activities. In addition to being connected with The Journal, he was a member of Blue Key, I. R. C., treasurer of the student body, and a member of Who's Who.

The other man to leave was Claude Gatlin of the editorial staff. Claude was a regular contributor to The Journal and his articles, with their timely themes of patriotism, were read with interest by many of the students. He was a member of I. R. C. and the glee club, also.

While it would be hard to fully acknowledge what they meant to The Journal, the editor would like to express his appreciation for their work by dedicating this issue to Jimmy and Claude. To them, likewise, we wish the best of luck in their work for we know that they, like all other Americans, will do their duty with unflinching courage.

WELCOME, "RED!"

To W. J. Shealy, better known to Wofford students as "Red," has fallen the task of managing The Journal for the remainder of the year. "Red" has served on the business staff of this publication ever since he came to Wofford and was elected last year by the Publications Board to be alternate business manager for this year.

A job such as this carries with it many headaches but little glory. However, it would be impossible for The Journal to carry on without a man to handle the financial end of the magazine. We therefore welcome "Red" to the active staff and wish for him the best of luck.

VICTORY FIRST

Humanity has always longed for peace. The memory of the past makes that desire stronger today than ever before. Yet, the world is cloaked in the robes of Mars and death glares at mankind from every corner of the globe. The ravages of war are being brought home to the hearts and minds of every human being: to the Greeks by starvation, to the Poles by Jewish liquidation, to the French by means of slavery and loss of face before the rest of the world, to Germany by sacrifice and loss of loved ones, to English by constant bombings, and to Americans . . . do Americans know what war is? At times one would think not.

The closest the war has come to America is in the rationing of certain foods, or in having to work eight hours longer a week, or in having a test blackout once a month. Do we as Americans know anything about starvation, or slavery, or bombings, or death? Of course Farmer Jenkins' son was killed in the Solomons, and "Doc" lost his nephew in North Africa, but that was all. Just something to help fill newspaper space.

Yet, the talk of peace is becoming more rife every day. Certain of the nation's leaders have offered peace plans; plans which if carried out would make the world a Utopian universe. But are not these plans a little premature? Should not Americans become more war-minded before thinking in terms of peace and the return to former standards of living? Hitler and Hirohito are a long way from being defeated and if we are lulled by thinking of peace and its golden dreams so much the better for the Axis. We must think of War! War! War! This word must be impressed upon the minds of us all until we are made to feel as though we were on the front lines. We must know what sacrifice is and we must realize the terrors that would ours in living under the "New Order." We

must fight and ultimately be the victor. Until the bugle sounds the call "cease firing," Americans all must forget peace and dedicate their thoughts to War.

The government will take care of the peace plans through commissions which have already been set up for that purpose and the interests of this country are being looked out for. The government knows the mistake it made during the last war by not having ready a workable peace plan and it is going to see that the same mistake is not made twice. Therefore, it is the duty of every American to give his all to the war effort so that when victory is ours, the government will be able to present to the world a peace plan that shall last for years and years to come.

JOSEPH CONRAD

(From Page 5)

Conrad's writings echo his dependence on the sea and often express his opinions about the chaotic existence of landsmen. How then did he become so totally dependent on the sea for his inspiration? Why did he lose his magic touch when dealing with towns and the country?

To partially explain this sentiment, Conrad's ancestry and birth must be taken into consideration; never has the world seen such a literary paradox. He was a native-born Pole of good family, a French seaman, and finally a naturalized Englishman writing in his adopted tongue.

His childhood was one of upheaval and strife, for his parents were anti-Russians and participated in the Polish uprising—dying in exile when he was but a small child. A lonely youth, he found companionship in intense reading and this reading probably helped cause him to run off to Marseilles and the sea in 1874. The romantic spell was on him and he became involved in the Carlist movement to unseat the king of Spain. Luckily it failed and the young Polish sailor embarked seriously on his career as a mariner.

Like most seamen he found a haven in the sea, something certain and never-changing. This life seemed to impress upon him the fastness and strength of the sea and the pointlessness of shore life. He led the life of the average man before the mast until 1890, when he shipped on a Congo River steamer. After this voyage his health slowly declined, the tropical climate not being suited to his constitution. This illness forced him to take up work ashore and though he had several berths afterward, he never again was the seaman of his youth.

About this time he began to write and in 1894 *Almayer's Folly* appeared. As late as 1898 he attempted to return to the sea, but his poor health would not permit it and thereafter writing became his profession as well as his pastime. His writings were moderately well-accepted by critics, but the people did not buy his works as he had hoped.

Never careful with money, he suffered severe financial reverses and was forced to borrow almost unceasingly in order to survive. All his life he had trouble managing his funds and this ineptness preyed heavily on his minnd and affected his writing habits. He was not able to buy the things which he needed, and in addition his lack of adaptability to the life on land prevented him from finding surroundings conducive to creating.

His domestic life was one of constant moving from place to place, searching for an atmosphere suitable to his temperament. His lack of money did not allow him to purchase or rent a house which was satisfactory. John Gordon says in his *Joseph Conrad: The Making of a Novelist* that for many years Conrad did not have a private study in which to do his work. Naturally, such conditions were not beneficial to mental health.

In addition, after his first creative efforts he found trouble in composing. He was compelled to abandon two novels, *The Rescue,* which he later finished, and *The Sisters,* which was published after his death. Letters from Conrad to several close friends indicate that his mind was often troubled by his inability to keep writing. In a letter to Edward Garnett, written while working the later-abandoned *Rescue,* he said:

> "I am not dead tho' only half alive. Very soon I shall send you some MS. I am writing hopelessly—but still I am writing. How I feel I cannot express. Pages accumulate and the story stands still.
>
> "I feel suicidal."

In closing this letter he sounded a more ominous warning:

> "I am afraid there's something wrong with my thinking apparatus. I am utterly out of touch with my work—and I can't get in touch. All is darkness."

Little wonder that Conrad loved the immutability of the sea and depended on its hugeness and mystery for most of his literary plots.

But despite his turbulent thoughts and his lack of financial judgment, Joseph Conrad became probably the greatest teller of sea tales in any language. His other works, though well written, do not possess that positive genius which asserts itself in Conrad's great sagas of the sea.

WOFFORD BUILDS
CHARACTER
IN ITS YOUNG MEN!

BECKER'S BREAD

HELPS BUILD STRONG BODIES IN GROWN-UPS AND "GROWING-UPS"

Terriers Always Welcome at

CRUTCHFIELD'S
Sporting Goods
Near Converse College
Spartanburg, S. C.
E. Main at Pine St. Phone 226
Spartanburg's Exclusive Sporting Goods Store

Flowers For All Occasions

FRED'S FLOWER SHOP
WE WIRE FLOWERS
Montgomery Bldg. Phone 1452; Night, 950

204 East Main St. Phones 62 and 63

MAXWELL BROTHERS & QUINN
FURNITURE
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

THE JOURNAL . . . A REVIEW

(From Page 4)

On the whole, the non-fiction articles are much less appealing than the fiction. Some seem to have been too hastily conceived and too dogmatically executed. Especially is this true of articles pertaining to the "left" and "right." Since neither Stalin's statement nearly six years ago, in 1937, that "there is real freedom only when exploitation has been destroyed, where there is no unemployment or poverty, when a man does not tremble because tomorrow he may lose work, home or bread," nor the remark of another Russian more than twenty-six years ago, General Brusiloff of the Imperial Russian Army, who fought a successful offensive against the Germans in the first chukker of the present world conflict, that "the Russian peasant is born to die in battle just as a carp is born to be fried in butter," has been completely vindicated as yet, it seems a bit anachronistic to encourage such violent prejudice at this time, when we ourselves are engaged in a death struggle for our own existence. There is, of course, no more reason to accept the extreme "rightist" view because Brusiloff's statement is in actual fulfillment just now than to reject Stalin's freedoms just because they are still in the wish fulfillment stage. To be sure, the editor has tried to provide a balanced diet by including some very frank Chauvinism to offset in part the impression of too close association with the Komsolskaya. Then too, it is a matter of editorial policy whether the pages of a literary magazine like THE JOURNAL should be limited to purely creative work in the field of letters or be opened up as a forum for the presentation (and naturally, in fairness, the refutation) of controversial partisanship, social, racial, political, or religious. If the latter decision has to be made, however, it might be well to suggest more careful research from contributors, a more painstaking recounting of events, a more meticulous handling of historical fact, a more cautious presentment of purely special pleading, a less emotional and more rational interpretation of history, and a very careful avoidance of particularism and gross sectionalism on anything but purely local problems. Naturally one is tempted to inquire whether good manners or good judgment at least might not dictate a recasting of policy at this particular moment when we are at war. Fewer controversies, more patriotism. We know not what's ahead of us until our arms triumph. To assist them, more pieces like Claude Gatlin's — and more! Earnest, sincere, composed without guile—such writing gives one the hope that "veritas prevalebit" in reality. Who can tell what influence the recent Darlan implications really have had upon the efforts of our arms? To paraphrase one contributor, "some Americans are *impervious* to the fact that *not socialism* but *war* is already upon us."

Surprisingly enough, in the very section where extremes and emotionalism belong, poetry, THE JOURNAL is deficient. The poetry is disappointing. Not in quality, but in quantity. After the fine beginning in the November issue, when five really good poems were presented, there is nothing but silence. Here is the place in a literary magazine for socialism, communism, and righteous wrath against the industrialist. Here is the place for uplift of the classes, for emotional appeal. Youth is the time for poetry: for rhyme, rhythm, swing, and beat; for thoughts, ideals, yearnings, and strivings; for those things which surge from our breast to our brain and cry for release from the prison of our pent up emotions; for the love which fills our hearts. Some writer once said that even a dolt could write poetry when in love. One year of the old classical course was called "Poetry." Poetry is a real medium of expression, for understanding in social, racial, political, and religious problems. What has kept it out of THE JOURNAL recently? Space? There is a vast difference between love and "Topic A," and if the latter has forced the exclusion of sonnets, stanzas, odes and even doggerel verse in favor of the puns and witticisms in "A Bit O' Fun," a better answer to the question "Why?" might be sought—for a literary magazine at least.

This review, so surprisingly requested, has required a closer attention to detail than the earlier and, it must be confessed, happier casual perusal. It can hardly be gainsaid that the editor's heavy sarcasm concerning the activities of his critical societies which he listed in a blank box is after all the best kind of criticism: each offender can select his own shoe as it were. However, the specific criticism requested in this review, probably because of that very desuetude, has effected a closer acquaintance with a very excellent publication, and with the efforts of a fine group of writers for self expression. Were it not for the closer focus on detail, the general excellence of THE JOURNAL could have been dismissed with a few words of praise. But the really innocuous differences of opinion between the reviewer and the reviewed concerning style, coherency, and subject matter, cannot deny the gratification of repeating the words with which that master of men and expression, Field Marshal Douglas MacArthur, once opened a critique: "Gentlemen, there is much to be praised and little to be censored."

The knowledge which a man has profiteth him little if he cannot impart it to others.

ROYAL
CLEANERS & HATTERS
"Let Royal Do It"
Spartanburg, S. C.
Phone 302 Phone 320

Jarman Shoes Dobbs Hats
PRICE'S
"STORE FOR MEN"
113-115 North Church Street
Manhattan Shirts Beau-Brummel Neckwear

SMITH'S
CUT-RATE DRUG STORES
142 and 167 E. MAIN STREET
SMITH'S LUNCHEONETTE
A GOOD PLACE TO MEET
A BETTER PLACE TO EAT

THE DuPRE BOOK STORE
STUDENTS CORDIALLY WELCOMED
194 E. Main St. Phone 70

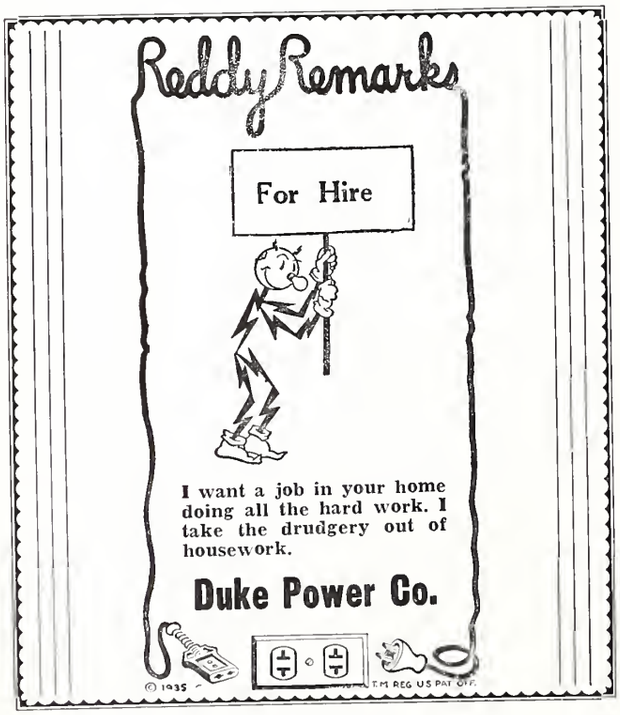
BEARD BROTHERS
"Home of Better Clothing"
Suits — Shirts — Slacks
108 W. Main Street

Visit

THE AUG. W. SMITH CO.

Men's Shop

The Spartanburg Herald
The Spartanburg Journal
The Sunday Spartanburg
HERALD-JOURNAL



LET US DO YOUR WORRYING

Safe Insurance
Sound Investments

A. M. LAW & COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1892

TEMPTER'S SNARE

(From Page 7)

it out to the end. With the metamorphosis of summer to Indian summer, Pres began to visualize the harvest. The day was not long in coming when the "white gold" was taken to the gin and reappeared in bales which Pres stored in the barn.

One morning when Pres was down on the lower part of the farm, a wagon with two burly Negroes appeared along the rutted road which led from the highway to the house. Anna appeared on the porch to question their presence.

"Mist' Mal'ry dun sent us out here tuh fetch him his share of the cotton."

"It's over there in the barn," said Anna, showing them the way. "Six bales belong to Mr. Mallory."

"Yassum," replied the Negroes, looking at each other.

Anna resumed her work in the kitchen, keeping an eye, however, on the procedure of the Negroes at the barn. Four-five-six-seven. Anna stopped working. They had loaded seven bales of cotton into the wagon. She ran out on the porch into the yard. As she passed her little child playing beneath a tree, she called, "Son, run down to the fields and tell Daddy to come to the house quickly."

The little boy took off down the road, his small legs carrying him as fast as they could go and spurred on by the fear of something gone wrong which he did not understand.

"What's the meaning of this?" cried Anna as she neared the Negroes. "That's the seventh bale. Can't you count?"

"Yassum. We'se sorry, but Mist' Mal'ry tole us to do dis. He said he had sebben bales coming to him."

As Pres came into the yard, the Negroes were already rounding the house into the drive. Anna was desperate.

"They're from Mr. Mallory, Pres, and they took seven bales of cotton."

Pres ran after the Negroes.

"Hey, stop there."

The Negroes had reined in the mules to a stop.

"Put one of those bales back in the barn," ordered Pres.

"But Mist' Mal'ry tole us to git sebben ob 'em, suh."

"He doesn't have but six coming to him. Take that wagon and put the extra one back in the barn, before I do it myself."

The Negroes exchanged glances. They might have been prone to be stubborn, but at the threatening tone in Pres' voice, they thought it best to comply.

When the wagon pulled out again after unloading, Pres called to the Negroes.

"When you get back to town, tell Mr. Mallory we

agreed to split the bales, and there's not but twelve of 'em."

In the afternoon of the same day, a rather unusual assortment of vehicles appeared in the lane. An expensive looking automobile, which Pres recognized instantly as that of Mallory, drove slowly toward the house. The wagon which had made the first visit followed behind the automobile. Pres stepped out in the yard as Mallory stopped before the porch.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Mallory. There seems to be some misunderstanding."

"Pres," began Mallory, ignoring the statement. "These boys here told me you wouldn't let 'em have my rightful number of bales."

"Your rightful part was six. We agreed to that."

"Yes, I know, but you overstepped the agreement. The terms stated that after my first allotment of fertilizer and seed, I would receive of the crops in proportion to the extra expense put out during the summer. Several acres of cotton had to be replanted and you used extra soda and fertilizer during the summer. I have an extra bale due me."

"Those terms aren't the ones you told me about the morning I signed that agreement."

"I let you have the papers to read if you had wanted to."

"Mr. Mallory, you knew I couldn't understand all those business statements you used in the papers. Why didn't you tell me about this other part?"

"Uh-well, I thought- uh- naturally that you'd understand it."

Caught in his guilt, Mallory was momentarily at a loss as to how to answer Pres. But he quickly disposed of this complex and put on a business face.

"Well, Pres, the terms were stated in the papers you signed and I'll have to have that other bale or see about getting it."

Press realized, as Mallory did, the uselessness of protesting, although his sense of common, ethical justice prevailed upon him to resist at first. He saw Anna's anxious face through the kitchen window and realized how mistaken he had been in judging and assuming Mallory to be honest. Having nothing more to say, Pres turned and walked into the house. A few minutes later, he heard the doleful sound of creaking wagon wheels mingled with the smooth purring of an automobile engine as the firm of Mallory, Inc., moved out into the highway. Anna was crying.

A few days later as Mallory was riding by the farm, he noticed that the wooden, tin-roofed house was deserted. He frowned and thought. Another client gone because of a little misunderstanding. The house would have to be occupied again by next March so new crops could be planted. He'd split even with anyone who was interested.

STROKES OF DESTINY

(From Page 3)

Good night, Mr. Bacchus," and he started for the door.

Something hit him from behind and he fell heavily. He opened his eyes and saw old Bacchus leaning over him, smiling idiotically. It flashed over him just as suddenly that he was securely bound and gagged.

Then Mr. Bacchus began talking:

"I have a confession to make, Wallace," he said, staring down into the terrified eyes of the helpless man. "The ceremony to be held tomorrow is not the wedding ceremony I had you believe it to be: only the last rites for poor disgraced Elise Bacchus and her dead child. May God be with you, my boy"—and a twisted smile of terrible mockery crossed his gaunt, skeletal face—"for you are to be pitied. Tomorrow you return to the dust from which you sprung, unwept, unhonored and unsung!"

Bacchus paused and removed the top of the vault, chuckling all the time. "You are bound securely. By tomorrow you will be too cramped and tortured to lift a muscle. Your father will be his own son's pallbearer and yet not know it!"

The meaning of the smile upon those slobbering wolfish lips was plain to Wallace now. The very last light in the darkening room seemed to whisper it bitterly as his tormentor lifted him bodily from the floor and placed him in the box by the side of the woman and child. Old Bacchus was hopelessly and murderously insane!

The heavy steel lid of the vault clanged above his head—and the dark came down.

Wofford's First Launderers

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY INC.

PHONES 32 and 543

Try A Few Of . . .

FEW'S BARBECUES

418 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 639

GREENEWALD'S, Inc.
SPARTANBURG'S BEST
CLOTHING STORE
•
COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

DRINK—
Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
IN BOTTLES

TERRIERS, GO TO THE
COLLEGE INN
FOR GOOD THINGS TO EAT
SANDWICHES OF ALL KINDS
Ice Cream — Candy
Short Orders — Hot Dogs
Magazines — Curb Service
284 N. Church Street Telephone 3082

The Citizens & Southern National Bank of South Carolina
•
No Account too Large
. . . None too Small
•
Charleston — Columbia — Spartanburg
MEMBER F. D. I. C.

EAT
Delicious
BLUE BIRD ICE CREAM
"None Finer"

DEAD AT DAWN

(From Page 6)

ingly placing themselves in the foundation which would some day support the greatest nation of the world. A nation of and for all.

I saw others who took these and with their nimble fingers and minds built that country. They came from all parts of the continent, from all kinds of families, but they all came in true faith and with true purpose. They gave of their time and even of their lives to shape and carve out that nation. They experienced joy and sadness, alike; they experienced hardships and more hardships, but they overlooked small difficulties, and even went down, gloriously, still in an effort to fulfill their dreams and the expectations of their people.

Then I saw that country represented in the form of liberty holding out a light to all the world in an effort to lead others out of the darkness of ignorance and misbelief. Liberty represented by the fair form of a human being, God's greatest creation.

The fateful ticking of my watch restored me to the dark prison cell, and with steady eyes, I looked at it—eighteen minutes until dawn. Eighteen minutes which would now be filled with happiness and pleasant satisfaction. My presence of being had been restored and my worry of self had been removed. Now I was ready to die, not just because there was no escape, but because there was a purpose being served in my death. A purpose and accomplishment for all mankind, and another victory for that nation representing all mankind in the struggle for the retainment of all justice and freedom.

The minutes ticked by slowly as I waited in a peaceful frame of mind and watched the sun peeping brightly over the rim of the earth. The small cell window provided little satisfaction, but the time was so short.

They led me out with seven others into the small courtyard, which lay, bloody, as a reminder of the many other lives which had been lost there. They lined us up against the stone wall, not as doomed men ready to die, but as men with heads high and hearts beating proudly. Into the court marched the firing squad, eight men of characteristic precision, precision of aim and purpose. Then I faced the long-awaited muzzles of the shining rifles, muzzles which soon would send out their carefully aimed bullets—bullets which would —the commands of the officer rang through the chilling air of early morn; words of preparation, words of precision, finally words of execution—

I held my head high and my vision became fastened upon a banner flying freely in the cool breezes of a free land; a flag representing all the things for which now my life was slowly ebbing into oblivion, all the privileges and abilities which God fashioned for all mankind. That flag rippled softly as I lay on the bloody courtyard, DEAD AT DAWN.

WOFFORD COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

1854 - 1942

1. Fully accredited college of the Liberal Arts and Sciences.
   Library of 38,000 volumes.
   Adequate laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology and Electricity.
2. Senior R. O. T. C. Unit, declared "Excellent" by War Department since 1931.
3. Selected by the Government for enlistments in —
   - Army Enlisted Reserve
   - Marine Corps Reserve
   - Naval Air Corps Reserve
   - Army Air Corps Reserve
   - Naval Reserve
   - Coast Guard Reserve
4. Government-sponsored physical training program.
   All forms of intra-mural and inter-collegiate athletics.
   Adequate facilities for indoor and outdoor sports.

Write for Catalogue and full information to

WALTER K. GREENE, President

?

Are You Paying Too Much For The Right Kind Of Printing

?

WHEN you buy on price you can never be sure. It is unwise to pay too much, but it is worse to pay too little. When you pay too much you lose a little money, that's all. But when you pay too little, you sometimes lose everything, because the article you buy is incapable of doing the thing it is bought to accomplish. If you deal with the lowest bidder, it is often well to base your actual cost upon the price you pay plus an additional amount as insurance on the risk you run. And if you do that, you will have enough to pay for true value.

BAND & WHITE

144 South Spring St. Phones 362 and 363

Spartanburg, South Carolina

TROUBLE FOR TOJO! It's the new Curtiss "Helldiver," the Navy's latest dive-bomber, designed to carry a bigger bomb-load than any naval dive-bomber in existence. At the controls in this test dive, photographed above, is Barton T. Hulse, who learned his flying in the Navy... smokes the Navy man's favorite—Camel.

"There's just one cigarette for me—CAMEL—they suit my throat and my taste to a 'T'"

says

"RED" HULSE

VETERAN NAVY FIGHTER PILOT AND CHIEF TEST PILOT OF THE NAVY'S NEW CURTISS DIVE-BOMBER

THEY can look terrific on paper... meet the most exacting laboratory tests on the ground. But the final proving ground of an airplane is in the air... when you *fly* it.

It's the same with cigarettes. The final test of any brand *is in the smoking.*

Test pilot "Red" Hulse and countless other smokers could tell you convincing things about Camels and their remarkable freedom from irritating qualities, but your own throat and your own taste can tell you even more convincingly why Camels are such a favorite on the front line—on the home front.

Camel

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. *(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)*

THE T ZONE

—where cigarettes are judged

The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

MAY 1913

It's all fighting talk with the "Walkie-Talkie"!

● "Company D to Battalion HQ—tanks maneuvering half a mile ahead!" That's a sample of what you'd hear if you listened in on this "Walkie-Talkie" signalman in action at his portable 2-way radio at the left. Listen in on him in one of his off-duty moments *(below)* and you'll get a pretty good idea why Camels are the favorite cigarette with men in the Marines...and in the Army, the Navy, and the Coast Guard, too.

First in the Service

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

WHY do Camels win with men in the services? Every smoker has his own reasons—but this, perhaps, is most important:

Camels are expertly blended from costlier tobaccos—tobaccos rich in flavor, for *lasting enjoyment*... extra mild, yet never flat or thin-tasting. That full Camel flavor *holds up*—pack after pack.

Try Camels yourself. Put them to the "T-Zone" test *(see far right)*.

WAR WORKER VIRGINIA DONNELLY, Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., makes special radio tubes for communication sets. And, like the men in the service, *her* favorite cigarette is Camel.

The "T-Zone"

...where cigarettes are judged

The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."**

BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

CAMEL

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume 53 May, 1943 Number 5

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... George W. Whitaker

Associate Editor ..... Jack Felts

Contributing Editors

Newton Wells
Bryan Crenshaw
Bob Lawton
Dan C. Carmichael
Frank Pegues

★ ★ ★

Business Staff

Business Manager ..... W. J. Shealy

Assistant Business Manager ..... Kenneth G. Nix

Circulation Manager ..... Ralph Wilson

Assistant Circulation Manager ..... E. G. Hewitt, Jr.

Faculty Adviser ..... Kenneth D. Coates

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Spartanburg, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Journal, Wofford College Literary Magazine, Published by the Student Body Five Times During the School Year: November, December, February, March, and May. Subscription Rate, $1.25 per Year.

CONTENTS

THE JOURNAL

Cover by W. H. Gladden, Jr., Class of '39

		Page
The Ghost of Spilman Strange	Newton Wells	3
Total War	Frank Pegues	4
Laws—Fickle and Fundamental	Newton Wells	5
Alma Mater	Anonymous	6
Day of Infamy	George W. Whitaker	7
Race Problem	J. Edgar Cochran	8
Prayer	Newton Wells	9
Poetry—		
Defeat	Anonymous	9
To a Certain Teacher	George W. Whitaker	9
A World Apart	Dan C. Carmichael	9
Song of Ourselves	Peter Moody	10
Among the Books—		
G. B. S.	Bob Lawton	12
I Remember, I Remember	Jack Felts	13
The Human Comedy	T. O. Lawton	14

WITH THE EDITOR

As we present this, the last issue of The Journal, we come to the end of the fifty-fourth year of publication of Wofford's literary magazine. Many changes have occurred within the world and the student body, but despite the difficulties which resulted from those changes, we have tried to present a creditable magazine.

To the staff goes the editor's thanks for the aid which it gave. Several of the staff have gone to the armed forces and to them we wish the best of luck. To that other handful of students who have contributed from time to time we would also like to express our appreciation.

No editor has been elected for next year due to the uncertainty which faces the student body. However, if The Journal is published next year, we wish the editor much success. Deadlines have to be met and often there is not a sufficiency of material. Despite this fact, however, the work will be interesting.

To the members of the student body, most of whom will be in some branch of the service before next fall, we would like to leave this thought: Wherever you go, your college will live as you yourself live.

George W. Whitaker,
Editor-in-Chief.

The Ghost of Spilman Strange

By NEWTON "CAP" WELLS

A NARROW rim of the sun was yet visible in the west when Paul White and I set forth to examine the old house of Spilman Strange's. The house had long held a reputation of being haunted and we had decided, after much deliberation, to spend a night there and investigate the stories for ourselves. At Paul's feet trotted his favorite dog as we went along.

The old mansion stood at the end of a long avenue of sturdy oaks some two miles from the village and as we passed down the avenue the light wind made a ghostly whispering in the branches of the trees. The house stood out more eerily deserted and gloomy than ever in the dusk. Paul took the key from its resting place beside the door and grated it into the ponderous lock. The huge oaken door swung open on shrieking hinges, releasing a rush of damp, musty air which filled our nostrils unpleasantly. I could not repress a shudder as I struck a match and lit a candle. In the flickering light a large hallway, running through almost the entire length of the house, was revealed. On either side oak-paneled doors opened into the hall. Situated about midway of the hall was an immense carved staircase which led to the floor above.

Paul's dog sniffed curiously about as we entered and once he growled deeply and forcibly while the scruff of hair on his neck stood on end. It seemed as if he, with an animal's intuition, sensed some presence which could not be detected by us.

The door of a large room on the right stood open and into this room we presently went. It was at once evident that this room had recently been occupied by someone. On the floor were a couple of ragged quilts and in the chimney was a pile of fresh-burned ashes and some charred bits of wood. There also lay beside the hearth a few sticks of unburned fuel.

I placed the candle upon the mantel and spread the quilts out upon the floor while Paul threw down a bundle of faggots he was carrying and went about the preparations for making a fire. Soon a bright and cheery blaze was going in the huge old fireplace.

Paul seated himself upon a quilt spread on the floor before the fire and pulled out a rank-appearing corncob pipe and sack of tobacco. Filling the pipe and lighting it, he was soon puffing away with evident pleasure. Not being a tobacco user and therefore denied this privilege, I seated myself tailor fashion uopn another quilt and placed the candle in its stick at my elbow. I then took from one of my pockets a little volume of the New Testament and began reading. The dog curled himself upon the other side of the fire beside his master and slyly lay down, though he occasionally opened and blinked one eye.

About an hour passed, my companion smoking his pipe and gazing dreamily into the fire, the dog dozing beside him, while I read the book. Suddenly there was a light patter of rain. Paul White stretched his arms above his head and yawned, with the pipe yet in one corner of his mouth.

"Old Strange's house ain't as bad as I thought," he said sleepily. "It's eleven thirty and we haven't seen or heard anything out of the way yet. Guess folks gave this house a bad name 'cause they hated old Strange so."

I raised my eyes from the book I was reading.

"That's right," said I, rather thoughtfully, "people used to tell some awful stories about him. Remember the stories they used to tell about strangers entering this house, seeking its hospitality, who were never seen to come out again? His wife was completely dumb. Folks used to converse in low whispers about his cutting out her tongue to prevent her from telling some awful secret. It was rumored that he beat her horribly at times. While I can't vouch for the truthfulness or untruthfulness of these stories, I can say that when at last his wife died there was a smile of peace upon her face as if she had escaped from some terrible dungeon.

Paul blew a cloud of smoke in the air and watched it dreamily.

"Yes, and what about his daughter?" he asked curiously. "What happened to her? She was a beautiful girl. I never will forget the last time I saw her. It was over by the big road. She ran when she saw me."

"Why do you mention Julia Strange's name at a time like this?" I snapped at him nervously. Then I asked the question myself, "What did happen to her? I saw her one day, the next she was gone. If the earth had opened and swallowed her up she couldn't have disappeared more completely. One thing is certain: Spilman Strange knew what happened to her, but he died with the secret sealed in his heart."

"A wicked, villianous old man," Paul commented. "I remember the morning when he was found dead in his bed. His eyes were wide open and people said the devil had strangled him. Some of the villagers didn't want to bury him, but wanted to leave him in the house and burn it down. I thought—" He stopped short

(Turn to Page 16)

TOTAL WAR

Its Essence is Utilization of Resources

By FRANK PEGUES

IN VERY recent years the comment has been made to the effect that "total war is a science, and the German people have mastered that science." The truth of this statement is evidenced convincingly if one delves even lightly into a study of pre-war Germany.

When the National Socialist *putsch* of 1923 failed and its leader, Adolf Hitler, had been imprisoned in the fortress at Landsberg, he composed sporadically the plans for building a National Socialist state whose main purpose would be military aggression. Hitler has been forced to deviate many times from those prearranged plans, but in the main, he has held to his original line of thought.

The scope of the youth program of the Third Reich is perhaps the widest and most amazing of any youth program in modern times. Its dominant characteristic is regimentation. When the maxim was formed stating that "whosoever has the youth has the future," Hitler proceeded to do just that. The state has provided generously for the women who bear children for the state. However, the children are taken from their mothers at the age of six and from that time, they commence to devote their time and energy to the interests of the German race.

From the age of six to ten, the German boys are educated by the state. They are taught physical education and, of course, elementary education. During this period, the boys are classed in the *Pimpf,* and when they become ten years of age, they are transferred to the *Jungvolk*. Here they take up the study of history, mathematics, biology, etc. Their interest and enthusiasm are maintained at a high pitch during their training by such functions as parades, rallies, Nazi youth camps, and gymnastic exhibitions.

In his fourteenth year, the Nazi boy undergoes a crisis in his training. If he is physically and mentally capable, with the right attitude toward the new order, he may be chosen to continue training in the *Hitler Jugend*. If he is not selected for the advanced instruction, he is dropped from the ranks of the Hitler youth organizations and thenceforth is regarded as an outcast. Gregor Ziemer in his remarkable book entitled *Education for Death* has pictured vividly the German boy who has been dropped from the ranks and who attempts to end his life because he thinks it useless to continue living.

The German girls are also taught to find their rightful place in a state which intends to engage in total war. Their duty is to build their bodies to a high physical capacity so that they may produce healthy children for the German war machine. They are instructed in eugenics, biology, physical education and Nazi ideology. Legalized or sanctioned marriage in order to have children is entirely unnecessary in National Socialist Germany.

Every German boy and man must serve a term in the *Arbeitdienst* when he is between the age of nineteen and twenty-five. Multiple uses have been found for these German labor camps. The young men build defenses or public works essential to war. They may construct roads needed for military purposes or they may supplement the farm labor. Meanwhile, during their apprenticeship in the labor camps, the German men develop a sense of comradeship and discipline which facilitates welding them into an efficient fighting force for the army.

In regard to agriculture, Hitler has tried to improve the status of the peasants. New discoveries and the latest agricultural improvements are rushed from factory and laboratory to the farm. Self-support is what the German nation has striven for since the advent of Hitler to power. As a result of the energetic efforts to achieve this goal, it has been acknowledged in a rather general sense that every square inch of tillable German soil is under cultivation.

This is a sketch of the German nation preparing for total war. The state trains every young person for his or her place in the war program. The state assures itself that children are born with which to provide material for future armies. Regimented labor is used to construct whatever is necessary for the security of war-time Germany. The farms are equipped to supply the nation and its fighting forces with vital food supplies. All available resources are utilized to the last degree in order that a nation may be geared for total war.

However, the above is the story of a state waging offensive war. In the last few years, other nations have demonstrated their ability to equip themselves—perhaps not so efficiently as the Germans—to meet the exigencies of total war.

In the continuous assaults of the Luftwaffe on the British Isles in 1940, the British people learned to live

(Turn to Page 15)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following is the winning speech of the annual oratorical contest. Its author represented Wofford in the state contest and because so few students were able to attend the meet, it is being printed in its original form.*

Laws—Fickle and Fundamental

by NEWTON "CAP" WELLS

THE LAWS of man are fickle and obsolete, but the laws of the universe are changeless and eternal. Indeed, one has only to thumb his way through a few law books to see that I have spoken truth.

The legal volumes of the United States are heavy with obsolete laws: laws that are still on the statute books, but which are not observed by people any more. In New York City there is a law which forbids a man to open his umbrella in the presence of a horse. In Essex, New Jersey, there is a law which forbids roosters to crow between the hours of ten and six o'clock at night. In Phoenix, Arizona, there is a law which forbids a man to buy alcoholic beverages without the written permission of his wife. And then there are the famous blue laws prohibiting such activities as Sunday sports, and buying and selling on Sundays. Every state in the union except California and the District of Columbia has had such Sunday laws. Why, prior to 1928 it was unlawful in Connecticut for a man to even kiss his wife on Sunday. Even now the South Carolina Legislature is wrestling with the problem of modifying our own blue laws.

These are only a few of the countless number of outmoded laws to be found on our statute books. They are not observed by people any more and yet they still remain on the books as laws. It has been stated by one wise man that if all the laws of this country were enforced all of the time, most of the people would be in jail at least some of the time.

Virtues and vices have frequently changed places as life has moved on through the ages. What is right today may be wrong tomorrow and what is wrong today may be right tomorrow. Witch-burning used to be a virtue; today it's a fiendish crime. Lending money at interest used to be a terrible vice; today it's perfectly legitimate. A hundred years ago slavery was legitimate; today it is a crime against our very constitution. Forty years ago the sale of liquor was lawful; twelve years ago the sale of liquor was unlawful; today the sale of liquor is lawful again in every South Carolina town and village. Truly the laws of man remind one of the words the croupier cries as he turns the roulette wheel or, coming closer home, to the familiar words of Major Bowes when he says, "Around and around she goes and where she stops nobody knows."

How different are the laws of the universe. They never change. Neither are they obsolete. The entire universe is governed uniformly by certain fixed and unalterable laws which man can use for his own good or his own disaster. Take fire for example. Fire has the ability to burn. When man uses fire indiscriminately it will burn him and prove a dangerous foe, but when man uses fire wisely it will cook his food, keep him warm, and prove a very good friend indeed. Man is likewise dependent upon the law of gravitation, although it frequently results in his own destruction. The law of gravitation on this earth decrees that all bodies within its influence be attracted toward its center whether the body be animate or inanimate. If it were not for this law man would go flying off into space. Life on this earth would be no more. Man, by placing himself in the right relationship to universal laws, will find that they all work together for his good.

Every spring the farmer plants his grain. After the grain is planted he leaves it alone, resting securely in the absolute knowledge that in due season the ripened ears of golden grain will appear. Nothing further remains for him to do with it. The same unchangeable law governing this entire universe has taken complete charge of operations at this point, and this great, mighty law will not fool the farmer. By no chain of circumstances can he, having planted grain, ever reap a harvest of jack-pines or cactus. It would be useless for you or me to try to catch a glimpse of what was happening to that grain—while in the earth. All the farmer knows about it is that if he will till the soil, plant the seed, and await the harvest, it will come forth in due season.

The same universal law which governs the flight of the birds and which changes one grain of wheat into a full ear, operates with unerring accuracy and certainty throughout the world in which we live. How fortunate it is that these laws operate like this. What kind of a world would we be in if these laws were not absolutely consistent? How would it be if we had been put in a world where the simplest of all rules, two plus two equals four, didn't hold true all the time? We might, I suppose, have been put into a world where two plus two would equal three yesterday and five tomorrow. It is the unchangeableness of universal law that these things do not vary, so that we have something to count on. There is no need for worry. Morn-

(Turn to Page 19)

Alma Mater

Anonymous

ONE STUDENT who had transferred to Wofford from an out-of-state school said the other day: "After I had been at Wofford three weeks, I made up my mind that I had rather finish at Wofford than at any other school in the United States." Another student—a junior—said: "I didn't know how much I thought of the old college until I had to leave it." Still another declared: "I believe it's the faculty I miss most." Another: "It's the associations with the students, the bull-sessions that I miss most." And during the interim between the departure of the regular students and the arrival of the cadets, faculty members wished they could see student faces again—even those students who simply *wouldn't* study! Well, what *is* Alma Mater? Perhaps these lines are what some of them felt:

These pointed towers, these pleasant walks,
These stately, leaf-embowered trees,
Beneath whose shade in quiet talks
We roamed in dreams the seven seas,
Insistent beat at my heart's door
And say, "Yes, we are Alma Mater."

This sodded field, these cheering men,
This measured tread of marching feet,
And treasured stores of brain and pen
That questing spirits warmly greet,
Cry loud above the tempest's roar,
"Not so, for we are Alma Mater."

But now a far-heard voice persistent calls.
With gentle, ancient grace and war's alarm,
In youth's high, eager tone and accent clear,
In deep, sure voice of hoary men it falls
Upon my listening heart with knightly charm,
And in my answering heart these words I hear:

"I am a flame within the soul
That make men seek a goal;
I am the something more of truth
I give to searching youth;
A beacon bright, a banner high,
Your soul's new-found ally."

"No brick and stone or ancient tone
Can be for me a home;
But with all Wofford men I stand,
Be they on sea or land,
If but their hearts beat strong and true."

And then my soul, exultant, knew
And cried, "Yes, this is Alma Mater!"

DAY OF INFAMY

"And--which is more--you'll be a Man, my son!"

By GEORGE W. WHITAKER

Time: December 7, 1941.

This is the day that shall live in infamy. It is a day that shall be written in history books as "the surprise and strategic attack on American-owned Pearl Harbor by the Japanese." But to Americans it shall be remembered as the day when those "dirty sons of Nippon stabbed us in the back." Yes, in world history December 7, 1941, will long be remembered.

This date has a different significance to Robert James, however, for it was at this time that a new outlook on life opened up for him—an outlook which was soon to be shared by thousands of young men in every part of the country. It probably would not strike them in the same way, for human nature is a funny thing. Consequently, it was the strangeness of the experience which Robert underwent that makes his story worth relating. The title of the story? All stories must have titles. Perhaps it could be called "Personal Metamorphosis." A strange heading, but then the story is strange, too.

Robert James on December 7, 1941, was a member in good standing of the junior class of ——— College. He had come to college from a small town in the lower section of South Carolina. His father was a farmer, one of the many whose job it was to help feed his community, his state, and his country. In this environment Bob had lived all his life. Though his father was not overburdened with money (very few small farmers are), the boy had never suffered for want of food, clothing, or warmth, and even most of the luxuries which the heart of youth craves were his for the asking. Yes, one could say that young James had led a sheltered life, free from the fears and wants and dangers which often face the youth of the large urban centers. The air of the country was pure, too. There was not the smoke of large factories nor the rotten smell of disease-infested human beings who existed in the slums. With such ideal living conditions, it is not surprising to know that this country lad had never been forced to have the doctor attend him.

There was one characteristic in Bob's character which stands out so prominently that it is worth mentioning. That trait was ambition. Bob was fired with the desire to get ahead in the world, to be somebody, to have people point him out and say, "It's men like Robert James who made America what she is today." A dreamer? Yes, Bob was a dreamer, but he didn't mind working to make his dreams come true. The same ambitious streak was evident even in grammar school. At the end of every month when the honor roll was listed the name of Bob James was "writ thereon." When he got in high school it was a different story. "I'll be able to coast through on my grammar school record," thought the boy, but it turned out that he was nothing but a "little fish in a big pond." But he wasn't lost entirely. There was that trait of ambition to fall back on. Slowly but surely, each little success helping to bring about larger gains, James climbed ever upward until finally the top was reached. Perhaps the boy would actually become the man of his dreams. He had a good start!

The spiritual life of the boy was by no means neglected. It's necessary to tell something of this side of his life in order to get a well-rounded picture of what young James was like. Bob's folks were Methodist—not the over-strict, domineering type, but plain country-styled followers of the doctrines of John Wesley. On the father's side there were several preachers and any number of active laymen. The mother's family had never produced any preachers, but all had been staunch workers in church activities — despite the fact that Bob's grandfather had been kicked out of the church for dancing. As for Bob, he had attended church ever since he had first seen the light of day. Why, when he was only a baby his father would take him to church, spank him to put him to sleep, and then wrap him up in the piano coverlet to stay until the services were over. Yes, all these things added together did make Bob a sheltered being.

But despite all these good influences, James knew what Life was. It was not the Utopia that many poets and authors pictured it as. There was cruelty and deceit, sorrow as well as joy, and the bold head of sin reared itself above the archangels of good. Life could be beautiful, but there could also be times when it took on a stockyardish appearance and stench. Bob had seen enough of the latter to want to steer clear of any entanglement that might lead him to be a part of this kind of living. Even in his home town, there was Dark Life. Certain of the young married set had formed a dance club whose plan it was to have two dances a month, so that they could let down the bars of work for a few hours and relax. That was their plan—or so they said. But what they really had the dances for was in order that the women might run after each

(Turn to Page 18)

RACE PROBLEM

A Review of the Negro Problem in America

By J. EDGAR COCHRAN

A WELL-EDUCATED Negro addressed a young people's group not many months ago, using as his topic "The Negro and Race Prejudice." His remarks were conducive towards bringing to attention this problem and the issues faced in its solution or possible solution. The problem of eluding the fundamental basis of this prejudice is one which causes no end of trouble. Prejudice might be said to have started, for example, in the very beginning of history or when war first was waged on this earth. But to hold the subject to course, as would the captain of a great ship amid troubled seas, the waves of prejudice among many peoples splash on the sides, but for a more firm realization of that prejudice felt so close to us, the Negro question holds attention.

History records the historic landing on these shores of the first cargo of black men from the continent of Africa. The story is one which will probably live in the minds of every generation. These men from Africa were sold as slaves to the white men of this country. The Negro has prospered and made good in some instances since that fatal beginning. In other instances he has suffered the shameful lack of ambition to advance and sank to rise no more. Why has the Negro remained down in such a state? Is it because the white man feels himself superior? An article, "And the Moral of All This—?" written by John Gavit for the Survey Graphic Magazine, states: "The idea that any race has, as such, definable characteristics making it 'superior' or 'inferior' in substance or potentiality, is a delusion without biological, physiological or other scientific foundation. By no process of chemical analysis can one determine from a specimen of blood, bone or sinew the race of the donor."

There is a definite feeling of prejudice, which no one can deny. Race prejudice is often rooted in inherited instinct and of superior stuff; living must have a better title to live. It spreads lfrom individual to family, thence to larger groups and finally to the nation. This works down to "Me, right or wrong." What can be done towards the betterment of understanding? Mr. Horace C. Wilkinson, a retired Birmingham lawyer-politician, after some race excitement, made a speech before the local Kiwanis Club. In this speech he cited numerous examples of race prejudice and conflict which had been brought to his attention. He told of buses and trains being stopped and held until Negroes could be brought in hand to ride in places set aside for them. He mentioned race trouble narrowly averted at Tuskegee when there was a clash between the white civic authorities and the Negro military police in the white business section of the city. Mr. Wilkinson said: "These instances, like boils on the body, are indicative of a condition that needs attention. They are not mentioned for the purpose of arousing feeling against the Negro race, but for the purpose of showing you that the time has arrived for discussion that will provoke serious consideration of the situation in Alabama and the South and bring forth suggestions for a solution of the problem."

Better understanding is at best purposeful, for it seeks to better a condition or problem now existant. Many suggestions have been made and some things carried out. Education, improved living conditions, and expanded business opportunity for the Negro are the basic factors for the future betterment of understanding. Education is an important factor in the betterment of any people. It gives an advantage of self-sufficient ability to carry on in face of any obstacle. Advances are being made in many places, such as Louisiana, where non-illiteracy projects are bringing results. Ollie Stewart, a Negro, tells of such progress in an article in the Reader's Digest. "I sat this summer in a hot, dusty, parish school building in St. Joseph, Louisiana, where on the platform stood a white man and a black man shaking hands. Said the white man, Louisiana's state superintendent of education: 'I consider this one of the most important occasions in the United States in the past 150 years. It marks the beginning of a new era!' Then the black man spoke, his softly-slurred words accented with pride: 'All my life, 78 years, I couldn't read and I couldn't write. Now, bless your soul, I c'n do both. And figger a little, too. It's like gettin' religion all over again.' They gave the black man a certificate. Before the day was over, certificates were given to 2,200 colored 'graduates' of the district's adult education class—as proof that the recipients (18 to 78 years old) were no longer illiterate." These starts are deeply sunk foundations for further advancement. States are recognizing the advantage of Negro education and paying much higher Negro teachers' salaries.

(Turn to Page 15)

PRAYER

By NEWTON "CAP" WELLS

DAVID ABRAHAM was dead. The old Negro had passed away three days before from an attack of acute indigestion. Now, at the little brick church on the corner, his body was brought in for the last time amid the wailings and weepings of a sorrowing host of friends and relatives who had gathered there from miles around.

Reverend Price, a one-armed Negro preacher, presided, and when the preliminary singing and praying were over he pompously arose to make the funeral oration. His efforts were prodigious and Mark Antony could have made no more conscientious oration over Caesar than Reverend Price made over the body of Brother Abraham. In his oration Reverend Price went on to say that the Lord should restore Brother Abraham to his flock again; that every soul there longed to look upon the old man's face once again as it was in life.

The oration over, Reverend Price had someone remove the top from the coffin so the people could take a final look at the dead brother as they filed out of the church. His closing prayer came long and earnest, ending with these ardent words:

"Lord, our loss is yore gain. Restore Brother Abraham to his people again. Give him the power to come forth from that coffin a live man. Let our faith in Thee be multiplied by the sight of our dear brother leaving that coffin and meeting all his friends and loved ones again. For we know you hear all prayers, Lord. Amen!"

Reverend Price opened his eyes and faced a startling sight. The church was empty! Benches and chairs were overturned; the windows were broken and the doors sprawled wide open. He looked at the coffin.

Brother Abraham was sitting up in the coffin!

Pulling out his razor with his one good arm and jerking it open with his teeth, Reverend Price shouted, "Don't crowd me, or I'll kill you!"

DEFEAT

I sought my bed at daybreak
After a night in town;
It dodged when I approached it,
Side-stepped and knocked me down.

Enraged, I grew strategic,
But it slipped through the open door
Just when I tried to grab it,
So I slumbered on the floor.

—Anonymous.

TO A CERTAIN TEACHER

Oh, pious man whose soul is on thy sleeve,
Whose saint-like being thou thinkest to be
A likeness of God's most holy Son—
Why lookest thou upon thine fellowmen
With such disdainful eyes?
What right hast thou to be so high
And think that thou art better
Than those whom ye call "Brother"?
Dost thou think them full of sin and vice
Whilst thou dost reek with goodness?
Oh, Pharisee, for such thou art,
Awake—see thy true self;
For if ye sleepest 'till Death's cold hand
Upon thy head dost lie,
Thy resting place no Heav'n shalt be,
'Twill be the "Home of the Damned."

—George W. Whitaker.

A WORLD APART

Am I alive
When I lie
Half-awake and dreaming?
Spectre of things,
Long dead and forgotten,
Foreseeing, reviewing.

In a world apart,
I see myself
Toddling haltingly
At my mother's side,
Stealing apples
At my tender age,
Fired with ambition
In my youth,
Content with the world
In life's happy middle,
Then gray with care, grief,
Encrusted with age.

I start,
Return to reality
And wonder.

—Dan C. Carmichael.

Flowers For All Occasions

FRED'S FLOWER SHOP

WE WIRE FLOWERS

Montgomery Bldg. Phone 1452; Night, 950

SONG OF

By

FOUR years—happy, sad, glorious years on this college campus—years almost gone—years never to be forgotten—four years of experiences, triumphs, and defeats—and I remember them.

The college, yes—the sinking feeling when I first saw it—and how timid and ignorant I was—even afraid, but determined and ambitious. I remember those first fearful weeks of inferiority and those weeks of longing for home.

All right, over the chair there, freshman. What's my name?

I remember being shy and afraid to admit it.

And I remember glorying in the loss of individuality and becoming part of the class and the college—the first friends I made and the pride in being able to say, "Oh, I'm just one of the boys."

I remember the college—the Friday night society meetings—the classes and the professors—how we joked and laughed at them, knowing all the while that they were MEN.

And I remember the dormitories—kicking against the food—and throwing bottles down the hall and hiding from the executive committee. Then the nightly "bull" sessions, full of adolescent philosophy. Yes, I remember and I loved it all, for I was a part of it.

And all this was a process of development—we were free to choose our way.

I remember the holidays—the trains and busses carrying me home, rushing through the little towns and shoving through the cities. And I remember strange faces that I never saw before, and will never see again.

I remember the trip back—returning to school—sometimes sorry, more often glad.

And I remember the pride in possessing a uniform and knowing that it stood for something bigger than any of us who cussed the wool shirts. And I remember stiff fingers when we drilled in the snow—and I remember hot parades, sizzling inspections, and the strong thrill of marching to band music.

I remember a summer of army life in Alabama—long days learning to be officers under a broiling sun—and cool nights, sleeping under the stars in a close heaven.

At Ease!

And I remember four Springs—each one bringing a greener and more beautiful campus—the Main Building drawing on a dress of ivy to cover her winter nakedness—and two sturdy towers rising above the green into the blue sky—masters and surveyors of a world of learning.

When the sophomore asked, "Wonder how long it will stand?"—the senior answered, "Forever."

Yes, I remember it all—the quiet of the library—the din of the dining room—the solemness of the "Y" meetings—and the boisterousness of a student body meet—and I remember the inspiration of that week each year when a churchman came and talked with us . . .

And I remember poker games that lasted from dark 'til dawn—and the sleepy, dull, morning-after in class.

And I remember football and track—and the tingling nervousness before competition—I remember the difference between doing your best and loafing.

"Where's the school spirit on this campus?" asked a student from another school—and we knew he was wrong, but didn't know how to answer.

JRSELVES

dy

There's much to remember, but I forget none of it—the bell ringing after basketball games—the glory of victory and the despair of defeat. The glee club's stops in small towns,—the concerts—and the girls we met.

Yes, I remember all sorts of girls—blondes, brunettes, and even one red-head—girls at dances, cool, sweet girls in the warm moonlight—girls on the train going home—girls in organdie and girls in furs—some pretty, some ugly, some wise and some innocent. Yes—all sorts of girls, and I remember them.

And what does your textbook say about that?

And I remember the summers—long, hot working days—days when I wanted school to start and days that I hoped would never end—summers full of fun, and work and gaiety—and through it all, the glad assurance "that I'll be back when the college reopens."

Sure, I remember the campus politicians—I was one, or tried to be—amateurs pulling big-time deals on a college campus. Yes, I remember it all—election after election and vote for vote. And I remember triumph with a teasing conscience, and I remember the stinging heartbreaking injustice of defeat.

And I remember the drunks, who, sooner or later, lost caste.

Come on, be a dead sport . . .

There is much to linger over—the hymns in chapel and the announcements—class assignments and laboratory experiments. I remember all of it and want to forget none of it.

The annual Y. M. C. A. reception will be next Saturday night . . .

Oh, yes, the stuff was here, all right—it was ours for the taking—both learning and experience.

What is an education? Is it cheating on examinations? Who knows?

I will not forget the examinations—nights of cramming—the early sunlight creeping through the dawn to mingle with the yellow of a desk lamp—and the steaks and beers and black coffee.

I remember the Sundays—the calmness of morning church and the peace to be found in the afternoon woods.

And I remember the banquets and reception refreshments—the razor-like sharpness of a small tux collar—and I remember the songs we sang over and over again—melodies now mortgaged by memory.

Oh, I remember it all—not one moment escapes—the good and the bad stick side by side in my memory. The campus, red in the Indian summer, bare and snow-swept in the winter, green with rebirth and resurrection in the spring.

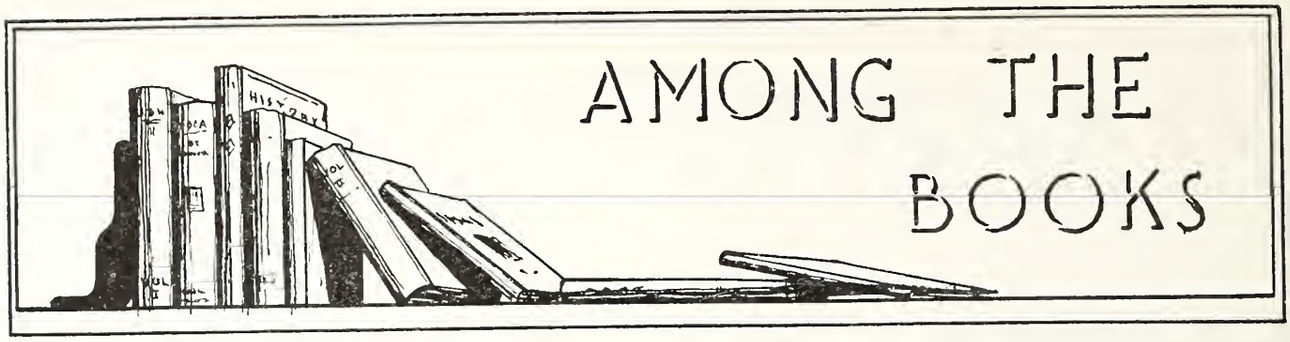
Yes, memory stores it all safely together.

After the lecture, the professor said, "Any questions?" and forty mental walls echoed back, "Any answers."

And I remember the boys—my classmates—hundreds of personalities all tacking on the same wind—I remember the boys who have gone before us and the boys who will follow after.

And I remember their language—college boy language—"I'll warrant you"—"I loathe a liar" and "SO WHAT?"

Yes, I remember all this and much more—I am glad I was a part of it, and I would not change one iota, not one instant of it.



Hesketh Pearson. G. B. S.: Harper and Brothers.

"Shaw is the greatest character of his age and his biography should be as Boswellian as the wit of man can make it. I have done my best to Boswellize him." Hesketh Pearson has certainly lived up to the above statement by writing a Boswellian biography of George Bernard Shaw. Quotations, quite Shawvian in their humor, are splattered lavishly throughout the book, forming a sort of backbone on which Pearson's words are hung.

Shaw summed up his childhood in a short but effective phrase, "Oh! A devil of a childhood." To him school was worse than a prison, having all the disadvantages of a prison and none of its advantages. He early left Ireland for London, for "like all fishermen, he disliked the fish," and he had become interested in literature and writing, of which London was the mecca. There he landed a job as part-time music and dramatic critic for one of the papers, but he had to do other work on the side in order to eek out a living.

During this period of his life he read *Das Kapital,* became interested in Socialism, and subsequently a Trafalgar Square orator in behalf of Socialism. After he had achieved some note of distinction in the literary world, he was asked to join the Fabian Society, which was one of the first political organizations in England to have decidedly socialistic ideas. Shaw remained a leader for about twenty-six years; this was due to the fact that he was a brilliant propagandist and the society used this weapon almost entirely in propagating its ideas.

The first few years in London were full of struggle, but after his apprenticeship, Shaw became one of the city's most promising, although the most feared, music and dramatic critics. In this, as in everything else, Shaw was unorthodox, unpredictable and egotistical. For instance, he said, "It has taken me twenty years of studied self-restraint, aided by the natural decay of my faculties, to make myself dull enough to be accepted as a serious person by the British public; and I am not sure that I am not still regarded as a suspicious character in some quarters." And again, this peevish outburst, "With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer . . . whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his."

But Shaw soon tired of the critical and began to try his hand at the creative. In this field he turned his talents to the writing of plays. "I write plays because I like them. . . . I am not primarily a story-teller; things occur to me first as scenes with action and dialogue." That was Shaw's creative method. His first plays were either not produced or not received well when produced, but this did not discourage him. He continued to write until before long he found himself writing the most popular plays of the day. After the final curtain had fallen on one of his plays, there was much applause, but there was one man in the audience who persisted in booing the performance. Shaw immediately jumped upon the stage and said, "I quite agree with you, my friend, but what can we two do against a whole household of the opposite opinion?" Such was his, or rather his plays, popularity.

The famous writer, after becoming "G. B. S.," tried his hand at producing and directing his own plays at the Court Theatre. He designed his scenery, chose his casts, managed his stage managers, lectured his actors, laughed at them, abused them humorously, and won their affection. *Man and Superman* was one of the most popular plays produced at the Court Theatre and with its production Shaw became the idol of the rising generation of intellectuals, a position that he thoroughly enjoyed. Although not produced at the same theatre, *Saint Joan* crowned Shaw's career and probably was the reason for his getting the Nobel prize for Literature in 1925. About this prize the author said, "It was given me as a token of gratitude for a sense of world relief"—that he had published nothing that year. Because he didn't need the money he received with the prize, Shaw turned it over to the Anglo-Swedish Literary Alliance, whose founding was made possible by the awarding of this fund.

G. B. S. is a well-written book and its account of the life and works of one of the best modern writers is a treasure chest for lovers of contemporary literature. The book should not be read at one sitting, because the reader would not be able to enjoy all of its richness, but taken in small doses, the flavor is very good.

—*Bob Lawton.*

Andre Maurois. I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER: Harper & Brothers, New York, 1942.

I Remember, I Remember is the autobiography of Andre Maurois, French patriot and man of letters. Famed as the biographer of Disraeli, Byron, Shelley, and France's little-known Marshal Lyautey and as a novelist in his own right, Maurois has now told his life story.

As an autobiography this book is not particularly important, but as a picture of French life and customs it has its merits. Maurois, born Emile Herzog at the town of Elbeuf in Normandy, was the son of an Alsatian Jew who left his native state after the Franco-Prussian War to live in freedom in Normandy. His father and his relatives were textile manufacturers and he was destined to follow them into the family trade.

But the parade of personalities who taught him influenced him otherwise. Kittel, his master in the sixth form of his Elbuef Lycee, gave him "a taste for literature . . . respect for the language" and was the first to tell the young student that he might someday become a writer of books. There was Mouchel, who wouldn't let his pupils go until they understood their Euclidian geometry. More important to Maurois was the fact that Mouchel gave him an idea of the methods of procedure in studying and solving problems.

More influential still was Alain, professor of philosophy at Rouen, who gave Maurois his greatest intellectual stimulus. His influence on the youth's thought and reading left their permanent stamp. "He believed that an ardent reader ought to have a limited library and re-read the same books every year." It was Alain who led Maurois, first honor man at the Rouen Lycee and its leading prize-winner, to return to his father's mill. There he would learn to know people, the most important qualification of the aspiring writer.

After a year in the army he returned to the mill, in the management of which he took an active part until the first World War. As a liaison officer, he drew on his experiences for his first book, *The Silences of Colonel Bramble,* a novel of British army officer types. Returning from the war, he turned to literary work for his livelihood. His biography of Shelley, *Ariel,* appeared in 1923.

Disraeli, published a few years later, was a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club in America and gave him a name here. He lectured in England on Dickens, did research work for his forthcoming biography of Byron, which was published in 1930, and occupied a chair of French at Princeton during that year. The Maurois name and fame were becoming widely known.

His next biography was of Marshal Lyautey, who had been military governor of French North Africa and before that a World War I hero. Lyautey, a pillar of strength, died in 1934, as the French government showed signs of tottering. Maurois read these signs but he was powerless to act.

In 1938 Maurois, shortly before the outbreak of the war, was elected to the French Academy. Then came the war, bringing with it great changes in his life and that of other Frenchmen. He served again as a liaison and public relations official and barely escaped to England during the blitzkrieg.

Since 1940 he has been in the United States, lecturing, writing, and teaching at Mills College in California. He and his wife were reunited in this country, but their children are in France. Maurois's patriotism is nothing artificial.

I Remember, I Remember is valuable as a chronicle of a French patriot and writer, but as a work of literature it seems to lack fire and spirit. Perhaps this is due to the translators who took it from the original French, or it may be caused by what the fall of France and the subsequent separation from his children wrought in Maurois's mind. As a work of self-analysis the volume does not provide an insight into the deeper thoughts of the author's mind. It merely seems to be a parade of personalities sketched hurriedly and without penetration. Maurois never seems to have any idea of what he is doing or where he intends to go.

—*Jack Felts.*

THE DuPRE BOOK STORE
STUDENTS CORDIALLY WELCOMED
194 E. Main St. Phone 70

Try A Few Of . . .
FEW'S BARBECUES
418 W. MAIN ST. PHONE 639

204 East Main St. Phones 62 and 63
MAXWELL BROTHERS & QUINN
FURNITURE
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

CAROLINA - PALMETTO
STATE & STRAND
THEATRES

Spartanburg's Finest Entertainment on Stage and Screen

Hammond-Brown-Jennings Co.
FURNITURE

167 NORTH CHURCH ST. PHONE 3700

THE ELITE
La PETITE ELITE
College Headquarters

THE BEST PLACES IN TOWN TO EAT

ALL ACCESSORIES
FOR MEN

BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP
112 EAST MAIN STREET

THE ASSURANCE OF
CORRECTNESS

William Saroyan. THE HUMAN COMEDY.

The Human Comedy is the co-selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for March and certainly it is well chosen.

It is a wartime story of a lively telegraph boy who meets life in a small town in California. As the story moves, the characters develop into unforgettable personalities. Telegram delivery brings Homer Macauley in contact with different individuals and his strength of character is shown in these encounters. He influences those who know him to such an extent that they profit by him — making him great in his own little sphere. Homer, being the head man of the house since his father is dead and his older brother in the army, takes a man's share of supporting his family in spite of his age—fourteen.

His ideas are manly too, in that he persuades his sister and mother not to go out to work, but instead to make their home a real home—with music. To this poor Armenian family, music plays a prominent part. Before his death the father had bought an expensive harp and piano which took years to pay for. For some time these Armenian children thought everyone had a harp in their home. Music means much to Homer, for he would linger in the hallway to listen to the harmonies.

Homer's life is filled with unbounding experiences —the two-twenty hurdles, his love for Helen, staying in after school, his extemporaneous speech on the Human Nose, rescuing his little brother from a bear trap, his talking to his mother over the way telegrams of death met his heart and his mother's quieting of the boy by philosophizing. Mrs. Macauley instills in her children, especially Homer, a philosophy well made for life.

Another interesting character is Tom Spangler, Homer's boss, who has love for every living thing. He has an unforgetable scene with a thief in which he is able to convert the rogue into a righteous man.

While this little town is brimming with life, Homer's brother Marcus, who is in the army, talks with Tobby, an orphan, about Ithaca, until Tobby, who had nothing to live for, is instilled with the desire to make life beautiful. He wants to visit Ithaca, to see Bess, Marcus' sister, and the rest of the Macauley family. This he does and is welcomed with open arms by all.

The style is Saroyan's own. It is one of simplicity and one that tells of those everyday details of life. It is a short book, moves swiftly, and requires no effort to follow. Some of the qualities found in another of Saroyan's books, *My Name Is Aram,* are found in *The Human Comedy,* namely, preceptive, humorous and human. If a tear or two is shed as this book is read, don't be surprised, because it is the story of life, both of the sad moments and the gay side.

—*T. O. Lawton.*

RACE PROBLEM

(From Page 8)

The South may be realizing Booker T. Washington's adage: "You can't keep a man down in a ditch without staying down there with him." It seems that ignorance takes a terrific toll in crime, poverty, disease, and destruction of property. Better housing will help stop the spreading fire of tuberculosis and other diseases. No city ordinance can make a city healthy if cooks, baby nurses, maids and waiters live in epidemic-ridden quarters. Negro communities are in many places getting better sewage, more hospitals, health centers, playgrounds, and fewer fire traps for houses. Houston, Newport News, Atlanta, and Birmingham are examples of improved conditions. These advances must spread over other communities in the future.

The sunny Southland is far from perfect in its treatment of the Negro. There are many inequalities and discriminations everywhere. The South holds the key to the future for the black man. The frontier lies in the South, where the Negro can develop as it develops. Cotton has made Dixie "the number one economic problem of the nation," but with new industries the tide may change. Southern Negroes are already in business. The only Negro daily newspaper in America is printed, not in Harlem, but in Atlanta, Georgia. And the largest Negro insurance company in the world is located in Durham, North Carolina. Advances which show progress give confidence that the Negro may become great in his capacity, as the lion of the forest, which is only conquerable by the gun of the white man.

TOTAL WAR

(From Page 4)

war. They learned that it is the people of a nation who fights a war and not that nation's armies alone. The civilians of England adjusted themselves to the daily routine of falling bombs, shrieking sirens, and screams of pain. They were made to feel that it was their war after all and that they must live and fight it as much as the soldier on the battlefield. As one University of London professor very aptly put it, "The English people are carrying a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other hand." That is total war as experienced by a nation on the defensive—fighting off the enemy assaults and rebuilding that which has been destroyed.

In the historic battle of Stalingrad, the horrors of war were again brought home to the civilian population. The people of Russia rose with matchless determination and fortitude to meet its demands. Working in factories by night and fighting in the fields by day, together with the Russian army and air force, they thwarted the feverish attempts of the well-trained German army to take the city.

The unforgettable case of China is not to be omitted. In the last six years, guerilla warfare as practiced by the Chinese population has neared perfection.

Thus it is that when the implements of modern warfare have become capable of carrying war to the civilian population, man fights and endures total war because the total population fights.

WOFFORD BUILDS
CHARACTER
IN ITS YOUNG MEN!

BECKER'S BREAD

HELPS BUILD STRONG BODIES IN GROWN-UPS AND "GROWING-UPS"

Terriers Always Welcome at

CRUTCHFIELD'S
Sporting Goods
Near Converse College
Spartanburg, S. C.
E. Main at Pine St. **Phone 226**
Spartanburg's Exclusive Sporting Goods Store

Wofford's First Launderers
SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY INC.
PHONES 32 and 543

THE GHOST OF SPILLMAN STRANGE

(From Page 3)

and the pipe fell from his mouth. His arms were yet held in mid-air and he seemed transfixed. The dog raised his head and growled ferociously, the short hair on his back bristling. I dropped the Bible and listened intently.

From somewhere—seemingly below us—came the dull clanking of chains. The sound was almost unmistakable and I turned to Paul and whispered, "You are not afraid?"

He shook his head bravely. "I? Of course not!" But the whiteness of his face made me doubt his words.

Even as he spoke the noise became louder. It seemed as if the clanking of chains might then come from the hallway outside. The dog slunk against his master, growling fiercely, with fangs bared. The dull clanking was approaching nearer.

I arose quickly and threw open the door. When I did so a cold, musty blast of air swept into the room and the candle sputtered and went out. Tho noise could then be heard more distinctly, but as I stood there peering into the dark hall it seemed to ascend the stairs. Gradually the sound grew more faint and then was heard no more.

I closed the door and went back to my place before the fire. As I did so I was mopping my face with my handkerchief. Though the night was cool, drops of perspiration were streaming down my face. I sat staring into the fire, my brain a muddle of wild thoughts.

Paul White still sat there as if transfixed, the dog crouching at his side.

"What do you make of it?"

I merely shook my head in reply. Nervously I stooped over the fireplace and relit the candle from the blazing brands. Though the door was closed, a current of cold air seemed to be moving through the room. The candle flame flickered and wavered uncertainly. Curious noises like the rattling of dry bones could be heard in various directions, some of the sounds coming apparently from the floor beneath our feet.

The dog had slunk against his master, whining with fear. Paul White, in turn, had leaped to his feet and was staring at the floor with set, rather pale face. I was also on my feet and staring at the spot in the room from whence the noise seemed to come.

As we stood there the door suddenly swung open and a blast of chill air swept into the room. The candle flickered and went out.

The dog ran into a corner and crouched there, white fangs bared in a snarl and gleaming in the flickering firelight. His eyes blazed greenly and he was making a curious noise, between a growl and a whine. Seemingly the animal was near overcome with fear.

Paul White and I stared at the open door. We become aware of a strange shape which stood in the doorway. Eyes transfixed upon the door, we slowly became aware of what the shape really was.

In the doorway stood a man, tall and thin and clad in black from head to foot, without a speck of color about him anywhere. His hair hung in wild disorder about his head and his eyes bulged frightfully, as though they would pop out. His face was white and deathly and his lips were set in a horrible smile. With surprise and fear the hideous truth dawned upon me.

The man was Spilman Strange!

Paul White gave a strange cry and leaped to a window, which he frantically endeavored to open. Succeeding in raising the sash, he jumped out to the ground below. I heard the sound of his rapidly retreating footsteps as he ran desperately down the avenue. The dog hesitated for a moment, then leaped out of the window in the wake of his departing master.

I controlled myself with an effort. Cold chills were chasing each other up and down my spine and I felt as if each separate strand of hair upon my head was standing on end. Nerving myself, I asked, "What do you want?" My voice sounded hollow and unnatural to my ears.

Slowly the figure moved back into the hall, motioning me to follow. Lighting a pine faggot, I ventured determinedly into the darkness and saw the ghostly spectre move slowly before me down the passage. I followed it to the opposite wall, where it vanished. There seemed to be no exit there, but upon pushing against the wall, a portion of it swung inwards and I saw that I had stumbled upon a secret door.

Through the door in the wall I passed into a room beyond and looked for the strange phenomena of moments ago, but with surprise and relief made a discovery. The room was empty! It was barely furnished, with a table and two chairs, and by the thick mantle of dust that lay over everything, seemed to have been forsaken for many years. In the wavering light of the torch I saw over against one wall a large iron-bound chest.

I went over and examined the chest closely. It was held securely by a huge, rusty padlock. Heavy iron bands gave added protection to the strong wood, which was decayed only slightly. With my knife I quickly forced the lock and threw back the heavy lid. I gasped at what I saw. The chest was filled to the brim with jewelry. There were rings, pins, necklaces, lockets, bracelets, and other jewelry, even watches, all made out of precious metal and nearly all set with precious stones. The torch light was reflected in vari-colored jets of fire from diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and other precious stones.

I dipped my hand gloatingly into the chestful of highly valuable jewelry. I was rich. I had the power of kings. It was with an effort that I tore myself away

from the fascinating treasure. There was something more important than riches to occupy my mind just then.

At the opposite corner of the room was a heavy door, the only other entrance into the room. I tried it, found it open, and followed a narrow stone passage to a long, slender stairway, which went steeply down. The stairs were quite dark and I held the torch higher in order to see better. What I saw startled me and sent a terrible fear racing through my heart.

At the foot of the stairs a heavy door barred further progress in that direction. Before that door I saw the ghost of Spilman Strange kneeling, busily fumbling at the lock. It seemed as if there was something beyond those dark portals which that awful figure was anxious to reach. As I approached, it vanished.

The lock was old and rusty and I had little trouble forcing it open. As the door opened I impatiently pressed forward and looked around eagerly. What did I expect to see? I saw a small bed, a chair, a table. Nothing else. Then something on the table caught my eye. A letter.

The letter was addressed to one Jeff Stewart in large, sprawling letters. I opened it and slowly read:

"Dear Jeff:

"I am writing this letter in the hope that somehow it might get to you. Maybe you'll understand and forgive me if you read this. Maybe you'll understand why I didn't meet you that night and go away with you as we planned. I wasn't unfaithful to you, Jeff. I just couldn't help myself. Listen:

"You and I thought no one knew anything about our romance. We thought it would remain a secret until after we went away together. But we were wrong. My father found it out in some way. He learned that I was going away with you to be your wife. You know that next to his jewelry my father loves me better than anything on earth. He couldn't bear the idea of my leaving him. To frustrate our plans he tricked me to this room below the house and locked me up. He says I can never leave this room until I forget you. That I can never do.

"But, Jeff, my father has not been in this room in three weeks. At first he brought my meals and other things that I need regularly, but that has stopped. I can't understand it. What has happened to him? I know he loves me and wouldn't deliberately let me perish here of starvation. Can it be that something has happened to him that he can't come? No one knows of my being here but my father. If anything has happened to him my doom is certain. Already I suffer horribly from hunger and thirst. I'm afraid I can't hold out much longer.

"Goodbye, dear. Remember, my love for you shall endure always. If not in this world, may we meet in another.

"Faithfully yours,
"JULIA STRANGE."

I crushed the letter painfully in my hand. With hot tears searing my cheeks I stumbled over to the bed and kneeled there, staring at the thing that lay there before me. The blackened, withered features of a woman stared sightlessly back at me. What pain, what agony, what hell had she endured before the end came?

I arose and turned away. Julia Strange had not been unfaithful after all. For ten long years her lover had thought her unfaithful and tried to forget her. But he was wrong. Her love had endured to the very end, and as I thought of this I smiled through my tears.

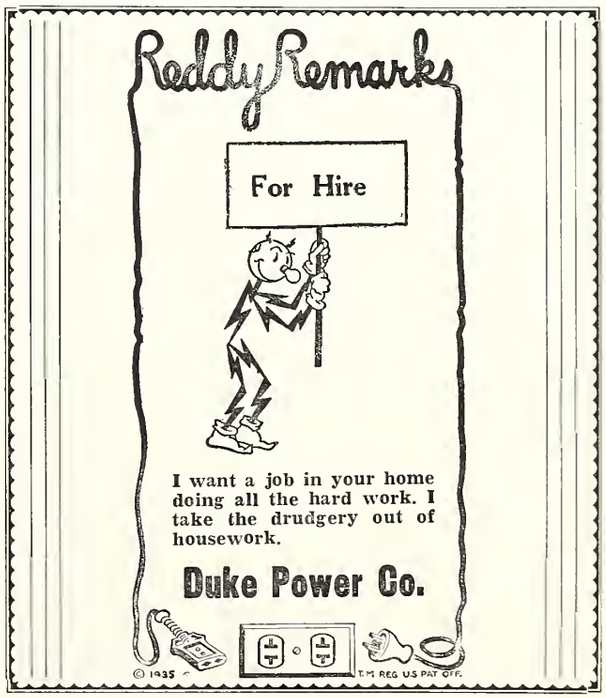
Yes, I am Jeff Stewart!

Visit

THE AUG. W. SMITH CO.

Men's Shop

The Spartanburg Herald
The Spartanburg Journal
The Sunday Spartanburg
HERALD-JOURNAL



GREENEWALD'S, Inc.
SPARTANBURG'S BEST
CLOTHING STORE
•
COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

DRINK—
Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
IN BOTTLES

TERRIERS, GO TO THE
COLLEGE INN
FOR GOOD THINGS TO EAT
SANDWICHES OF ALL KINDS
Ice Cream — Candy
Short Orders — Hot Dogs
Magazines — Curb Service
284 N. Church Street Telephone 3082

The Citizens & Southern National Bank of South Carolina
•
No Account too Large
. . . None too Small
•
Charleston — Columbia — Spartanburg
MEMBER F. D. I. C.

EAT
Delicious
BLUE BIRD ICE CREAM
"None Finer"

DAY OF INFAMY

(From Page 7)

other's husbands and the men might add a little salt to their animal instincts. "Variety is the spice of life." Bob had seen and heard all that went on. Young boys are born with the capacity for learning things that are of the "military secret" type.

But what has all this to do with December 7, 1941? Nothing one might put his finger on, but it was necessary to have some idea of what Bob James was like before that memorable date. Perhaps it was unnecessary to go into such detail, but then "succotash is more than water and tomatoes."

When Bob had first come to college he had joined the glee club. Each year the club would join with the chorus of a neighboring school in the singing of Handel's *Messiah*. On this particular December afternoon the ——— College Glee Club was going to the nearby school to practice the oratorio. The radio in the car in which James was riding was tuned to the Metropolitan Opera broadcast, when the program was interrupted by a news bulletin telling of the attack on Pearl Harbor. The announcement shocked everyone in the car much as it must have done the entire country, but it didn't interrupt the plans which the boys had for that afternoon. After all, war still seemed a thing of the distance. Therefore, the *Messiah* was practiced as planned. "Peace on earth, good will towards men." "Hallelujah!" No one can hear these and the other selections of the *Messiah*, much less be a member of the chorus that is singing them, who does not feel that God is in their midst and all's right with the world. There is an atmosphere of comfort and meditation permeating every corner that the music reaches.

When Bob returned from practice it was nearly nine o'clock. It was too late to have a date or at least the boy was in no mood for the company of the fairer sex, so he picked up his books and began to study for Monday's classes. He had been at this only a short while when his thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door. Though the door was closed, it was not locked, so Bob, in answer to the knock, said, "Come in." Evidently the caller had not heard the occupant's invitation, because there came a second rap on the door.

"Come in," repeated Bob, this time with a note of impatience in his voice.

The door opened and there stood on the threshold a tiny urchin of the streets—a newsboy. In his hands he held a bundle of papers, extras which the local newspaper had printed telling of the sneaky attack on American property. A quick glance at the headlines told the story: "War Explodes in the Pacific as Japan Opens Fire on Two U. S. Bases."

"Paper, mister?" asked the little boy.

Having already heard all the news on the radio, James replied, "No, son, not tonight." That was the

strange experience Robert James underwent. Strange? There doesn't seem to be anything strange in that. No, it doesn't sound strange as it now stands, but the story is not over. Perhaps it would be better if the story continued as Robert might have told it to one of his close friends.

"A new feeling came over me as I uttered those four short words. 'No, son, not tonight.' It was as though a big weight had been put on my shoulders. What gave me that sensation? Was it what I had said? Maybe that was it. I had called a little boy son; that feeling that came over me was the realization that I was growing up. Certainly, I thought, just this one incident could not bring about this new sense of responsibility which I now felt. Then I began to review my life in search of the things which might have helped to bring about this change.

"The first thing that might have contributed to my 'growing up' process must have come to me in my freshman year at college. It was in the matter of spending-money. My father was not able to send me as much as I had been used to at home, so my 'good times' were somewhat decreased. At first I was a little angry at my father — other boys had money to burn, so why shouldn't I? But after a short while I began to think—college will do that for a boy, and as I thought, I began to realize that my father was doing all he could to keep me in school without me throwing away good money on the useless winds of squanderlust. Responsibility was thus born in me.

"I must admit that while I was living at home I leaned rather heavily on my parents. It was to them that I turned whenever there were any important decisions to make, but when I came to college there was no one to whom I could turn. Everything had to be decided by me, Robert James. Yes, I was becoming grown.

"It wasn't until the end of my sophomore year at college that I returned to my old high school to revisit scenes which recalled pleasant experiences. I also had the desire to see those students who, though several grades behind me, were nevertheless friends of days gone by. But what a difference a couple of years can make! There were so many new faces among the students now in school. I didn't know who they were. 'Who is that boy over there?,' I would ask one of my friends. And I was told that that was John Ankers. John Ankers? Why, he was barely out of diapers when I last saw him. 'Is that the little Bacon girl?' I would ask, pointing to an attractive brunette who seemed to have all the appearances of an angel descended upon earth. Surely, I thought, time certainly brings about great changes in people. Yes, even in me, for wasn't I in the process of being changed from a boy into a man?

"Then came December 7th. Four words — the summation of all the things that had contributed to my 'growing up.' Was I ready to accept the new feeling that came over me as I uttered them? I think so. My country was now at war. She would need men and I was now able to do my part more readily. Maybe my part would be small, but if enough small parts were put together there would issue forth something big and I didn't want to be left out.

"I will forget many of the things that have happened to me in my youth, things which at the time seemed important, but soon faded into nothingness. Maybe I will forget what I learned in textbooks, what the professors said, and even the names of boys with whom I was associated in college. These and many other things may slip into the abyss of forgetfulness, but one thing will always remain with me—the picture of that little newsboy with his arm full of papers, a ragged hat in his hand, and a face begrimed with dirt. Remember him? Yes, I'll remember him, for it was he who awakened in me the MAN."

* * *

Thus ends the story of Robert James. It's not a great story, but in its simplicity and earnestness lies the key to many a young man's question, "When is a boy grown?" If in some way this story helps bring about an answer, thank Robert James. He's not a model. He's the youth of America—the same youth which shall bring victory from the field of battle and around whom the post-war world will be built.

LAWS — FICKLE AND FUNDAMENTAL

(From Page 5)

ing will come tomorrow. Spring will return next year. The earth will not fall into the sun. Every law of the universe operates with the same unerring ability, forever protecting us through the barriers it has placed about us. We have but to recognize and to obey.

Twenty centuries ago a lawyer came to a certain man in Galilee one day and said, "Good master, which is the great commandment in the Law?" Out of that conversation there emerged the greatest moral law this world has ever known. Do you remember the words that were spoken? "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." A Galilean Carpenter gave this great law of the spirit to the world two thousand years ago and

ROYAL CLEANERS & HATTERS

"Let Royal Do It"

Spartanburg, S. C.

Phone 302 Phone 320

it still holds good. Because this principle has not been observed through the ages the whole world has constantly been filled with hatred and crime and war, even down to the present. Never before has humanity seen such death and destruction as is sweeping this world today. Millions of men are being killed or horribly maimed; whole cities are being destroyed from the face of the earth; and entire nations are starving from lack of food and freezing from lack of clothing.

War is hell! Yet so long as there is hatred, so long shall there be war. Hate breeds hate. Hatred among nations breeds war. On the other hand, goodwill breeds goodwill, and goodwill among nations prevents war and guarantees peace. We have only to look at the friedly relations that exist between Canada and the United States to realize the truth of this principle. These two nations have maintained such a beautiful spirit of friendship and goodwill for each other through the years that out of it has come the very closest of ties. On a two-thousand-mile border that separates these two nations today there can not be found the sign of a gun, a tank, or a soldier. Why? Because these two nations realize, what so many nations of the world have failed to realize, that goodwill and friendship are far more effective means of defense and security than all the implements of war ever created. Likewise, the value of goodwill may be found in the relations that exist between the United States and the Latin American nations. Through the "good neighbor policy" which the United States has vigorously pushed for the past ten years, a new feeling of cooperation and understanding has arisen between them to solidify them against all threats from without. The Statue of Liberty which stands off the entrance of New York harbor, holding her bronze torch three hundred feet in the air, might well be called a symbol of goodwill. In 1886 the people of France gave this statue to the United States as a token of their goodwill toward us. Today, the homesick American, the lonely immigrant, or the returning soldier approaching our shores can see the Statue of Liberty some time before they can see the shore line and to them it represents a land of freedom and happiness and goodwill to all men.

We are fighting this war today because the statesmen of the last war founded the peace on hatred, fear, and prejudice. If the peace conference following this war be founded on hatred and prejudice it, too, will fail, and then another great war will inevitably follow this one. This universal law is written into the very structure of the world: Goodwill or chaos.

Another great war, based on hatred and prejudice, might well destroy civilization. The nations of the world have been brought so closely together by the airplane, the radio, and other modern inventions that distances as we once knew them no longer exist. What concerns one nation now concerns all nations. One cannot live apart from the others. Therefore, if peace is to be a permanent thing after this war, the nations must work together harmoniously as members of one family. The star of goodwill must reign constantly on the horizon of human relations, for goodwill breeds sympathy, tolerance, and understanding. And if the world of nations keeps its eyes fastened steadfastly on that star, some morning the world will awake and gaze into the sunrise of a new day; a day of hope and friendship and peace among the nations. Then will the prophecy be true that "Nations shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

As it was in the beginning, so it shall ever be: the laws of man are fickle and obsolete, but the laws of the universe are changeless and eternal. Is such a declaration to be doubted by anyone? We have only to gaze about us at the beautiful and wonderful works of nature to see that within this statement there lies a mighty truth. As surely as the sun set in the west tonight it shall burst forth in the eastern sky in the morning. As surely as the moon and stars came out tonight in all their beauty and glory they shall fade away before another day. Yes, the laws of man are fickle and obsolete, but the laws of the universe are changeless and eternal.

SMITH'S
CUT-RATE DRUG STORES
142 and 167 E. MAIN STREET
SMITH'S LUNCHEONETTE
A GOOD PLACE TO MEET
A BETTER PLACE TO EAT

LET US DO YOUR WORRYING
Safe Insurance
Sound Investments
A. M. LAW & COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1892

Jarman Shoes
Dobbs Hats
PRICE'S
"STORE FOR MEN"
113-115 North Church Street
Manhattan Shirts
Beau-Brummel Neckwear

WOFFORD COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

1854 - 1942

1. Fully accredited college of the Liberal Arts and Sciences.
   Library of 38,000 volumes.
   Adequate laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology and Electricity.
2. Senior R. O. T. C. Unit, declared "Excellent" by War Department since 1931.
3. Selected by the Government for enlistments in —
   - Army Enlisted Reserve
   - Marine Corps Reserve
   - Naval Air Corps Reserve
   - Army Air Corps Reserve
   - Naval Reserve
   - Coast Guard Reserve
4. Government-sponsored physical training program.
   All forms of intra-mural and inter-collegiate athletics.
   Adequate facilities for indoor and outdoor sports.

Write for Catalogue and full information to

WALTER K. GREENE, President

?

Are You Paying Too Much For The Right Kind Of Printing

?

WHEN you buy on price you can never be sure. It is unwise to pay too much, but it is worse to pay too little. When you pay too much you lose a little money, that's all. But when you pay too little, you sometimes lose everything, because the article you buy is incapable of doing the thing it is bought to accomplish. If you deal with the lowest bidder, it is often well to base your actual cost upon the price you pay plus an additional amount as insurance on the risk you run. And if you do that, you will have enough to pay for true value.

BAND & WHITE

144 South Spring St. Phones 362 and 363

Spartanburg, South Carolina

U. S. RANGERS . . . Hand-picked and especially trained, they're a swift-moving, hard-hitting outfit. Here's one in his "*business-suit*," camouflaged and invisible at thirty feet.

But there's no hiding Chesterfield's MILDER BETTER TASTE

Here's real smoking ammunition tucked in the pockets of our fighting men, ready for instant service. Where a cigarette counts most, Chesterfield serves smokers well with its *Right Combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

For Mildness . . for Better Taste and Cooler Smoking . . make your next pack . . .

CHESTERFIELD

RECOGNIZED EVERYWHERE
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES SMOKERS WHAT THEY WANT

Copyright 1943, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

DON'T HIDE YOUR DOLLARS ★ ENLIST THEM WITH UNCLE SAM ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301